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Edited By

E. E. BROWN

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INTRODUCTION.

ONE who has been enlightened and helped by the work of any fellow man finds no expression of his gratitude so pleasant as the effort to make others still the sharers of the light and strength which have been given him. This is the feeling, I suppose, which has led to this attempt to collect some of the wisest and most helpful words from the writings of Dean Stanley, and certainly no form of thanks would be more acceptable to him than such an effort to extend the influence for which so many people are already his debtors.

The character of those writings of the Dean of Westminster which are best known among us makes them perhaps especially suitable for the purposes of such a volume. They are historical. They are full of the vivid interest which belongs to the most sacred or the most romantic scenes in the history of our race. At the same time, no books are richer in the assertion and illustration of those principles of thought and action which are universal and eternal. This union of definiteness with universalness, this opening of the temporary and local and special into the eternal and general is always

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full of fascination. It is like the power which a great portrait possesses to interpret human nature as no ideal picture ever can. The appeal to principle or the statement of universal truth which is made in connection with some event in history or some question of present life will always have a clearer vividness and a stronger influence than a purely abstract utterance of wisdom. To those who know the writings of Dean Stanley, it need not be said how largely his character pervades them, and the power which this character involves will be felt in these extracts, even separated, as they are, from the historical events by which they were suggested, as a great portrait makes its power felt even by those who never saw the living face which it portrays.

Long before his welcome visit of last year, Dean Stanley had been counted their friend by multitudes of quiet readers who had been led by him through delightful regions of history, through countries full of the most sacred interest, and through the inspiring and instructive life of his great teacher whose name is almost as familar in our land of schools as it can be in Rugby. The opportunity which many enjoyed of looking into his face and listening to his wise and cordial words enlarged the number of those who knew and honored him. No doubt this little book will give to others still the pleasant sense of personal friendship and gratitude to one of the wisest and most helpful teachers of our time.

P. B.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

THE materials for the life of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley have been left entirely in the hands of literary executors, who, for the present, can allow no reference to them. But I have been asked to tell from recollection, and from the scanty materials at my own disposal, what I remember of a cousin who was the most intimate friend of my childhood and boyhood, and whose life was long interwoven with my own.

There are few country places in England which possess such a singular charm as Alderley. All who have lived in it have loved it, and to the Stanley family it has ever presented the ideal of that which is most interesting and beautiful. There the usually flat pasture lands of Cheshire rise suddenly into the rocky ridge of Alderley Edge, with its Holy Well under an overhanging cliff, its gnarled pine-trees, and its storm-beaten beacon tower ready to give notice of an invasion, looking far over the green plain to the smoke of Stockport and Macclesfield, which indicates the presence of great towns on the horizon. Beautiful are the beech woods which clothe the western side of the Edge, and feather over mossy lawns to the mere, which receives a

reflection of their gorgeous autumnal tints, softened b a blue haze on its still waters.

Beyond the mere and Lord Stanley's park, on th edge of the pasture-lands, are the church and its su roundings — a wonderfully harmonious group, encircle by trees, with the old timbered inn of "The Eagle an Child" at the corner of the lane which turns up t them. In later times the church itself has undergon a certain amount of "restoration," but sixty years ag it was marvellously picturesque, its chancel mantled in ivy of massy folds, which, while they concealed the rather indifferent architecture, had a glory of their own very different to the clipped, ill-used ivy which we generally see on such buildings; but the old clock-tower, the outside stone staircase leading to the Park pew, the crowded groups of large square, lichen-stained gravestones, the disused font in the churchyard over-hung by a yew tree, and the gable-ended schoolhouse at the gate, built of red sandstone, with gray copings and mullioned windows, were the same.

Close by was the rectory, with its garden — the "Dutch Garden," of many labyrinthine flower-beds — joining the churchyard. A low house, with a veranda, forming a wide balcony for the upper story, where bird-cages hung amongst the roses; its rooms and passages filled with pictures, books, and the old carved oak furniture, usually little sought or valued in those days, but which the rector delighted to pick up amongst his cottages.

This rector, Edward Stanley, younger brother of the Sir John who was living at the Park, was a little man, active in figure and in movement, with dark, piercing

eyes, rendered more remarkable by the snow-white hair which was his characteristic even when very young. With the liveliest interest on all subjects — political, philosophical, scientific, theological; with inexhaustible plans for the good of the human race in general, but especially for the benefit of his parishioners and the amusement of his seven nieces at the Park, he was the most popular character in the country-side. To children he was indescribably delightful. There was nothing that he was not supposed to know — and indeed who was there who knew more? — of insect life, of the ways and habits of birds, of fossils and where to find them, of drawing, of etching on wood and lithographing on stone, of plants and gardens, of the construction of ships and boats, and of the thousand home manufactures of which he was a complete master.

In his thirty-first year Edward Stanley had married Catherine, eldest daughter of Oswald Leycester, afterwards rector of Stoke-upon-Terne, of an old Cheshire family, which, through many generations, had been linked with that of the Stanleys in the intimacy of friendship and neighborhood, for Toft, the old seat of the Leycesters and the pleasantest of family homes, was only a few miles from Alderley.

At the time of her engagement Catherine Leycester was only sixteen, and eighteen at the time of her marriage, but from childhood she had been accustomed to form her own character by thinking, reading, and digesting what she read. Owing to her mother's ill health she had very early in life had the responsibility of educating and training her sister, who was much younger than herself. She was the best of listeners, fixing her

eyes upon the speaker, but saying little herself, so that her old uncle, Hugh Leycester, used to assert of her, "Kitty has much sterling gold, but gives no ready change." To the frivolity of an ordinary acquaintance, her mental superiority and absolute self-possession of manner must always have made her somewhat alarming; but those who had the opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface were no less astonished at her originality and freshness of ideas, and her keen, though quiet, enjoyment of life, its pursuits and friendships, than by the calm wisdom of her advice, and her power of penetration into the characters, and consequently the temptations and difficulties, of others.

In the happy home of Alderley Rectory her five children were brought up. Her eldest son, Owen, had from the first shown that interest in all things relating to ships and naval affairs which had been his father's natural inclination in early life; and the youngest, Charles, from an early age had turned his hopes to the profession of a Royal engineer, in which he afterwards became distinguished. Arthur, the second boy, born December 13, 1815, was always delicate — so delicate that it was scarcely hoped at first he would live to grow up. From his earliest childhood, his passion for poetry, and historical studies of every kind, gave promise of a literary career, and engaged his mother's unwearied interest in the formation of his mind and character. A pleasant glimpse of the home life at Alderley in May, 1818, is given in a letter from Mrs. Stanley to her sister, Maria Leycester: —

"How I have enjoyed these fine days — and one's pleasure is doubled, or rather I should say trebled, in the enjoyment of the

three little children basking in the sunshine on the lawns and picking up daisies and finding new flowers every day — and in seeing Arthur expand like one of the flowers in the fine weather. Owen trots away to school at nine o'clock every morning, with his Latin grammar under his arm, leaving Mary with a strict charge to unfurl his flag, which he leaves carefully furled, through the little Gothic gate, as soon as the clock strikes twelve. So Mary unfurls the flag and then watches till Owen comes in sight, and as soon as he spies her signal, he sets off full gallop towards it, and Mary creeps through the gate to meet him, and then comes with as much joy to announce Owen's being come back, as if he was returned from the North Pole. Meanwhile I am sitting with the doors open into the trellice, so that I can see and hear all that passes."

In the same year, after an absence, Mrs. Stanley wrote :

"ALDERLEY, *Sept.* 14, 1818.— What happy work it was getting home! The little things were as happy to see us as we could desire. They all came dancing out, and clung round me, and kissed me by turns, and were certainly more delighted than they had ever been before to see us again. They had not only not forgot us, but not forgot a bit about us. Everything that we had done and said and written was quite fresh and present to their minds, and I should be assured in vain that all my trouble in writing to them was thrown away. Arthur is grown so interesting, and so entertaining too — he talks incessantly, runs about, and amuses himself, and is full of pretty speeches, repartees, and intelligence; the dear little creature would not leave me, or stir without holding my hand, and he knew all that had been going on quite as much as the others. He is more like Owen than ever, only softer, more affectionate, and not what you call, 'so fine a boy.'"

When he was four years old, we find his mother writing to her sister :

"*January* 30, 1820 — As for the children, my Arthur is sweeter than ever. His drawing fever goes on, and his passion for pictures

and birds, and he will talk sentiment to Mademoiselle about *le prin temps les oiseaux les fleurs*, when he walks out. When we went to Highlake, he asked — quite gravely — whether it would not be good for his little wooden horse to have some sea-bathing!"

And again, in the following summer:

"ALDERLEY, *July* 6, 1820.— I have been taking a domestic walk with the three children and the pony to Owen's favorite cavern, Mary and Arthur taking it in turns to ride. Arthur was sorely puzzled between his fear and his curiosity. Owen and Mary, full of adventurous spirit, went with Mademoiselle to explore. Arthur stayed with me and the pony, but when I said I would go, he said, coloring, he would go, he *thought*: 'But, mamma, do you think there are any wild dogs in the cavern?' Then we picked up various specimens of cobalt, etc., and we carried them in a basket, and we called at Mrs. Barber's, and we got some string, and we tied the basket to the pony with some trouble, and we got home very safe, and I finished the delight of the evening by reading *Paul and Virginia* to Owen and Mary, with which they were much delighted, and so was I.

"You would have given a good deal for a peep at Arthur this evening, making hay with all his little strength — such a beautiful color and such soft animation in his blue eyes."

It was often remarked that Mrs. Stanley's children were different from those of any one else; but this was not to be wondered at. Their mother not only taught them their lessons, she learnt all their lessons with them. Whilst other children were plodding through dull histories of disconnected countries and ages, of which they were unutterably weary at the time, and of which they remembered nothing afterwards, Mrs. Stanley's system was to take a particular era, and, upon the basis of its general history, to pick out for her children from different books, whether memoirs, chronicles, or poetry, all that bore upon it, making

it at once an interesting study to herself and them, and talking it over with them in a way which encouraged them to form their own opinion upon it, to have theories as to how such and such evils might have been forestalled or amended, and so to fix it in their recollection.

To an imaginative child, Alderley was the most delightful place possible, and whilst Owen Stanley delighted in the clear brook which dashes through the rectory garden for the ships of his own manufacture — then as engrossing as the fitting out of the *Ariel* upon the mere in later boyhood — little Arthur revelled in the legends of the neighborhood — of its wizard of Alderley Edge, with a hundred horses sleeping in an enchanted cavern, and of the church-bell which fell down a steep hill into Rostherne Mere, and which is tolled by a mermaid when any member of a great neighboring family is going to die.

Being the poet of the little family, Arthur Stanley generally put his ideas into verse, and there are lines of his written at eleven years old, on seeing the sunrise from the top of Alderley church-tower, and at twelve years old, on witnessing the departure of the *Ganges*, bearing his brother Owen, from Spithead, which give evidence of poetical power, more fully evinced two years later in his longer poems on *The Druids* and on *The Maniac of Betharan.* When he was old enough to go to school, his mother wrote an amusing account of the turn-out of his pockets and desk before leaving home, and the extraordinary collection of crumpled scraps of poetry which were found there. In March, 1821, Mrs. Stanley wrote:—

"Arthur is in great spirits and looks well prepared to do honor to the jacket and trousers preparing for him. He is just now opposite to me, lying on the sofa reading Miss Edgeworth's *Frank* to himself (his lesson being concluded) most eagerly. I must tell you his moral deductions from *Frank*. The other day as I was dressing, Arthur, Charlie, and Elizabeth were playing in the passage. I heard a great crash, which turned out to be Arthur running very fast, not stopping himself in time, and coming against the window, at the end of the passage, so as to break three panes. He was not hurt, but I heard Elizabeth remonstrating with him on the crime of breaking windows, to which he answered with great *sang-froid*, 'Yes, but you know Frank's mother said she would rather have all the windows in the house broke than that Frank should tell a lie; so now I can go and tell mamma, and then I shall be like Frank.' I did not make my appearance, so when the door opened for the *entrée* after dinner, Arthur came in first in something of a bustle, with cheeks as red as fire, and eyes looking — as his eyes do look — saying the instant the door opened, 'Mamma! I have broke three panes of glass in the passage window! — and I tell you now 'cause I was afraid to forget.' I am not sure whether there is not a very inadequate idea left on his mind as to the sin of glass-breaking, and that he rather thought it a fine thing having the opportunity of coming to tell mamma something like Frank; however, there was some little effort, *inde* the agitation and red cheeks, so we must not be hypercritical."

After he was eight years old, Mrs. Stanley, who knew the interest and capacity of her little Arthur about everything, was much troubled by his becoming so increasingly shy, that he never would speak if he could help it, even when he was alone with her, and she dreaded that the companionship of other boys at school, instead of drawing him out, would only make him shut himself up more in himself. Still, in the frequent visits which his parents paid to the sea-side at Highlake, he always recovered his lost liveliness

of manner and movement, climbed merrily up the sand-hills, and was never tired in mind or body. It was therefore a special source of rejoicing when it was found that Mr. Rawson, the vicar of Seaforth (a place five miles from Liverpool, and only half a mile from the sea), had a school for nine little boys, and thither in 1824 it was decided that Arthur should be sent. In August, his young aunt wrote:

"Arthur liked the idea of going to school as making him approach nearer to Owen. We took him last Sunday evening from Crosby, and he kept up very well till we were to part; but when he was to separate from us to join his new companions he clung to us in a piteous manner, and burst into tears. Mr. Rawson very good-naturedly offered to walk with us a little way, and walk back with Arthur, which he liked better, and he returned with Mr. R. very manfully. On Monday evening we went to have a look at him before leaving the neighborhood, and found the little fellow as happy as possible, much amused with the novelty of the situation, and talking of the boys' proceedings with as much importance as if he had been there for months. He wished us good-by in a very firm tone, and we have heard since from his Uncle Penrhyn that he had been spending some hours with him, in which he laughed and talked incessantly of all that he did at school. He is very proud of being called 'Stanley,' and seems to like it altogether very much. The satisfaction to mamma and auntie is not to be told of having disposed of this little sylph in so excellent a manner. Every medical man has always said that a few years of constant sea-air would make him quite strong, and to find this united to so desirable a master as Mr. R., and so careful and kind a protectress as Mrs. R., is being very fortunate."

In the following summer — July, 1825 — the same pen writes from Alderley to one of the family:

"You know how dearly I love all these children, and it has been such a pleasure to see them all so happy together. Owen, the hero

upon whom all their little eyes were fixed, and the delicate Arthur able to take his own share of boyish amusements with them, and telling out his little store of literary wonders to Charlie and Catherine. School has not transformed him into a rough boy yet. He is a little less shy, but not much. He brought back from school a beautiful prize book for history, of which he is not a little proud; and Mr. Rawson has told several people, unconnected with the Stanleys, that he never had a more amiable, attentive, or clever boy than Arthur Stanley, and that he never has had to find fault with him since he came. My sister finds, in examining him, that he not only knows what he has learnt himself, but that he picks up all the knowledge gained by the other boys in their lessons, and can tell what each boy in the school has read, etc. His delight in reading *Madoc* and *Thalaba* is excessive."

In the following year, Miss Leycester writes:

"STOKE, *August* 26, 1826.— My Alderley children are more interesting than ever. Arthur is giving Mary quite a literary taste, and is the greatest advantage to her possible, for they are now quite inseparable companions, reading, drawing and writing together. Arthur has written a poem on the life of a peacock-butterfly in the Spenserian stanza, with all the old words, with references to Chaucer, etc., at the bottom of the page! To be sure it would be singular if they were not different from other children, with the advantages they have where education is made so interesting and amusing as it is to them. . . . I never saw anything equal to Arthur's memory and quickness in picking up knowledge; seeming to have just the sort of intuitive sense of everything relating to books that Owen had in ships — and then there is such affection and sweetness of disposition in him. . . . You will not be tired of all this detail of those so near my heart. It is always such a pleasure to me to write of the rectory, and I can always do it better when I am away from it and it rises before my mental vision."

The summer of 1826 was marked for the Stanleys by the news of the death of their beloved friend Reginald

Heber, and by the marriage of Isabella Stanley to Captain Parry, the Arctic voyager, an event at which "his mother could not resist sending for her little Arthur to be present." Meantime he was happy at school, and wrote long histories home of all that took place there, especially amused with his drilling sergeant, who told him to "put on a bold, swaggering air, and not to look sheepish." But each time of his return to Alderley, he seemed shyer than ever, and his mother became increasingly concerned at his want of boyishness.

"*January* 27, 1828.— Oh, it is so difficult to know how to manage Arthur. He takes having to learn dancing so terribly to heart, and enacts Prince Pitiful; and will, I am afraid, do no good at it. Then he thinks I do not like his reading because I try to draw him *also* to other things, and so he reads by stealth, and lays down his book when he hears people coming; and having no other pursuits or anything he cares for but reading, has a listless look, and I am sure he is very often unhappy. I suspect, however, that this is Arthur's worst time, and that he will be a happier man than boy."

In January, 1828, Mrs. Stanley wrote to Augustus W. Hare, long an intimate friend of the family, and soon about to marry her sister:

"I have Arthur at home, and I have rather a puzzling card to play with him — how not to encourage too much his poetical tastes, and to spoil him, in short — and yet how not to discourage what in reality one wishes to grow, and what he, being timid and shy to a degree, would easily be led to shut up entirely to himself; and then he suffers so much from a laudable desire to be with other boys, and yet when with them, finds his incapacity to enter into their pleasures of shooting, hunting, horses, and theirs for his. He will be happier as a man, as literary men are more within reach than literary boys."

In the following month she wrote —

"ALDERLEY, *February* 8, 1828.— Now I am going to ask your opinion and advice, and perhaps your assistance on my own account. We are beginning to consider what is to be done with Arthur, and it will be time for him to be moved from his small school in another year, when he will be thirteen. We have given up all thoughts of Eton for him from the many objections, combined with the great expense. Now I want to ask your opinion about Shrewsbury, Rugby and Winchester; do you think, from what you know of Arthur's character and capabilities, that Winchester would suit him, and *vice versa*?"

In answer to this Augustus Hare wrote to her from Naples:

"*March* 26, 1828.— Are you aware that the person of all others fitted to get on with boys is just elected master of Rugby? His name is Arnold. He is a Wykehamist and Fellow of Oriel, and a particular friend of mine — a man calculated beyond all others to engraft modern scholarship and modern improvements on the old-fashioned stem of a public education. Winchester under him would be the best school in Europe; what Rugby may turn out I cannot say, for I know not the materials he has there to work on."

A few weeks later he added —

"FLORENCE, *April* 19, 1828.— I am so little satisfied with what I said about Arthur in my last letter, that I am determined to begin with him, and do him more justice. What you describe him now to be, I once was; and I have myself suffered too much and too often from my inferiority in strength and activity to boys who were superior to me in nothing else, not to feel very deeply for any one in a similar state of school-forwardness and bodily weakness. Parents in general are too anxious to push their children on in school and other learning. If a boy happens not to be robust, it is laying up for him a great deal of pain and mortification. For a boy must naturally associate with others in the same class: and

consequently, if he happens to be forward beyond his years, he is thrown at twelve (with perhaps the strength of only eleven or ten) into the company of boys two years older and probably three or four years stronger (for boobies are always stout of limb.) You may conceive what wretchedness this is likely to lead to, in a state of society like a school, where might almost necessarily makes right. But it is not only at school that such things lead to mortification. There are a certain number of manly exercises, which every gentleman, at some time or other of his life, is likely to be called on to perform, and many a man who is deficient in these, would gladly purchase dexterity in them, if he could, at the price of those mental accomplishments which have cost him in boyhood the most pains to acquire. Who would not rather ride well at twenty-five, than write the prettiest Latin verses? I am perfectly impartial in this respect, being able to do neither, and therefore my judgment is likely enough to be correct. So pray during the holidays make Arthur ride hard and shoot often, and, in short, gymnasticise in every possible manner. I have said thus much to relieve my own mind, and convey to you how earnestly I feel on the subject. Otherwise I know Alderley and its inhabitants too well to suspect any one of them being what Wordsworth calls 'an intellectual all-in-all.' About his school, were Rugby under any other master, I certainly should not advise your thinking of it for Arthur for an instant; as it is, the decision will be more difficult. When Arnold has been there ten years, he will have made it a good school, perhaps in some respects the very best in the island; but a transition state is always one of doubt and delicacy. Winchester is admirable for those it succeeds with, but it is not adapted for all sorts and conditions of boys, and sometimes fails. However, when I come to England, I will make a point of seeing Arthur, when I shall be a little better able perhaps to judge."

In the summer of 1828 Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, with her sister Maria and her niece Lucy Stanley, from the Park, went by sea to Bordeaux and for a tour in the Pyrenees, taking little Arthur and his sister Mary with them. It was his first experience of foreign travel, and

most intense was his enjoyment of it. All was new then, and Mr. Stanley wrote of the children as being almost as much intoxicated with delight on first landing at Bordeaux as their faithful maid, Sarah Burgess, who "thinks life's fitful dream is past, and that she has, by course of transmigration, passed into a higher sphere." It is recollected how, when he first saw the majestic summit of the Pic du Midi rising above a mass of cloud, Arthur Stanley, in his great ecstasy, could say nothing but "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

In the following October Mrs. Stanley described her boy's peculiarities to Dr. Arnold, and asked his candid advice as to how far Rugby was likely to suit him. After receiving his answer she wrote to her sister:

"*October* 10, 1828.— Dr. Arnold's letter has decided us about Arthur. I should think there was not another schoolmaster in his Majesty's dominions who would write such a letter. It is so lively, agreeable and promising in all ways. He is just the man to take a fancy to Arthur, and for Arthur to take a fancy to."

It was just as his mother had foreseen. Arthur Stanley went to Rugby in the following January, and was immediately captivated by his new master. His parents visited him two months afterwards as they were returning from Cheshire to London. Mrs. Stanley wrote to her sister:

"*March*, 1829.— We arrived at Rugby exactly at twelve, waited to see the boys pass, and soon spied Arthur with his books on his shoulder. He colored up and came in, looking very well, but cried a good deal on seeing us, chiefly I think from nervousness. The only complaint he had to make was that of having no friend, and the feeling of loneliness belonging to that want, and this, consid-

ering what he is and what boys of his age usually are, would and must be the case anywhere. We went to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, and they are of the same opinion, that he was as well off and as happy as he could be at a public school, and on the whole I am satisfied — quite satisfied considering all things, for Dr. and Mrs. Arnold are indeed delightful. She was ill, but still animated and lively. He has a very remarkable countenance, something in forehead, and again in manner, which puts me in mind of Reginald Heber, and there is a mixture of zeal, energy and determination, tempered with wisdom, candor, and benevolence, both in manner and in everything he says. He had examined Arthur's class, and said Arthur had done very well, and the class generally. He said he was gradually reforming, but that it was like pasting down a piece of paper — as fast as one corner was put down another started up. 'Yes,' said Mrs. A, 'but Dr. Arnold always thinks the corner will not start *again*.' And it is that happy sanguine temperament which is so particularly calculated to do well in this or, indeed, any situation."

Arthur Stanley soon became very happy at Rugby. His want of a friend was speedily supplied, and many of the friends of his whole after life dated from his early school-days, especially Charles Vaughan, afterwards his intimate companion, eventually his brother-in-law. His rapid removal into the shell at Easter, and into the fifth form at Midsummer, brought him nearer to the head master, at the same time freeing him from the terrors of prepostors and fagging, and giving him entrance to the library. So he returned to Alderley in the summer holidays well and prosperous, speaking out, and full of peace and happiness, ready to enjoy "striding about upon the lawn on stilts" with his brother and sisters. On his return to school his mother continued to hear of his progress in learning, but derived even more pleasure from his accounts of foot-

ball, and of a hare-and-hounds hunt in which he "got left behind with a clumsy boy and a silly one" at a brook, which, after some deliberation, he leapt, and "*nothing happened.*"

In September, 1829, his mother writes:

"I have had such a ridiculous account from Arthur of his sitting up, with three others, all night, *to see what it was like?* They heartily wished themselves in bed before morning. He also writes of an English copy of verses given to the fifth form — Brownsover, a village near Rugby, with the Avon flowing through it, and the Swift flowing into the Avon, into which Wickliffe's ashes were thrown. So Arthur and some others instantly made a pilgrimage to Brownsover to make discoveries. They were allowed four days and Arthur's was the best of the thirty in the fifth form, greatly to his astonishment, but, he says, 'Nothing happened, except that I get called Poet now and then, and my study Poet's Corner.' The master of the form gave another subject for them to write upon in an hour to see if they had each made their own, and Arthur was again head. What good sense there is in giving these kind of subjects to excite interest and inquiry, though few would be so supremely happy as Arthur in making the voyage of discovery. I ought to mention that Arthur was detected with the other boys in an unlawful letting off of squibs, and had one hundred lines of Horace to translate!"

The following gleanings from his mother's letters give, in the absence of other material, glimpses of Arthur Stanley's life during the next few years:

"*February* 22, 1830.— Arthur writes me word he has begun mathematics, and does not wonder Archimedes never heard the soldiers come in if he was as much puzzled over a problem as he is."

"*June* 1, 1830.— We got to Rugby at eight, fetched Arthur, to his great delight and surprise, and had two most comfortable hours with him. There is just a shade more of confidence in his manners

which is very becoming. He talked freely and fluently, looked well and happy, and came the next morning at six o'clock with his Greek book and his notebook under his arm."

"*June* 22, 1830.— There was a letter from Arthur on Monday saying that his verses on Malta had failed in getting the prize. There had been a hard contest between him and another. His poem was the longest and contained the best ideas, but he says 'that is matter of opinion;' the other was the most accurate. There were three masters on each side, and it was some time in being decided. The letter expresses his disappointment (for he had thought he should have it), his vexation (knowing that another hour would have enabled him to look over and probably to correct the fatal faults) so naturally, and then the struggle of his amiable feeling that it would be unkind to the other boy, who had been very much disappointed not to get the Essay, to make any excuses. Altogether it is just as I should wish, and much better than if he had got it."

"*July* 20, 1830.— Arthur came yesterday. He begins to look like a young man."

"*December*, 1830.— Arthur has brought home a letter from Mrs. Arnold to say that she could not resist sending me her congratulations on his having received the remarkable distinction of not being examined at all, except in extra subjects. Dr Arnold called him up before masters and school, and said he had done so perfectly well it was useless."

"*December* 30, 1830.— I was so amused the other day taking up the memorandum books of my two boys. Owen's full of calculations, altitudes, astronomical axioms, etc. Arthur's of Greek idioms, Grecian history, parallels of different historical situations. Owen does Arthur a great deal of good by being so much more attentive and civil; it piques him to be more alert. Charlie profits by both brothers. Arthur examines him in his Latin, and Charlie sits with his arm round his neck, looking with the most profound deference in his face for exposition of Virgil."

"*February*, 1831.— Charlie writes word from school: 'I am very miserable, not that I want anything, except to be at home.' Arthur does not mind going half so much. He says he does not

know why, but all the boys seem fond of him, and he never gets plagued in any way like the others; his study is left untouched, his things unbroke, his books undisturbed. Charlie is so fond of him, and deservedly so. You would have been so pleased one night, when Charlie all of a sudden burst into violent distress at not having finished his French task for the holidays, by Arthur's judicious good-nature in showing him how to help himself, entirely leaving what he was about of his own employment."

"*July*, 1831.— I am writing in the midst of an academy of art. Just now there are Arthur and Mary drawing and painting at one table; Charlie deep in the study of fishes and hooks, and drawing varieties of both at another; and Catherine with her slate full of houses with thousands of windows. Charlie is fishing mad, and knows how to catch every sort, and just now he informs me that to catch a bream you must go out before breakfast. He is just as fond as ever of Arthur. You would like to see Arthur examine him, which he does so mildly and yet so strictly, explaining everything so *à l' Arnold*."

"*July* 17, 1831.— I have been busy teaching Arthur to drive, row, and gymnasticise, and he finds himself making progress in the latter; that he can do more as he goes on — a great encouragement always. Imagine Dr. Arnold and one of the other masters gymnasticising in the garden, and sometimes going out leaping — as much a sign of the times as the Chancellor appearing without a wig, and the king with half a coronation."

Alderley, *November* 11.— We slept at Rugby on Monday night, had a comfortable evening with Arthur, and next morning breakfasted with Dr. Arnold. What a man he is! He struck me more than before even, with the impression of power — energy, and singleness of heart, aim and purpose. He was very indignant at the *Quarterly Review* article on cholera — the surpassing selfishness of it, and spoke so *nobly* — was busy writing a paper to state what cholera is, and what it is not . . . Arthur's veneration for him is beautiful; what good it must do to grow up under such a tree."

"*December* 22, 1831.— I brought Arthur home on Wednesday from Knutsford. He was classed first in everything but composi-

tion, in which he was second, and mathematics, in which he did not do well enough to be classed, nor ill enough to prevent his having the reward of the rest of his works. I can trace the improvement from his having been so much under Dr. Arnold's influence; so many inquiries and ideas are started in his mind which will be the groundwork of future study. . . . Charlie is very happy now in the thought of going to Rugby and being with Arthur, and Arthur has settled all the study and room concerns very well for him. I am going to have a sergeant from Macclesfield to drill them this holidays, to Charlie's great delight, and Arthur's patient endurance. The latter wants it much. It is very hard always to be obliged to urge that which is against the grain. I never feel I am doing my duty so well to Arthur, as when I am teaching him to dance, and urging him to gymnasticise, when I would so much rather be talking to him of his rat books, etc. He increasingly needs the free use of his powers of mind too as well as of his body. The embarrassments and difficulty of getting *out* what he knows seems so painful to him, while some people's pain is all in getting it in; but it is very useful for him to have drawbacks in everything."

"*May* 22, 1832.— We got such a treat on Friday evening in Arthur's parcel of prizes. One copy he had illustrated in answer to my questions, with all his authorities, to show how he came by the various bits of information. In this parcel he sent 'An Ancient Ballad,' showing how Harold the King died at Chester,' the result of a diligent collation of old chronicles he and Mary had made together in the winter. Arthur put all the facts together from memory."

"*December* 26, 1832.— Arthur and Charlie came home on Wednesday. Arthur has not shaken off his first fit of shyness yet. I think he colors more than ever, and hesitates more in bringing out what he has to say. I am at my usual work of teaching him to use his body, and Charlie his mind."

"*April* 13, 1833.— I never found Arthur more blooming than when we saw him at Rugby on Monday. Mrs. Arnold said she always felt that Arthur had more sympathy with her than any one else, that he understood and appreciated Dr. Arnold's

character, and the union of strength and tenderness in it, that Dr. A. said he always felt that Arthur took in his ideas, received all he wished to put into him more in the true spirit and meaning than any boy he had ever met with, and that she always delighted in watching his countenance when Dr. Arnold was preaching."

"*July*, 1833.— At eight o'clock last night the Arnolds arrived. Dr. Arnold and Arthur behind the carriage, Mrs. Arnold and two children inside, two more with the servant in front, having left the other chaiseful at Congleton. Arthur was delighted with his journey — said Dr. Arnold was just like a boy — jumped up, delighted to be set free — had talked all the way of the geology of the country, knowing every step of it by heart — so pleased to see a common, thinking it might do for the people to expatiate on. We talked of the Cambridge philosophers — why he did not go there — he dared not trust himself with its excitement or with society in London. Edward said something of the humility of finding yourself with people so much your superior, and at the same time the elevation of feeling yourself of the same species. He shook his head — 'I should feel that in the company of legislators, but not of abstract philosophers.' Then Mrs. Arnold went on to say how De Ville had pronounced on his head that he was fond of *facts*, but not of abstractions, and he allowed it was most true; he liked geology, botany, philosophy, only as they are connected with the history and well-being of the human race. . . . The other chaise came after breakfast. He ordered all into their places with such a gentle decision, and they were all off by ten, having ascertained, I hope, that it was quite worth while to halt here even for so short a time.'

It was in November, 1833, that Arthur Stanley went to Oxford to try for the Balliol Scholarship, and gained the first scholarship against thirty competitors. The examination was one especially calculated to show the wide range of Arnold's education. Stanley wrote from Oxford to his family:—

"*November* 26, 1833.— On Monday our examination began at 10 A. M. and lasted to 4 P. M.— a Latin theme, which, as far as four or five revisals could make sure, was without mistakes and satisfied me pretty well. In the evening we went in from 7 P. M. till 10 and had a Greek chorus to be translated with notes and also turned into Latin verses, which I did not do well. On Tuesday from 10 to 1 we had an English theme and a criticism on Virgil which I did pretty well, and Greek verses from 2 to 4 — middling, and we are to go in again to-night at 9. I cannot the least say if I am likely to get it. There seem to be three formidable competitors, especially one from Eton."

"*Friday, November* 29, 7 1-4 P. M.— I will begin my letter in the midst of my agony of expectation and fear. I finished my examination to-day at 2 o'clock. At 8 to-night, the decision takes place, so that my next three-quarters of an hour will be dreadful. As I do not know how the other schools have done, my hope of success can depend upon nothing, except that I think I have done pretty well, better perhaps from comparing notes than the rest of the Rugby men. Oh, the joy if I do get it! and the disappointment if I do not. And from two of us trying at once, I fear the blow to the school would be dreadful if none of us get it. We had to work the second day as hard as on the first, on the third and fourth not so hard, nor to-day — Horace to turn into English verse, which was good for me; a divinity and mathematical paper, in which I hope my copiousness in the first made up for my scantiness in the second. Last night I dined at Magdalen, which is enough of itself to turn one's head upside down, so very magnificent. . . . . I will go on now. We all assembled in the hall and had to wait an hour, the room getting fuller and fuller with Rugby Oxonians crowding in to hear the result. Every time the door opened, my heart jumped, but many times it was nothing. At last the Dean appeared in his white robes and moved up to the head of the table. He began a long preamble — that they were well satisfied with all, and that those who were disappointed were many in comparison with those who were successful, etc. All this time every one was listening with the most intense eagerness, and I almost bit my lips off till —'The successful candidates are — Mr.

Stanley' — I gave a great jump, and there was a half shout amongst the Rugby men. The next was Lonsdale from Eton. The Dean then took me into the chapel where the Master and all the Fellows were, and there I swore that I would not reveal the secrets, disobey the statutes, or dissipate the wealth of the college. I was then made to kneel on the steps, and admitted to the rank of Scholar and Exhibitioner of Balliol College, 'nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus.' I then wrote my name, and it was finished. We start today in a chaise and *four* for the glory of it. You may think of my joy, the honor of Rugby is saved, and I am a scholar of Balliol!"

Dr. Arnold wrote to Mrs. Stanley —

"I do heartily congratulate you and heartily thank Arthur for the credit and real benefit he has conferred on us. There was a feeling abroad that we could not compete with Eton or the other great schools in the contest for university honors, and I think there was something of this even in the minds of my own pupils, however much they might value my instruction in other respects, and those who wish the school ill for my sake were ready to say that the boys were taught politics and not taught to be scholars. Already has the effect of Arthur's success been felt here in the encouragement which it has given to others to work hard in the hope of treading in his steps, and in the confidence it has given them in my system. And yet, to say the truth, though I do think that with God's blessing I have been useful to your son, yet his success on this occasion is all his own, and hundred times more gratifying than if it had been gained by my examining. For I have no doubt that he gained his scholarship chiefly by the talent and good sense of his compositions, which are, as you know, very remarkable."

Arthur Stanley remained at Rugby till the following summer, gaining more now, he considered, from Dr Arnold than at any other time, though his uncle Augustus Hare, who had been applied to, discouraged

his being left at school so long, because "though most boys learn most during their last year, it is when they are all shooting up together, but Arthur must be left a high tree among shrubs." Of this time are the following letters from Mrs. Stanley:

"*February* 3, 1834.—I have just lost Arthur, and a great loss he is to me. The latter part of his time at home is always so much the most agreeable, he gets over his reserve so much more. He has been translating and retranslating Cicero for his improvement, and has been deep in Guizot's essay on the Civilization of Europe, besides chiefly engaged in a *grand* work, at present a secret, but of which you may perhaps hear more in the course of the spring. I have generally sate with him or he with me, to be ready with criticisms when wanted, and it is delightful to be so immediately and entirely understood — the why and wherefore of an objection seen before it is said. And the mind is so logical, so clear, the taste so pure in all senses, and so accurate. He goes on so quietly and perseveringly as to get through all he intends to get through without the least appearance of bustle or business. He finished his studies at home, I think, with an analysis of the Peninsular battles, trying to understand thereby the *pro* and *con* of a battle."

"*May* 21, 1834. — I have taken the opportunity of spending Sunday at Rubgy. Arthur met us two miles on the road, and almost his first words were how disappointed he was that Dr. Arnold had influenza and would not be able to preach! However, I had the compensation of more of his company than under any other circumstances. There were only he and Mrs. Arnold, so that I became more acquainted with both, and altogether it was most interesting. We had the Sunday evening chapter and hymn, and it was very beautiful to see his manner to the little ones, indeed to all. Arthur was quite as happy as I was to have such an uninterrupted bit of Dr. Arnold — he talks more freely to him a great deal than he does at home."

The spring of 1834 had been saddened to the Stan-

leys by the death of Augustus Hare at Rome; and the decision of his widow—the beloved "Auntie" of Arthur Stanley's childhood—to make Hurstmonceaux her home, led to his being sent, before going to Oxford, for a few months as a pupil to Julius Hare, who was then rector of Hurstmonceaux. Those who remember the enthusiastic character of Julius Hare, his energy in what he undertook, and his vigorous though lengthy elucidation of what he wished to explain, will imagine how he delighted in reopening for Arthur Stanley the stores of classical learning which had seemed laid aside forever in the solitude of his Sussex living. "I cannot speak of the blessing it has been to have Arthur so long with you," his mother wrote afterwards. "He says he feels his mind's horizon so enlarged, and that a foundation is laid of interest and affection for Hurstmonceaux, which he will always henceforward consider as 'one of his homes, one of the many places in the world he has to be happy in.' He writes happily from Oxford, but the lectures and sermons there do not go down after the food he has been living on at Hurstmonceaux and Rugby."

In this brief sketch we do not dwell upon Arthur Stanley's happy and successful career at college, upon his many prizes, his honors of every kind,[1] even upon his Newdigate poem of "The Gipsies," which his father heard him deliver in the Sheldonian Theatre, and burst into tears amid the tumult of applause which

[1] The Ireland Scholarship and a First Class in Classics, 1837; the Chancellor's Latin Prize Essay, 1839; the English Essay, 1840, etc.

followed. It may truly be said of him that he "applied his heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom."

In the autumn of 1839, Arthur Stanley was ordained, though full of mental difficulties as to subscription. He was decided by a letter from Arnold, who urged that his own difficulties of the same kind had gradually decreased in importance; that he had long been persuaded that subscription to the letter to any amount of human propositions was impossible, and that the door of ordination was never meant to be closed against all but those whose "dull minds and dull consciences" could see no difficulty. In deciding to remain at Oxford as a tutor at University College, where he had obtained a fellowship, Stanley believed that his ordination vows might be as effectually carried out by making the most of his vocation at college, and endeavoring to influence all who came within his sphere, as by undertaking any parochial cure. To his aunt, who remonstrated, he wrote:

"*February* 15, 1840 — I have never properly thanked you for your letters about my ordination, which I assure you, however, that I have not the less value, and shall be no less anxious to try, as far as in me lies, to observe. It is perhaps an unfortunate thing for me, though as far as I see unavoidable, that the overwhelming considerations, immediately at the time of Ordination, were not difficulties of practice, but of subscription, and the effect has been that I would always rather look back to what I felt to be my duty before that cloud came on, than to the time itself. Practically, however, I think it will in the end make no difference. The real thing which long ago moved me to wish to go into Orders and which, had I not gone into Orders, I should have acted on as well as I could without

Orders, was the fact that God seemed to have given me gifts more fitting me for Orders, and for that particular line of clerical duty which I have chosen, than for any other. It is perhaps as well to say that until I see a calling to other clerical work, as distinct as that by which I fell called to my present work, I should not think it right to engage in any other; but I hope I shall always feel, though I am afraid I cannot be too constantly reminded, that in whatever work I am engaged now, or hereafter, my great end ought always to be the good of the souls of others, and my great support the good which God will give to my own soul."

Two years before this, in 1837, the Rector of Alderley had been appointed to the Bishopric of Norwich, and had left Cheshire amidst an uncontrollable outburst of grief from the people amongst whom he had lived as a friend and a father for thirty-two years. Henceforward, the scientific pursuits, which had occupied his leisure hours at Alderley, were laid aside in the no-leisure of his devotion to the See with whose interests he now identified his existence. His one object seemed to be to fit himself more completely for dealing with ecclesiastical subjects, by gaining a clearer insight into clerical duties and difficulties, and though he long found his diocese a bed of thorns, his kindly spirit, his broad liberality, and all-embracing fatherly sympathy, never failed to leave peace behind them. His employments were changed, but his characteristics were the same; the geniality and simplicity shown in dealing with his clergy, and his candidates for ordination, had the same power of winning hearts which was evinced in his relation to the cottagers at Alderley; and the same dauntless courage which would have been such an advantage in commanding the ship he longed for in his

youth, enabled him to face the Chartist mobs with composure, and to read unmoved the many party censures which followed such acts as his public recognition in Norwich Cathedral of the worth of Joseph Gurney, the Quaker philanthropist; his appearance on a platform, side by side with the Irish priest, Father Matthew, advocating the same cause; and his enthusiastic friendship for Jenny Lind, who on his invitation made the palace her home during her stay in Norwich.

Most delightful, and very different from the modern building which has partially replaced it, was the old Palace at Norwich. Approached through a stately gateway, and surrounded by lawns and flowers, amid which stood a beautiful ruin — the old house with its broad old-fashioned staircase and vaulted kitchen, its beautiful library looking out to Mousehold and Kett's Castle, its great dining room hung with pictures of the Nine Muses, it picturesque and curious corners, and its quaint and intricate passages, was indescribably charming. In a little side-garden under the Cathedral, pet pee-wits and a raven were kept, which always came to the dining-room window at breakfast to be fed out of the Bishop's own hand — the only relic of his once beloved ornithological, as occasional happy excursions with a little nephew to Bramerton in search of fossils, were the only trace left of his former geological pursuits.

"I live for my children and for them alone I wish to live, unless in God's Providence I can live to His glory," were Bishop Stanley's own words not many months before his death. He followed with longing interest the voyages of his son Owen as Commander in

the *Britomart*, and Captain of the *Rattlesnake*, and rejoiced in the successful career of his youngest son Charles. These were perhaps the most naturally congenial to their father, and more of companions to him when at home than any of his other children. But in the last years of his life he was even prouder of his second son Arthur. The wonderful descriptive power and classical knowledge of his (unpublished) letters from Greece had given his family a foretaste of what the world received twelve years later in *Sinai and Palestine*, and, in 1844, was published that Life of Dr. Arnold (whose funeral sermon he had been selected to preach in 1842), which has translated his character to the world, and given him a wider influence since his death than he ever attained in his life. Perhaps of all Stanley's books, Arnold's Life is still the one by which he is best known, and this, in his reverent love for his master to whom he owed the building up of his mind, is as he would have wished it to be.

For twelve years Arthur Stanley resided at University College, as Fellow and Tutor, undertaking also, in the latter part of the time, the laborious duties of secretary to the University Commission, into which he threw himself with characteristic ardor. In 1845, he was appointed Select Preacher to the University, an office resulting in the publication of those *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age*, in which he especially endeavored to exhibit the individual human character of the different apostles.

The year 1849 was marked by the death of Bishop Stanley, which occurred during a visit to Brahan Castle in Scotland. Arthur was with him in his last hours,

and brought his mother and sisters back to the desolate Norwich home, where a vast multitude attended the burial of the Bishop in the cathedral. "I can give you the facts," wrote one who was present, "but I can give you no notion of how impressive it was, nor how affecting. There were such sobs and tears from the school-children and from the clergy who so loved their dear bishop. A beautiful sunshine lit up everything, shining into the cathedral just at the time. Arthur was quite calm, and looked like an angel, with a sister on each side."

From the time of his father's death, from the time when he first took his seat at family prayers in the purple chair where the venerable white head was accustomed to be seen, Arthur Stanley seemed utterly to throw off all the shyness and embarrassment which had formerly oppressed him, to rouse himself by a great effort, and henceforward to forget his own personality altogether in his position and his work. His social and conversational powers, afterwards so great, increased perceptibly from this time.

It was two days after Mrs. Stanley left Norwich that she received the news of the death of her youngest son Charles in Van Diemen's Land; and a very few months only elapsed before she learnt that her eldest son Owen had only lived to hear of the loss of his father. Henceforward his mother, saddened though not crushed by her triple grief, was more than ever Arthur Stanley's care: he made her the sharer of all his thoughts, the confidante of all his difficulties, all that he wrote was read to her before its publication, and her advice was not only songht but taken. In her

new home in London, he made her feel that she had still as much to interest her and give a zest to life as in the happiest days at Alderley and Norwich; most of all he pleased her by showing in the publication of the *Memoir of Bishop Stanley*, in 1850, his thorough inward appreciation of the father with whom his outward intercourse had been of a less intimate kind than with herself.

In 1851 Arthur Stanley was presented to a canonry at Canterbury, which, though he accepted it with reluctance, proved to be an appointment entirely after his own heart, giving him leisure to write *Sinai and Palestine*, and to complete his *Commentary on the Corinthians*, and leading naturally to the *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*, which, of all his books, was perhaps the one which it gave him most pleasure to write. At Canterbury he not only lived amongst the illustrious dead, but he made them rise into new life by the way in which he spoke and wrote of them. Often on the anniversary of Becket's murder, as the fatal hour — five o'clock on a winter's afternoon — drew near, Stanley would marshal his family and friends round the scenes of the event, stopping with thrilling effect at each spot connected with it — "Here the knights came into the cloister — here the monks knocked furiously for refuge in the church" — till, when at length the chapel of the martyrdom was reached, as the last shades of twilight gathered amid the arches, the whole scene became so real, that, with almost more than a thrill of horror, one saw the last moments through one's ears, — the struggle between Fitzurse and the Archbishop, the blow of Tracy, the solemn dignity of the actual death.

Stanley had a real pride in Canterbury. In his own words, he "rejoiced that he was the servant and minister, not of some obscure fugitive establishment, for which no one cares beyond his narrow circle, but of a cathedral whose name commands respect and interest even in the remotest parts of Europe." In his inaugural lectures as professor at Oxford, in speaking of the august trophies of Ecclesiastical History in England, he said, "I need name but one, the most striking and obvious instance, the cradle of English Christianity, the seat of the English Primacy, *my own proud cathedral*, the metropolitan church of Canterbury."

Those who remember Stanley's happy intercourse with his mother at Canterbury; his friendships in the place, especially with Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison, who lived next door, and with whom he had many daily meetings and communications on all subjects; his pleasure in the preparation and publication of his *Canterbury sermons*; his delightful home under the shadow of the cathedral, connected by the Brick Walk with the cloisters; and his constant work of a most congenial kind, will hardly doubt that in many respects the years spent at Canterbury were the most prosperous of his life. Vividly does the recollection of those who were frequently his guests go back to the afternoons when, his cathedral duties and writing being over, he would rush out to Harbledown, to Patrixbourne, or along the dreary Dover road (which he always insisted upon thinking most delightful) to visit his friend Mrs. Gregory, going faster and faster as he talked more enthusiastically, calling up fresh topics out of the wealthy past. Or there were longer excursions to

Bozendeane Wood, with its memories of the strange story of the so-called Sir William Courtenay, its blood-stained dingle amid the hazels, its trees riddled with shot, and its wide view over the forest of Blean to the sea, with the Isle of Sheppey breaking the blue waters.

Close behind Stanley's house was the Deanery and its garden, where the venerable Dean Lyall used daily at that time to be seen walking up and down in the sun. Here grew the marvellous old mulberry, to preserve the life of which, when failing, a bullock was effectually killed that the tree might drink in new life from its blood. A huge bough, which had been torn off from this tree had taken root and had become far more flourishing than its parent. Arthur Stanley called them the Church of Rome and the Church of England, and gave a lecture about it in the town.

His power of calling up past scenes of history, painting them in words, and throwing his whole heart into them, often enacting them, made travelling with Arthur Stanley delightful. His mother, his sister Mary, his cousin Miss Penrhyn, and his friend Hugh Pearson usually made up the summer party. For several years their tours were confined to France and Germany, Switzerland and Northern Italy. But in 1852 the family went for several months to Italy, seeing its northern and eastern provinces, in those happy days of *vetturino* travelling, as they will never be seen again, studying the story of its old towns, and eventually reaching Rome, which Mrs. Stanley had never seen, and which her son had the greatest delight in showing her. It had been decided that when the rest of the

party returned to England, he should go on to Egypt, but this plan was changed by circumstances which fortunately enabled him to witness the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. By travelling day and night, he arrived in London the night before the ceremony. Almost immediately afterwards he returned to take leave of his mother at Avignon, before starting with his friend Theodore Walrond and two others on that long and happy tour of which the results have appeared in *Sinai and Palestine*— a book which, without any compromise of its own freedom of thought, has turned all the knowledge of previous travellers to most admirable account.

In 1854 the attention of the family was concentrated on the east, as Mary Stanley escorted a body of nurses to Constantinople, and took charge of the Hospital of Koulalee during the war in the Crimea, gaining much experience at this time, which was afterwards useful in her self-denying labors for the poor in London.

In 1858, Arthur Stanley gave up his happy home at Canterbury, for a canonry at Christ Church, Oxford, attached to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History to which he had been appointed two years before. His three "Introductory Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History," delivered before his residence, had attracted such audiences as have seldom been seen in the University Theatre, and aroused an enthusiasm which was the greatest encouragement to him in entering upon a course of life so different from that he had left; for he saw how a set of lectures, usually wearisome, could be rendered interesting to all his hearers, how he could make the dry bones live.

Henceforward, for some years, the greater portion of Stanley's days was spent in his pleasant study on the ground floor (in the first house on the left after entering Peckwater from Tom quad); looking upon his little walled garden, with its miniature lawn and apple-trees, between which he was delighted to find that he could make a fountain; attended to by his faithful married butler and housekeeper, concerning whom when some one remarked disparagingly upon their increasing family, he is recollected characteristically to have exclaimed, "I do not know if they will have many children, but I do know one thing, that if they have a hundred, I shall never part with Mr. and Mrs. Waters."

Here he is always to be found standing at his desk, tossing off sheet after sheet, the whole floor covered with scraps of papers written or letters received, which, by a habit that nothing could change, he generally tore up and scattered around him. Here were composed those Lectures on the Eastern and afterwards on the Jewish Church, which Stanley's "picturesque sensibility," as Lord Beaconsfield called it, so exactly fitted him to do justice to — Lectures which have done more than anything ever written to make the Bible history a living reality instead of a dead letter, which, while with the freedom which excited such an outcry against Dean Milman, they do not scruple to describe Abraham as a Chaldean Sheykh of the desert, Rachel as a Bedouin chief's daughter, and Joseph as the royal officers are exhibited in the Theban sculptures, open such a blaze of sunshine upon those venerable histories, that those who look upon them by the new light, feel as if they had never seen them before.

It was a great pleasure to Stanley in the years of his Oxford life, to take up the threads of many old friendships which years of separation had relaxed. He also took advantage of introductions from Rugby, and of the acquaintances made in college by a young cousin residing in his house, to invite many Undergraduates to his canonry, by seeing them again and again to become intimate with them, and in many cases to gain a permanent influence over them. Those he was really at home with, will always retain a delightful recollection of the home-like evenings in his pleasant drawing-room, of his sometimes reading aloud, of his fun and playfulness, and of his talking over his future lectures and getting his younger companions to help them with drawings and plans for them. The Prince of Wales, then an Undergraduate, was frequently at the Canonry, and Stanley had many more visitors from the outside world at Oxford than at Canterbury — Germans, Americans, and the friends he had made during a tour in Russia.

In the early spring of 1862, in fulfilment of a wish which had been expressed by the Prince Consort, Arthur Stanley was desired to accompany the Prince of Wales in his projected tour to the East. In looking forward to this journey he chiefly considered with joy how he might turn the travel to the best account for his royal companion, and how he might open for his service the stores of information which he had laid up during his former Eastern tour. But he combined the duties of cicerone with those of chaplain, and his sermons preached before the Prince of Wales at Tiberias, Nazareth and other holy sites of sacred history, were afterwards published in a small volume.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," was his constant teaching in Palestine. "It is by thinking of what has been here, by making the most of things we see in order to bring before our minds the things we do not see, that a visit to the Holy Land becomes a really religious lesson." To Stanley's delight, one great event marked the royal tour in the East: the Mosque if Heborn hitherto inexorably closed, was thrown open to the travellers.

It had not been without many sad and anxious misgivings that Stanley had consented to obey the desire, not command, of his Queen, in being a second time separated from his mother for so long a time and by so great a distance. He never saw her again, yet he was the only one of her children who received her farewell words, and embrace, and blessings. A few days after he was gone she became ill, and on the morning of the 5th of March, in painless unconsciousness, she died. It was as well perhaps, that the dear absent brother was not there, that he had the interest of a constant duty to rouse him. He returned in June. Terrible indeed is the recollection of the piteous glance he cast towards his mother's vacant corner, and mournfully, to those who were present, did the thought occur, *what* it would have been had she been there then, especially then, with the thousand things there were to tell her.

Sad indeed were the months which followed, till, in the autumn of 1863, Arthur Stanley was appointed to the Deanery at Westminster, and soon afterwards sunshine again flowed in upon his life with his marriage, in Westminster Abbey, to Lady Augusta Bruce, fifth daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin.

Of all that his marriage was to Dean Stanley, it is too soon to speak now — of the absolute completeness with which Lady Augusta filled the position of his wife, of mistress of the Deanery, of leader of every good work in Westminster. "By her supporting love he was comforted for his mother's death, and her character, though cast in another mold, remained to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of earthly experience."

Congenial, as all Stanley's other homes, were the surroundings of the residence under the walls of the Abbey, decorated by much of the old oak furniture, inanimate friends, which had already travelled from Alderley to Norwich, Canterbury, and Oxford. Most delightful was the library, at the Deanery, a long room surrounded by bookcases, with a great Gothic window at the end, and a curious picture of Queen Elizabeth let in above the fireplace. Here, all through the mornings, in which visitors, with very rare exceptions, were never admitted, the Dean stood at his desk and scattered his papers as of old, while Lady Augusta employed herself at her writing-table close by. The *Address on the three Irish Churches*, his second and third volume of his *Jewish Church*, his *Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, his *Addresses* as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's, and many articles for the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Nineteenth Century*, *Good Words*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*, flowed from his pen in this room: and lastly his *Christian Institutions*, which seem written chiefly to disabuse people of the fancy of Roman Catholic and High Church divines, that they can discover in the early Church their own theories concerning the papacy, the hierarchy, and the

administration of the sacraments. It was a necessity to Stanley to be always writing something. He often, latterly, returned to the pursuit of his earliest days, and expressed himself in verse, much of which has appeared in this magazine.

More than ever did his friends gather around Stanley during his life at the Deanery; as much as ever was he able to enjoy the pleasures of society, growing every year more full of anecdote, of animation, of interesting recollections. And the visitors whom the Dean and Lady Augusta delighted to receive comprised every class of society, from their royal mistress and her children to great bands of working men, whom it was an especial pleasure to Arthur Stanley to escort over the Abbey himself, picking out and explaining the monuments most interesting to them. Every phase of opinion, every variety of religious belief, above all those who most widely differed from their host, were cordially welcomed in the hospitalities of the Deanery; and the circle which gathered in its drawing-rooms, especially on Sunday evenings after the service in the Abbey, was singularly characteristic and unique. At the same time the spare rooms of the house were ceaselessly filled with a succession of guests, to meet whom the most appropriate parties were always invited, or who were urged by the Dean unrestrainedly to invite their own friends, especially the now aged aunt, his mother's sister, long the survivor, as he expressed it, "of a blessed brotherhood and sisterhood."

Greater, too, than the interest of all his other homes, was that which Stanley found in the Abbey of Westminster—"the royal and national sanctuary which has

for centuries enshrined the manifold glories of the kingdom"—of which he was now the natural guardian and care-taker. There are those who have smiled at the eagerness he occasionally displayed to obtain the burial of an illustrious person in the Abbey against all opposition. There are those who have been incapable of understanding his anxiety to guard and keep the Abbey as it had been delivered to him; wisely objecting even to give uniformity to a rudely patched pavement, on account of the picturesqueness and the human interest attached to its variations of color and surface; delighting in the characteristics of his choir projecting into the nave, like the *coro* of a Spanish cathedral;[1] carefully, even fiercely, repelling any attempt to show more deference to the existing monuments of one age than of another, each being a portion of history in itself, and each, when once placed there, having become a portion of the history of the Abbey, never to be displaced. The careful collecting and replacing of the fragments of the reredos of St. Michael's altar, the curious bringing together of tiny fragments of lost screens and altars in the Chapter House, are marks

[1] It was painful to those who knew the Dean well to see a letter in the *Times* a few days after his death, urging that the destruction of the choir — the thing of all others he most deprecated — should be carried out as a memorial of him! Those who wish to know what he really desired for his Abbey have only to read the preface to his *Memorials of Westminster*, expressing his anxious suggestion of a cloister for the reception of future monuments, inclosing the Jewel Tower, on the present site of Abingdon Street, to face the Palace of Westminster on one side, and the College Garden on the other.

of his tender care for the minutest details of the Abbey, which it was his great object to preserve, to enrich, but never under any false pretext of "restoration" or improvement to change. How enraptured he was to discover the monogram of Izaak Walton scratched by the angler himself upon the tomb of Isaac Casaubon; how delighted to describe the funeral of Henry V., in which his three chargers were led up to the altar as mourners behind his waxen effigy; how enchanted to make any smallest discovery with regard to those to whom the more obscure monuments are erected, to trace out the whole history of "Jane Lister, dear childe," who is buried in the cloisters, and upon whom he preached in one of his sermons to children; how pleased to answer some one who cavilled at the space allotted to the monument of Mrs. Grace Gethin, with the quotations referring to her in Congreve and D'Israeli. One of his last thoughts connected with outside life was the erection of a monument to mark "the common pit" into which the remains of the family and friends of the great Protector were thrown at the Restoration.

At Westminster Stanley preached more often than he had ever done before; but two classes of his sermons there will be especially remembered — those on Innocents' Day to children, so particularly congenial to one whose character had always been so essentially that of the "pure in heart," and those on the deaths of illustrious Englishmen, often preached in the Abbey, even when those commemorated were not to repose there. "Charity, Liberality, Toleration," these became more than ever the watchwords of his teaching, of his

efforts to inculcate the spirit that would treat all who follow Christ as brothers, by whatever path they might be approaching Him, and by whatever hedges they might be divided. His last utterance in the Abbey, on Saturday, July 9, was on the text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." One of his course of sermons on the Beatitudes. In everything his precept was that of the aged St. John — "Little children, love one another."

The thought of the Abbey recalls the Jerusalem Chamber and the meetings within the walls of the Lower House of Convocation, in which the Dean so frequently spoke, often perhaps in too vehement defence of a cause or a person he thought to be unjustly oppressed, often perhaps incurring the silent censure of many a remote country parsonage by the expression of his opinions, but ever with kindly feelings towards those from whom he differed the most, and who when they knew him well, seldom failed to love and appreciate him. Through life the exemplification of Christian catholicity in his own person, Stanley could hardly help taking part with those who were attacked, whenever he saw that religious animosity was excited. "Charity suffereth long and is kind" was never absent from his thoughts, and led him to be ever the champion of the persecuted, of Tractarians in early life, as afterwards of the writers in *Essays and Reviews*, and of Bishop Colenso.

Next to the immediate concerns of his Abbey, was Stanley occupied by the welfare of the poor around him, whom he tried without ceasing to raise, cheer, and

enliven, sending many a mental sunbeam into a dismal home by the thought of his annual flower show and its prizes, and taking great personal interest in the neighboring hospital and its work. In all his efforts for the people at Westminster, the Dean was ably seconded by Lady Augusta. His desire to benefit the working classes was also shared by his elder sister Mary, who, in a direction quite independent of his own, was unceasingly employed in trying to find employment for the poor, to teach them provident habits, and to improve their homes. At one time she undertook the anxiety of a large contract to supply the army with shirts in order to give employment to a great number of poor women. Latterly her wonderful powers of organization always enabled her to deal with vast numbers, but it had taken long years of personal work amongst the people to acquire her experience, as well as the respect and confidence which contributed so much to the success of her schemes for their good. Of all these, the most important was the Penny Bank, opened once a week in a little court at the back of a house in York Street, Westminster, and managed personally by Miss Stanley for more than twenty-five years; having as many as 1,000 depositors at a time. The undertaking was indescribably laborious, especially during the annual audit week in December, when every single account had to be compared with that in the ledger. In itself, this ledger was a study — the dates for the whole half year on one page (to save turning over), the blotting paper stitched in between each leaf (to save blotting), for in dealing with such large numbers every instant of time saved was of importance. No less remarkable

was the simple but ingenious device by which the visits of her numerous clients were distributed equally over the three hours that she sat at the receipt of custom, so that each should be speedily served, and that there should be no undue crowding at one time. Mary Stanley would invite four or five ladies, before the people arrived, to come and tie up flowers for them in bunches. Many hundreds of nosegays were thus prepared, and it is remembered how anxious she was that they should be *prettily* arranged, for "I want to give my people what is beautiful, and what is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*." Her invariable patience, quickness, and good-humor with the people rendered what would have been impossible to many, comparatively easy to Mary Stanley; but a brave heart was also required, and a friend who thought of starting a similar bank in another part of London, and came to her with all its dangers and difficulties, recalls the energy with which she closed the discussion: "My dear, if you stand counting the difficulties when there is a good work before you, you will never do anything that is worth doing all your life! Only begin, begin, begin, and the difficulties will all disappear." Under other superintendence and in another house the Penny Bank founded by Mary Stanley still flourishes in Westminster, a memorial of her energy, kindliness, and wisdom.

Dean Stanley's marriage with the devoted attendant of the Duchess of Kent, whom the Queen honored with unvaried kindness and friendship, had brought him into constant communication with the Court, to which the outward tie had been drawn closer by his appointment of Deputy Clerk of the Closet, Chaplain

to the Queen, and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. He was summoned every year to take part in the services which commemorate at Frogmore the death of the beloved Prince Consort. It was after representing her royal mistress at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh in the bitter Russian cold of January, 1874, that Lady Augusta Stanley received the chill from which she never recovered. A long interval of hopes and fears, another year of sad forebodings and farewells, and, on Ash Wednesday, 1876, one of the happiest of earthly unions was severed by her death at Westminster.

> "The sunshine of the heart was dead,
> The glory of the home was fled,
> The smile that made the dark world bright,
> The love that made all duty light."

For five years Arthur Stanley was left to fulfil his appointed task alone. After a time he was full of interest still, his mental activity was as great as ever, and he was always full of work. Sometimes when he was in the society of those whose thoughts met his, some of his old animation and cheerfulness returned; for a few months the kindly welcome and friendship shown to him during a visit to the United States almost seemed to make him happy; and he ever gratefully recognized and reciprocated the loving attention with which his home was cared for by his wife's sister and her cousin, who had been more than a sister. But his friends saw him change more and more every year — his hair became gray, his figure became bent,

his voice became feeble; and after the death of his dear sister Mary, in the spring of 1880, had loosened another of his closest ties of earth, he seemed to be only waiting for a summons which could not be very far off. In speaking of what he would do in the future, he now always said, "If I am still here," and he looked at places as if for the last time.

On Good Friday he preached upon the words, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." He said he had preached the same sermon in the same pulpit at that season ten years before, and he would like to preach it once again. The way in which he said "once again" sent a thrill of sadness through all who heard it.

On Saturday, July 9, during one of his sermons on the Beatitudes, he was taken ill in the Abbey, and though there were few who believed in danger till within some hours of the end, all through the week which followed he was being led gently and painlessly to the entrance of the dark valley, and, on July 18, just before the Abbey clock struck the hour of midnight, surrounded by almost all those he most loved on earth, his spirit passed away.

In speaking of his dear Westminster, the sense of his last words was, "I have labored amidst many frailties and with much weakness to make this institution more and more the great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit."

This was the characteristic of his existence; thus, in most loving reverence, should he be remembered.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

It will be a great pleasure to me if
any words of mine can assist the
rising generation of the
United States to fulfill the duties
& solve the problems of the
age in which we live

A. P. Stanley

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE.

In that memorable hour — memorable in the life of every man, memorable as when he sees the first view of the pyramids, or of the snow clad range of the Alps — in the hour when for the first time I stood before the cataracts of Niagara, I seemed to see a vision of the fears and hopes of America. It was midnight, the moon was full, and I saw from the suspension bridge the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos, which burst forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion; but as I looked on that ever changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, I saw an emblem of the devouring activity, and ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the Falls themselves, silent,

majestic, immovable. In that silver column, glittering in the moonlight, I saw an image of the future of American destiny, of the pillar of light which should emerge from the distractions of the present — a likeness of the buoyancy and hopefulness which characterizes the Americans both as individuals and as a nation.

I.

"Pray for me," said an eminent French pastor on his death bed, "that I may have the elementary graces." Those elementary graces are to be found in the great moral principles which lie at the bottom of the barbarous phraseology in which the sentiments of the poor, living or dying, are often expressed. It was but recently that there was recorded the sayings of an old Scottish Methodist, who in his earlier years had clung vehemently to one or other of the two small sects on either side of the street: "The street I'm now travelling in, lad, has nae sides; and if power were given me, I would preach purity of life more, and purity of doctrine less than I did."

"Are you not a little heretical at your journey's end?' said his interlocutor.

"I kenna. Names have not the same terror on me they once had, and since I was laid by here alone, I have had whisperings of the still, small voice, that the footfalls of faiths and their wranglings will never be

heard in the Lord's kingdom whereunto I am nearing. And as love cements all differences, I'll perhaps find the place roomier than I thought in times by-past."

That the theology of the Bible is something beside and beyond, something greater and vaster than the theology of each particular Church or age, is proved by the fact that on the one hand it has never been found sufficient for the purposes of tests and polemics; and, on the other hand, that whenever the different schools of theologians have been brought together on its platform, either for selecting extracts for the public service of the Church, or for revising its transactions, the points of division have fallen aside, the points of union have come to light, and the points of discussion have for the most part had no bearing on the divisions of the theories of Christendom. It is in the various aspects of the theology of the Bible — which is also the theology of European literature, the theology of great men, the theology of saints, and the theology of the poor and of little children — that we may hope to see the face of God.

II.

"I looked around my audience," said the old Grecian orator, "and they had dwindled away — one only remained. But that one was Plato, and this was enough for me." The heroes of mankind are the mountains, the highlands of the moral world. They diversify its

monotony, they furnish the watershed of its history, as the Grampians, or the Alps, or the Andes which tower over the lowlands and fertilize the plains and divide the basins of the world of nature. They are the "full-welling fountain-heads of change" as well as the serene heights of repose. To be blind to this superiority, to be indifferent to these eminences, to think only of their defects or their angularities, is as depressing to the intellectual sense of beauty and worth as was that strange unconsciousness of physical grandeur, which, in the last century caused Oliver Goldsmith to prefer the continuous plain of Holland to the hills and rocks of which he complained as intercepting by their deformities the view of the unfortunate traveller in Scotland. To appreciate the glories of Shakspeare, or Newton, or Luther, or Wellington, to discriminate between the nobler materials of such natures as these, and the poorer stuff of which common mortals are composed, is as bracing to the moral and intellectual nerves as the newly awakened enjoyments of Ben Nevis or of Mont Blanc is to the opening minds and active limbs of our latest born generation.

It is the delight of a well-stored library that it brings us into direct intercourse with the great characters of the past; and it is a most useful corrective to confront the subtle speculations of our own brains with the great books which permit us to hold communion with the mighty dead, even more closely than had we been their

contemporaries. "Surely," once exclaimed Sir John Herschel, "if the worst of men were snatched into Paradise for only half an hour he would come back the better for it." Surely, we should also be the better, if, like Thomas the Rhymer, we were snatched away — as we are in the brighter moments of our intellectual pursuits — into the fairy land of the poets of old, or, like Danté in his vision, into those Elysian Fields, where we behold "the Kings of those we knew."

When we converse with those "who saw life steadily and saw it whole," we rise insensibly above ourselves, and "prop our souls in these bad times" with an unailing support. The study of the most famous authors, even the minute detail — even line by line and word by word — is amongst the most nourishing of intellectual repasts. The attempts to clothe the dry bones of philosophic theories with the flesh and blood which they wore in other days is the best mode of understanding both the difference and the likeness of ancient and modern times.

Insist on reading the great books, on marking the great events of the world. Then the little books may take care of themselves; and the trivial incidents of passing politics and diplomacy may perish with the using.

III.

"With Samuel Rutherford, the bitter and bigoted

controversialist," says an excellent divine of Scotland, "let us have no fellowship. To Samuel Rutherford, the devout and spiritual pastor, let the full sympathies of our soul be given."

That is a judgment which must be often and often repeated. Milton, the sublime, unearthly poet, and Milton, the savage antagonist of Salmasius; Wesley's Christian wisdom, and Wesley's eccentric folly; Bossuet, the magnificent Christian orator, and Bossuet, the persecutor of the Huguenots; the grace of the Middle Ages, and their hideous atrocities; the splendour of the Reformation, and its deplorable failures; Benedict Arnold the hero of Saratoga, and Benedict Arnold, the traitor of West Point; Napoleon Bonaparte, the restorer of order in France, and Napoleon Bonaparte, the mean and selfish despot; all these we must alike recognize, alike admire, and alike lament. Avoid that dismal fatalism which insists on accepting the crimes and follies of men as though they were the indispensable conditions of great deeds or great characters. And there is yet one final reflection which occurs to us when we contemplate the possibilities of human nature, and its capacities of conquest over its meaner self. We sometimes are tempted in despair — teachers and taught alike — to imagine that as the child, the boy, the youth is born, so he must grow up to the end, that Jacob will be always Jacob, that no force of circumstance or education can ever change the spots of the

human leopard or the skin of the moral Ethiopian. To a certain degree, no doubt, this is true. The stamp of individual character is ineffaceable; there are many innate qualities and gifts and passions which can never be either given or taken away in later life. Look — if, out of the wide course of history, I may select two as occupying conspicuous places in the annals of mankind, and as having been described by the most powerful delineator of historical characters that perhaps the world has ever seen — look at the characters of the Regent Orleans, and of the Second Dauphin, as portrayed by the Duke of St. Simon. The one with a disposition so generous, so easy, so upright, destroyed, enervated, petrified before the very eyes of his despairing friends by the debasing, scoffing, cynical influences of him who was the shame of the Church of France, and of the Court of Rome, Cardinal Dubois. The other, in his early years, so ungovernable, so self willed — one might almost say brutal — growing under the influence of his pure minded and faithful advisers, the Duke of Beauvilliers and the Duke of Chevreuse, his high-minded and excellent servant Moreau, and the best models of his enlightened, noble-minded preceptor Fénélon, to become the model prince of all times modest yet self possessed, deeply religious yet constantly becoming more and more liberal, more and more tolerant; who, had he been spared to ascend the throne, might in all human probability have arrested

the occasion of the French Revolution. I have named these two famous examples, because actual examples are worth a thousand nameless allusions. But it is not necessary to go to past history, or to the courts of Princes, in order to prove that it is possible — even with all the fixity of human character, with all the fixity of general laws — that the rising, growing, changing generation of the youth of England, and the youth of America, may, under God, be converted, born again, by a conversion, by a regeneration not less complete because its wrestlings and convulsions are not visible, or its origin marked by any outward material sign.

IV.

In the story of Elijah on Mount Carmel there is a striking passage — made to some of us yet more striking by the music of Mendelssohn in which it has been enshrined — where the young lad attendant on the Prophet ascends the highest point of the long ridge of the mountain, and whilst his master remains on the lower level, looks out over the wide expanse of the Mediterranean sea. It is a scene of which every step can still be indentified. The boy gazes, in the hope that the Prophet's earnest prayer may bring down the long-desired rain. The sun had sunk into the western sea. But after the sunset there followed the long white glow so common in the evenings of East-

ern countries. Seven times the youthful watcher went up and looked, and seven times he reported: "There is nothing." The sky was still calm. At last out of the far horizon there arose a little cloud, the first that for days and months had passed across the heavens. It was no larger than an out-stretched hand; but it grew in the deepening shades of evening, and quickly the whole sky was overcast, and the forests of Carmel shook in the welcome sound of those mighty winds which in Eastern regions precede a coming tempest. The cry of the boy from his mountain watch had hardly been uttered when the storm broke upon the plain, the rain descended, the Kishon swelled and burst over its banks, and the nation was delivered from its sufferings.

This is one of those parables of nature which we may apply in many directions. It expresses the truth that often out of seeming nothingness, there arises the very blessing most desired.

"There is nothing." So we think as we look into the wide world, and see no visible trace of its eternal Maker and Ruler. There is the infinite space, and nothing, as far as we can see, beyond it. There is the perplexity and misery of mankind, and nothing to relieve it. We say, "O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down!" and no voice answers to us. But the absence of any especial presence is itself an expressive indication of the spiritual nature of things

divine. The things which are seen are temporal; it is the things that are not seen which are eternal. Even the dry light of critical analysis has thrown a flood of knowledge on the Bible. Even the philosophers of the last century quickened and freshened the whole atmosphere of religion with a nobler influence. Science, if it cannot increase our faith, has at any rate purified and enlarged it. Even in the drought of the latter part of the seventeenth century, there is, if we look for it, the promise of a great rain. Even in the silence of death, even in the darkness of the unseen world, we have the assurance that there is One to whom the darkness and the light are both alike. Let us hold on — "knowing, fearing nothing; trusting, hoping all."

"There is nothing." So we say to ourselves as in the blank desolation of sorrow we look on the lonely work that lies before us. The voice that cheered us is silent, and the hand that upheld us is cold in the grave. So has thought many a one, like Elijah's lad, orphaned, bereaved, left desolate, who is left to work his own fortune, who feels that he is alone in the world. But out of that tender memory comes at last a cloud of blessings. There descends upon our dry and parched souls a dew as of the night of sorrow; on that barren and dry land where no water is, there comes an abundance of rain, and again we are refreshed, and feel that the very solitude in which we are left calls forth new vital energies.

"There is nothing." So it would seem as we look at the small materials with which we have to carry on the conflict with the great powers of nature. The little tube with which Galileo, like the boy on Carmel, looked from the heights of Fiesole on the starry heavens — how slight, how feeble it seemed; yet it was enough to reveal an unknown universe, to disclose the secrets unknown from the beginning of the world. The electric spark discovered by an American printer, so subtle, so imperceptible, what has it not produced, of which Benjamin Franklin never dreamed? How vast are the forces which the indomitable will energy of this generation has drawn from it — the annihilation of time and space, the girdle around the world, which to Shakspeare seemed the wildest of fairy dreams, but which in our day has become the solid chain on which hangs the grandest enterprises of commerce, and the sweet bond of natural concord! . . . . . .

Had the forefathers of this mighty nation not struggled to reclaim the wilderness, and convert the savage, and build us the Church of God by river and by forest — had there not been men like the gallant soldiers who guarded these frontiers, to catch, in the intervals of war and bloodshed, visions of a happy and peaceful future and to lay the foundations on which learning and religion might freely flourish and abound — this nation would never have been born, this empire would never have arisen. And this truth is but the likeness of all human

existence. It is a likeness of the way in which much grows out of little. It is a warning not to despise the day of small things. "The great events of history," says an acute French writer, "like the mysterious personages in old romances, come through a door in the wall which no one had noticed." We cannot tell what immense issues may depend on our public and our private duties.

V.

When the most majestic divine of the English Church, Richard Hooker, was on his deathbed, he was found deep in contemplation, and on being asked the subject of his reflections he replied:

"That he was meditating upon the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and Oh! that it might be so upon earth."

It was a meditation full of the same grand thought which inspired his great work on "Ecclesiastical Polity" — the thought of the majesty of law, "whose seat," as he says, "is the bosom of God, and whose voice is the harmony of the universe." The very words by which the angelic intelligences are described — "thrones principalities, and powers" — the connection into which they are brought with the universal laws of nature — "He maketh the winds his angels, and the flames of

fire his ministers" — bring before us the truth that by law, by order, by due subordination of means to ends, as in the material, so in the moral world, the will of God is best carried out.

This truth gives a new meaning to those researches through which the students of nature are enabled, by working with those laws, to work out the will of their Maker. But it also gives a fresh force and interest to those other manifestations of law in the government of states by which there also the will of God must be done on earth as by those higher laws in heaven; by the law of duty in the human conscience; by the laws of nations; by the laws and constitutions which Divine Providence has, through the genius of man and the progress of arts, raised up in our different commonwealths.

> "By such laws, the stars are kept from wrong,
> And the most ancient heavens through it are fresh and strong."

By such order and by such law may the whole of modern society, on this side of the ocean or the other, be maintained in the stress and strain now laid on every part of its complex organization.

Let justice, which is the soul of law, prevail, though heaven itself should fall; or, rather — as heaven cannot fall, if only justice, be done — let justice which is God's will in heaven, on earth have its perfect work.

VI.

I remember when in Russia, that a Russian statesman was speaking of the important effects to be hoped from the endeavor to give more instruction to the people, "but" he said, "there is one process of education which has been more effectual still, and that is the reform in the administration of our courts of law and the introduction of trial by jury. This by bringing the peasants into the presence of the great machinery of the State, by making them understand their own responsibility, by enabling them to hear patiently the views of others, is a never-failing source of elevation and instruction." Trial by jury, which to the Russian peasant is as it were but of yesterday, to us is familiar by the growth of centuries. It is familiar and yet it falls only to the lot of few. I have myself only witnessed it once. But I thought it one of the most impressive scenes on which I had ever looked. The twelve men, of humble life, enjoying the advantage of instruction of the most acute minds that the country could furnish; taught in the most solemn forms of the English language to appreciate the value of exact truth; seeing the whole tragedy of destiny drawn out before their very eyes, the weakness of passion, the ferocity of revenge, the simplicity of innocence, the moderation of the judge, the seriousness of human existence — this is an experience which may actually befall but a few; but

to whomsoever it does fall, the lessons which it imparts, the necessity of any previous preparation for it that can be given, leap at such moments to the eyes as absolutely inestimable.

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Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart were not above their contemporaries in learning or in wisdom; but when Hamilton died in front of St. Salvator's College, and Wishart under the walls of Beaton's Palace, their deeds were above their characters. "The dead which they slew in their deaths were more than the dead which they had slain in their lives." Such acts of splendid generosity, and of heroic sacrifice for conscience' sake, have not been unknown to modern Scotland. But still, in the face of the increasing temptation to contract munificence to the narrow limits of our own party or neighborhood or family, or to ally the Pilgrim Faithful with the false companions Byends and Facing Bothways, it is well to look back to those shining lights of the heroic times. And without speaking of such wider and more visible manifestations of what in old English was styled the spirit "exceedingly magnifical," is it not possible that some other group of college friends may bind themselves together by a resolution like to that of a circle of German students in the university of Gottingen, who in the year 1814, "on a certain cheerful evening, made a vow to each other, that they would effect

something great in their lives." All of them did more or less fulfil that early vow, and one of that circle, in whose biography the incident is recorded, was Bunsen, that marvellous example, in our times, of what an eager and resolute student could achieve. None can foretell for himself or for others what great possibilities may be wrapt up in his future years. When Andrew Melville was a student at St. Andrews, John Douglas, who was rector of the university, used to take the puny orphan youth between his knees, question him on his studies, and say, "My silly, fatherless and motherless boy, it's ill to witt what God may make of thee yet."

I do not presume on the same familiarity; but I venture to say to the youngest, humblest of students, "It is hard to know what God will make of thee yet."

VII.

When we look on the desolation of war, its necessary horrors, its unnecessary but too often concomitant sins — Can any good, we are sometimes tempted to say, come out of this Edom, this Golgotha, this vast confusion of misery? For what end has been this waste of blood, of energy, of precious lives, of noble souls, of high intelligence?

Often, indeed, in the course of human history, we must say with grief, none — none whatever. In one sense they belong to that outward frame of old Hebrew

prophecy, that dismal imagery of vengeance and destruction and carnage which Christ came not to fulfil, but to destroy. But, nevertheless, here also the inward principle of the prophecy still holds its course. There is something even in the remembrance of former wars, something in the very heat of the turmoil of civil or national conflicts, which braces our nerves, which clears the atmosphere, which dispels frivolity, which restores a just balance of things important and things trivial, which compels us to look into ourselves, which sifts and tears to pieces the false pretences and false arguments of every party. There is something, also, in the profession of a soldier which keeps alive before the world the inestimable value of some of the greatest Christian virtues — courage, discipline, and honor. A soldier's temptations may be beyond the temptations of other men, but for that very reason the example of a good soldier, pure and just and noble-minded, is beyond all other examples a city set on a hill, a fortress that cannot be taken, an encouragement to the weak and wavering everywhere. In the midst of that burning, fiery furnace of war, there appears a divine form walking with us; we know not whence he came, or how he is there; but He will at last prevail, if only we have grace to recognize him, to seize the opportunities which, out of these excandescent heats, fly off as sparks from the anvil. As iron sharpeneth iron, so is man to man.

War and conquest are amongst the woes of God's heaviest judgments; but how often have the finest and noblest results grown out of them.

How vast has been the moral impulse given to national life by such struggles, whether from within or from without. Look, for instance, at the history of Quebec. How closely has the memory of later years bound together the names of the two heroic rival chiefs who perished on the same day, almost in the same hour, beneath the walls of Quebec! How strong an incentive to the best and most generous feelings of human nature is the joint tribute which we all involuntarily pay to Wolfe and to Montcalm! And again, how singular is the providence which, out of those long conflicts between England and France on these Western shores, has worked out the peculiar result of the Dominion of Canada, where the language and the manners of the two great civilizing races of Europe flow together, as hardly anywhere else, in one harmonious stream, and sustain the influence and image of the ancient monarchies of Europe, side by side with the great republic of this New World.

VIII.

A friend of mine, at Oxford, once paid a visit to a very old man, who was regarded as a kind of oracle, for he lived to his hundredth year; and the longer he

lived, the more people went to inquire of him, as if he were an infallible oracle. My friend went to him and said:

"Would you kindly give me some advice in regard to reading theology?"

And he was rather discomfited at the old man's saying, after a long pause:

"I will give you my advice. It is, *Verify your references.*

Well, I will not confine myself to so homely a piece of advice as that, although it was very good; but I will say, *Verify your facts.* . . . . . .

This accuracy, this verification of facts, this sifting of things to the bottom, is a thing which all students ought to cultivate, and which theological students ought especially to cultivate, because it is something which theological students are especially apt to neglect. Do let me entreat of you to look facts in the face, whether the facts of the Bible, or the facts of science, or the facts of scholarship. . . . . .

It is also very desirable to keep before your minds the necessity of distinguishing between what is important and what is unimportant; what is essential and what is unessential, what is primary, and what is secondary. I once knew a very distinguished Italian layman who said that, if he were to sum up the faults of the theology of the Roman church in one word, it would be that they confounded the instrumentals with

the fundamentals. There are times when we likewise are prone to confound instrumentals with fundamentals; to confound things which are of no importance at all with things which are of the utmost importance.

IX.

The guiding spirits of the early and of the middle ages were theologians of obscure sees, or students with no ecclesiastical rank; not an Innocent, or a Gregory, or a Pius, but Augustine, the pastor of a small African diocese, and Jerome, a secluded scholar in Palestine, and Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican professor of Naples, and Thomas a Kempis, an unknown canon in an almost unknown town of Germany. In the School of Theology, as represented in the frescoes of the Vatican, there is no single prelate or doctor whose voice reaches from pole to pole with anything like the same universal power as that of the great lay poet of the "Divine Comedy" whom Raphael, by a touch of genius as sagacious as it was bold, has there introduced amongst them.

It is indeed true that the high offices of Church and State may help to moderate the passions of their occupants, and to fill even ordinary men with a force beyond themselves. But still, the voice which touches the heart and consciences of men with a persuasive and constraining authority is not that which speaks *ex cathe-*

dra, but that which speaks from the far higher inspiration of personal gifts, of an heaven-sent grace or wisdom. We are not left in ignorance or uncertainty where to seek for such utterances. The concurrent voice of the civilized world has, for the most part, already pointed them out and accepted them. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

X.

When in a banquet given to him by the chief statesmen of Italy, Mr. Gladstone addressed them in a powerful speech on the glories of their country, in that beautiful Italian tongue of which he is so complete a master, he suddenly exclaimed:

"But there is an enemy in the midst of you."

They started, they turned to each other; they whispered:

"He means the Pope."

But for once Mr. Gladstone was not running on ecclesiastical controversies. He was thinking of an enemy in the heart of the Italian kingdom, familiar to the mundane experiences in which his transcendent financial powers made him more completely at home. He said:

"His name is *Deficit*."

May I apply this saying, not to the deficiency of revenues, or receipts of which he spoke, but to the deficiency of young men of promise and power entering

the ranks of the Christian ministry, whether in our church or yours, or any of the other numerous churches of either world. . . . . .

If you or we can be kept on a level with the energy, the science, the nobleness, and the genius of the times in which we live, however dark may be the passing cloud, there will be no fear either for Liberal Theology or for the Christian Church in the age which is yet to come.

XI.

No operation in the way of external impulse, or stimulus, or instruction, in our passage through this mortal existence, is equal to the impression produced upon us by the contact of intellects and characters superior to ourselves.

If we look for a moment at the record, on the one hand, of aspirations encouraged, of great projects realized; or, on the other hand, of lost careers, of broken hopes, how often shall we find that it has been from the presence or from the want of some beneficent, intelligent, appreciative mind, coming in among the despondING, the distressed, the storm-tossed souls of whom this world contains only too many.

To take the example of two poets; how striking and how comforting is the reflection of the peaceful, useful, and happy close of the life of George Crabbe, the poet; for eighteen years the pastor of Trowbridge. All that

happiness, all that usefulness, he owed to the single fact that, when a poor, forsaken boy in the streets of London, he bethought himself of addressing a letter to Edmund Burke. That great man had the penetration to see that Crabbe was not an imposter — not a fool. He took the poor youth by the hand, he encouraged him, he procured for him the career in which he lived and died. He was, it is hardly too much to say, the instrument of his preservation and of his regeneration.

On the other hand, when with Wordsworth we think of Chatterton, "the marvelous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," how impossible it is to avoid the reflection that if he had met with some congenial sphere, some kindly hand to lead him forward, some wise direction, (over and above the kindness which he met from personal friends), that might have rescued him from his own desperate thoughts, we should have been spared the spectacle of the premature death of one whose fate will always rank amongst the tragical incidents of the history not only of Bristol but of England.

XII.

A self-educated man is, in some respects, the better, in some respects the worse, for not having been trained in his early years by regular routine. We have an illustration of both the stronger and the weaker side of self-education in the case of Mr. Buckle, the author of the

History of Civilization. At the time of his greatest celebrity, it was often remarked that no man who had been at regular schools or universities could, on the one hand, have acquired such an enormous amount of multifarious knowledge, and such a grasp of so many details; while, on the other hand, no one but a self-educated man, feeding his mind here and there, without contradiction, without submission, without the usual traditions of common instruction, could have fallen into so many paradoxes, so many negligences, so many ignorances.

It is enough to state this fact in order to put you on your guard against the dangers of self-education, and also to make you feel its hopes and opportunities. Over the wide field of science and knowledge it is yours to wander. The facts you acquire thus will probably take a deeper hold on your minds from having been sought out by yourselves; but not the less should you remember that there are qualifying and controlling influences derived from the more regular courses of study which are of lasting benefit, and the absence of which you must take into account in judging of the more desultory and the more independent researches which you have to make.

A deaf person may acquire, and often has acquired, a treasure of knowledge and a vigor of will by the exclusion of all that wear and tear, of all that friction of outer things which fill the atmosphere of those who have

the possession of all their senses. But nevertheless, a deaf person, in order not to be misled into extravagant estimates of his own judgment, or of the value of his own pursuits, should always be reminded that he has not the same means of correcting and guarding his conclusions and opinions as he would have if he were open to the insensible influence of "the fibres of conversation" as they have well been called, which float about in the general atmosphere, that for him has no existence.

Self-education is open both to the advantages and disadvantages of deafness; knowledge is at some entrances quite shut out, whilst such knowledge as gets in occupies the mind more completely, but always needs to be reminded that there is a surrounding vacuum.

XIII.

It was with a thrill of delight, quite apart from agreement or disagreement, that I read not long ago of one of our chief public men in Parliament taking his stand aloof from his party, and, in despite of his own interests, in defence of the dry and arid science of political economy, which he thought was unduly depreciated amongst large classes of our countrymen. Dry and arid it may be, but I cannot doubt that it is, as it were, the back bone of much of our social system, and it gives

a back bone to all into whose mind it has thoroughly entered.

Then in geology, astronomy, chemistry, and the natural sciences generally, what a large field is open before you for your pleasure and profit! When Wordsworth said in his fine ode that there had passed away "a glory and a freshness" from the earth, he little thought that there was another freshness and glory coming back, in the deeper insight which science would give into the wonders and grandeur of nature.

I have heard people say who had travelled with Sir Charles Lyell, that to see him hanging out of the window of a railway carriage, to watch the geological formations as he passed through a railway-cutting was as if he saw the sides hung with beautiful pictures.

Let me touch on the experiences presented to our eyes and ears by travel. In this age it is one of the peculiar advantages offered to all classes, or almost all classes, which, in former times, was the privilege only of a few, that the great book of foreign countries and the phenomena of nature have been opened to our view. We hardly appreciate how vast a revelation, how new a creation has been opened to us in these respects within the last fifty years. A century ago not only were the scenes to be visited closed against us, but the eye by which we could see them was closed also. The poet Gray was the first human being who discovered the charms of the English lakes which are now able even to

enter into a battle of life and death against the mighty power of a city like Manchester, because of the enthusiastic interest which they have enkindled in the breasts of all who visit them.

The glories of the valley of Chamouny were first made known to the European world by two Englishmen, at the close of the last century. Before that time the cherished resorts of such gifted persons as Voltaire and Madame de Stael, were so selected as carefully to exclude every view of Mont Blanc and his great compeers. But in our time, all these various forms of beauty and grandeur are appreciated with a keenness, and sought with an enjoyment which must add new life and new vigor even to the most secluded amongst us.

XIV.

The mere fact that our Lord's teaching was suggested by familiar and passing objects, is not without interest and instruction. It shows that He was affected by the outward impressions of the moment, not only in the graver events of His life, as when the sudden view of Jerusalem filled His eyes with tears, or the sight of sufferers drew forth the heaving sigh and the bitter groan, but habitually, and in His daily intercourse. Even if we knew no more than this general fact, it would be to us a touching proof that He was of "the

same flesh and blood," "tried in all points like as we are."

But another and a higher thought strikes us when we consider what were the especial objects which thus, if one may so say, gave a color to the thoughts and expressions of Him who spake as never man spake. Though characteristic not only of the country, but of the particular spots of country where the parables and discourses were uttered, they are yet so common and obvious that, but for these sacred allusions, one would pass them by without notice. The grander features of the scenery, the mountains, the forests, the striking points of Oriental vegetation, palm and cedar and terebinth, the images, in short, which fill the pages of the Psalmists and prophets of the older dispensation, have no place in the gospel discourses. He must have been familiar with the magnificent prospect from the heights above Nazareth. Hermon and Tabor must have been constantly before him in His later wanderings. The Pisgah-view must have been His from the Pearæn hills. Yet none of these came within the circle of His teaching. Perhaps the only exception, and that a doubtful one, is the allusion in the Sermon on the Mount to the city set on a "mountain."

But this is a mere passing glance at a single point in the landscape. As a general rule, every image, every emotion is drawn from the humbler and plainer figures of every-day life and observation; vineyards and corn-

fields, shepherds and ploughmen, travellers and fishermen. And if the beauty of nature attract His notice, it is still of the same simple and general kind, — the burst of the radiance of an eastern sun, — the lively instincts and movements of the careless birds over His head, — the gay colors of the carpet of flowers under His feet.

It were vain to ask the precise cause of these omissions and selections. Perhaps there may be found some answer in the analogies, partial as they are, of the absorption of the greatest of ancient philosophers, of the noblest of mediæval saints: which made Socrates delight in the city rather than in the country; which made St. Bernard, on the shores of Geneva, unconscious of the magnificence of the lake and mountains round him. But rather, perhaps, we may say that it was the same humble and matter-of-fact, yet at the same time universal spirit, which characterized the whole course of his life on earth, and has formed the main outlines of His religion since.

XV.

The first view of Olivet impresses us chiefly by its bare, matter-of fact appearance; the first approach to the hills of Judea reminds the English traveller not of the most but of the least striking portions of the mountains of his own country. Yet all this renders

the Holy Land the fitting cradle of a religion which expressed itself not through the voices of rustling forests, or the clefts of mysterious precipices, but through the souls and hearts of men — which was destined to have no home on earth, least of all in its own birthplace; which has attained its full dimensions only in proportion as it has travelled further from its original source, to the daily life and homes of nations as far removed from Palestine in thought and feeling, as they are in climate and latitude — which alone, of all religions, claims to be founded not on fancy and feeling, but on Fact and Truth.

It is through the multitudinous mass of living, human hearts, of human acts, and words of love and truth, that the Christ of the first century becomes the Christ of the nineteenth. Each successive age, each separate nation, does his work on a larger and still larger scale. The arts, the literature, the sciences, the charities, the liberties, the laws, the worship of the commonwealths of Christian Europe, are all parts of the living body of Christ. Their influence on us is a part of His influence. Their benefits to us are part of the innumerable benefits of His cross and passion. To live under the best influences of Christendom, to live under the best influences of Christian England, this for us, and this only, is — the apostle allows us to say so — is Christ himself.

XVI.

Whoever it be that we have an opportunity of helping, there is our neighbor, however much we may have been divided from him by other matters — whether, like the man that fell among thieves, he is a Jew, and you are a Samaritan, or he a Samaritan and you a Jew, he a Presbyterian and you an Episcopalian, he a Roman Catholic and you a Protestant, he of one race and you of another, he of one creed and you of another, he of one party and you of another; he, whosoever he be, if he is in difficulty and needs your aid, and you are able to aid him — he deserves and demands all the same justice and compassion that you would gladly render to him if he were of the same party, of the same church, of the same country, of the same opinions as yourself.

What is the measure of the love we owe to others. It is the measure of what we think is owing to ourselves. "Love him as thyself." Observe, if I may use such a word, the equity of this divine rule. It makes us the judge of what we ought to do. It imposes upon us no duty that we have not already acknowledged for ourselves.

Every one of us knows how painful it is to be called by malicious names, to have his character undermined by false insinuations, to be over-reached in a bargain, to be neglected by those who rise in life, to be thrust on one side by those who have stronger wills and

stouter hearts. Every one knows, also, the pleasure of receiving a kind look, a warm greeting, a hand held out to help in distress, a difficulty solved, a higher hope revealed for this world or the next. By that pain and by that pleasure let us judge what we should do to others.

This is the root of all Christian charity, of all Christian forgiveness, of all Christian justice, of all Christian toleration. Had this command sunk deep into the heart of Christendom, how many a foolish quarrel might have been averted, how many a needless war might have been arrested, and how impossible would have been most of the bloody persecutions which have been the shame of the Christian churches.

And observe the object towards which this love is to extend — "Thy neighbor." Here again there is, so to speak, a common sense and equity; what has been well called "the sweet reasonableness of Christ our Saviour."

It is not an indiscriminate command of love to show kindness to everybody and to all mankind. That, in its literal sense, would be impossible. But it is to love "our neighbor." And what is meant by our neighbor we cannot doubt; it is everyone with whom we are brought into contact.

First of all, he is literally our neighbor who is next to us in our own family and household; husband to wife, wife to husband, parent to child, brother to sister, mas-

ter to servant, servant to master. Then it is he who is close to us, in our own neighborhood, in our own town, in our own parish, in our own street. With these all true charity begins. To love and to be kind to these is the very beginning of all true religion.

But besides these, as our Lord teaches, it is everyone who is thrown across our path by the changes and chances of life; he or she, whosoever it be, whom we have any means of helping — the unfortunate stranger whom we may meet in travelling, the deserted friend whom no one else cares to look after.

XVII.

It is with the separate glimpses of the Divinity as with the famous Torso in the Vatician, the fragment of some noble statue, the memorial of some superhuman struggle, which Michael Angelo, in the blindness of his old age, used to feel round and round, gathering by touch what he could not gain by sight, receiving from the imperfect fragment an inspiration of the unknown whole.

"That unfinished block," he used to say, "is my master, and I am its obedient pupil."

This was a true likeness of the human race, or its most gifted members, feeling, groping after God, if haply they might find him.

As the eye of a picture seems to follow us, as the

face of the departed recurs to us in dreams or in passing clouds, or in the flash of sudden associations; so is the lifting up from time to time of the Divine countenance behind the veil. We do not pretend to fathom the whole being of God; but the face, the eye, the glance — this perhaps we may hope to see and to attain.

The poor Buddhist pilgrim who prayed to, he knew not what, for support, and in the strength of that prayer was sustained body and soul long days and nights, was blessed, and that blessing was enough for him. The Samoyede, who said in her morning prayer, "Sun, arise, I arise with thee;" and in her evening prayer, "Sun, go to rest, I rest with thee," expressed a sense of harmony with the order of the world which raised her above her own sluggish life. Still, indefinite as the Divine ideal must always be, elevated as the thought of almost any ideal must be, yet the whole question of the good or evil of a religion must ultimately turn upon or resolve itself into the character which the Divine nature assumes, the aspect which the Divine countenance wears. The name which invests the ideal with a false, misleading character, may be worse than no ideal at all. It was this which made Lord Bacon say:

"It were better to have no God at all than an opinion which is unworthy of Him; for the one is but unbelief, the other is contumely."

It was this which made Wesley say that if God were what some represent Him to be, He would not be God, but the devil.

There is in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, a collection of the various books used by Voltaire and gathered by the Empress Catherine, round the statue of the old philosopher, bearing on their margin copious annotations in his own characteristic handwriting. Amongst these is a well-known French work, composed to disprove the existence of a Supreme Being. It is on the first page of this work, and as a protest against the whole of it, that Voltaire has inscribed his famous saying:

"If God did not exist, we should have to invent Him."

And in this scornful and indignant strain his remarks are continued throughout the work. The main stress of his arguments is always to urge that the God whom the author of this "system of nature" was endeavoring to subvert, was not the God who is alone worthy of the adoration of the true philosopher and the true religious man.

The position which Voltaire in these his better moments maintained, and maintained so earnestly, is the same as that supported by all who care for the honor of Him whom they worship; namely, that in proportion as the idea of God rises to the highest pitch of mental and moral excellence, it deserves the adoration of man-

kind; and only in proportion as it does so rise, do all the attacks of honest doubters and all the scandals of false defenders fall off to the right hand and the left.

There was a story once told me by an American Presbyterian minister, in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, that the assembly of Westminster divines, when they were there engaged in drawing up the Confession of Faith, and when they came to the question of making a definition of the Supreme Being, found the difficulty so overwhelming that they proposed to have a special prayer offered up for light. The youngest minister present was to undertake the office. It was, according to the English tradition, Calamy; according to the Scottish tradition, Gillespie. He rose up in the assembly, and he began his prayer by an impassioned and elaborate invocation of the Almighty, which he had hardly uttered, when the whole assembly broke out into the exclamation:

"This shall be our definition!"

The definition may still be read as the opening of the third article of the Westminster Confession. What by a natural impulse seemed to them the only method of extricating themselves from their difficulty, has been the solution which the Christian world, we may almost say the human race itself, has chosen in the midst of this great inquiry.

If we still ask, "Tell me thy name? Give me some

name by which that face, that name of Love may be made to speak, and smile, and guide us," this last blessed name is made known to us in prayer — in the best of all prayers, in the opening of the One Prayer which has, beyond any other formulary or creed, been translated into all the languages, and adopted by all the civilized nations of the earth.

Not by metaphysical definitions, but in the natural uplifting of the spirits of all mankind to God in the Lord's Prayer, is the name given in which we all most gladly acquiesce, and to which we all most gladly cling — "Our Father who art in Heaven."

"Our Father." It is a name contained twice or thrice in the Old Testament. It is a name found here and there in the Talmud. It is a name not altogether unknown to the old Gentile world. But it was only through its consecration in the mouth of Jesus Christ our Lord, that it became the name which has superseded all other names, and has remained ever since — the name of the God of Christendom, who is the God of all the world.

"I do not know how the great loving Father will bring out light at last, but *He* knows, and will do it!"

That was David Livingston's consolation in the wilds of Africa, and that may be ours also in all our toils and trials. For the ideal of a father is the impersonation

of supreme love, which is the essence of supreme goodness.

XVIII.

It was once said in mournful complaint of the highest ecclesiastic in Christendom, "For the sake of gaining to-day, he has thrown away to-morrow forever." Be our policy the reverse of this; be it ours to fasten our thoughts, not on the passions and parties of the brief to-day, but on the hopes of the long to-morrow. The day, the year may perchance belong to the destructives, the cynics, and the partisans. But the morrow, the coming century, belongs to the catholic, comprehensive, discriminating, all embracing Christianity, which has the promise, not perhaps of this present time, but of the times which are yet to be.

"Come, my friends — Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me. . . . .

"'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."

XIX.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and with palms in their hands, and whence came they?"

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

That is to say:

These are they who have suffered, not only in temptation, but in the innumerable sorrows, disappointments, mortifications, and changes of this anxious pilgrimage of life. These are they who have been refined and purified in that long struggle; who have learned from their own sorrows and from their own trials to feel for the sorrows and the trials of others; who have gained through that experience a power beyond their own — the power of faith, the power of sympathy, the power of rising above the petty cares of earth, the power of discernment between what is solid and enduring, and what is false and fleeting.

Truly, that blood in which their white robes are washed is the blood of the Lamb; not the blood offered to appease an angry God, but the life blood (the blood which is the life) of the gentle and spotless Lamb; the drops of that same agony which watered the Garden of Gethsemane, filling up, as the Apostle says, the afflictions of Christ who was tempted like as we are and learned wisdom like us by suffering.

XX.

No one can question the importance to the education of young men, or, indeed, of any men, to have seen with their eyes the example, to have received into their souls the influence, of characters or intellects that

"stand the first in worth as in command." To have known, to have been guided by any such, is indeed one the most precious of human opportunities; to have, for once in our lives, been penetrated by the awe, the thrill, the delight of sitting at the feet of one whom we instinctively felt to be a great man, in the historical sense of the word, is amongst the rare experiences which we feel not the less, but the more keenly, from the attrition of the ordinary conflicts of humanity. We know instinctively the characteristics of such pre-eminence. Wherever we recognize, singly or combined, largeness of mind, or strength of character, or firmness of will, or fire of genius, or devoted loyalty, there is a born leader.

"There are many echoes in the world, but few voices;" and let it be your constant effort to distinguish the echoes from the voices, and to respond accordingly. Insist on reading the great books, on marking the great events of the world. Then the little books may be left to take care of themselves; and the trivial incidents of passing politics and diplomacy may perish with the using.

Bear in mind that in every branch of knowledge, scientific or literary or artistic, the first question to be asked is, Who is it that in that branch stands confessedly at the head? What is its chief oracle? Who is the ruling genius, head and shoulders above the rest?

It is the master-works of the respective departments

of study which are, as it were, the Canonical, the Symbolical books of science and literature, established beyond appeal by their own intrinsic merits, and by the universal acceptance of mankind.

Above all, endeavor to grasp the distinction between the great primary ideas and the small secondary ideas which jostle each other in the turmoil of thought. Remember that those ideas which reach far and wide and which can be expressed in terms plain, intelligible, persuasive to all educated men, claim at once a superiority above the technicalities of controversial or professional circles.

We do not say that this largeness of thought and of language, is a necessary test of truth. It may be that fine philosophic or poetic inspirations have come into the world wrapt in the swaddling clothes of an enigma, or in the obscure corners of a sect. No doubt there is a racy flavor inherent in the words and in the idea of each particular country; there are local institutions which cannot be transplanted to other regions without perishing. But, as a general rule, it is one of the best safeguards against narrow, impracticable, fantastic doctrines, to test them by contrast and comparison with the lofty thoughts which belong to the literature of all times and all countries.

XXI.

On Shakspeare or on Plato, an ordinary man may

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gaze with awe, yet often not be raised one inch nearer the stupendous genius which he admires. But when we see the moral heroes, the saints, the martyrs, the generous, the humane, the self-denying, the gentle, and the just, the attraction is more than this. It is almost impossible even to look at them steadily without deriving some strength, some encouragement, some rebuke, some elevation from their very presence. To remember them at all is to remember them for good. It was in good, in being good and in doing good, that their chief energy, their chief existence was spent on earth; and it is therefore in good, in being good and in doing good, that the chief continuance of their presence is carried on still.

"Shall not we follow?" was the exclamation of Augustine, as he read an account of the early martyrs. It is almost the inevitable exclamation of every human being whose soul has any spiritual life within it when he thinks of the good or great that by seeing or by report he has ever encountered.

It was the mere sight of the apostolic face of John Wesley that awakened in the philanthropic Howard the burning desire to reform the prisons of Europe.

It is recorded of an English statesman of the last century, Lord Shelburne, how deep an impression was made upon him by his visit to the gifted and saintly Frenchman, Malesherbes.

"I have seen," he said, "what I had previously con-

sidered could not possibly exist; a man absolutely free from fear and hope alike, yet full of life and warmth. Nothing in the world can disturb his repose. He lacks nothing himself, but he interests himself actively in everything good. I have never been struck so profoundly by anything, in the course of my travels; and I feel sure that if ever I accomplish anything great in what remains of my life, I shall do so encouraged by my recollection of Monsieur de Malesherbes."

And even without seeing good men or knowing them personally, the mere thinking or reading of them is sufficient to fill the heart. When the missionary, Henry Martyn, went to India, the study in which he found most profit during his long voyage, was the lives of the ancient saints.

"I love," he says, "to converse, as it were, with those holy bishops and martyrs with whom, I hope, through grace, to spend a happy eternity. The example of the Christian saints in the early ages has been a source of sweet reflection to me. No uninspired sentence has affected me so much as that of the historians of those times — that to believe, to suffer, and to love, was the primitive taste."

We may follow such characters, perhaps, at a great distance, as at a great distance Elisha followed Elijah to the end. Our career or circumstances may be quite different from others, as the career of the quiet, mild, beneficent Elisha was different from the wandering,

fierce, heroic Elijah; but still we can follow, still it is possible that the spirit of Elijah may rest upon Elisha. That practice which was adopted by a good man of the last generation, may be imitated by all of us. Whenever he conferred a benefit on anyone, he charged the recipient of his kindness to regard it as a loan which he was to repay by doing a like kindness to some one else, which is a true keeping and putting out to usury the trust committed to us.

XXII.

What was said of the spiritual connection between the first critical student of the Hebrew scripture, Nicholas Lira, and the great reformer Luther, has been exemplified again and again. *Si Lira non cantasset, Lutherus non saltasset.*

It was the echo of Augustine that in like manner awakened Calvin; it is the fire of Faraday that still burns in Tyndall. Or, looking at the succession of our poets, how often have they been the intellectual parents of their successors.

Before Cowley was twelve years of age, the great poem of Spenser, "The Fœrie Queen," he tells us, "filled his head with such chimes and verses as have never ceased ringing there." The dead, old, nameless author of the ballad of "Chevy Chase" stirred the

soul of Sir Philip Sydney, "as with the sound of a trumpet."

There is a well-known story that when Walter Scott was young, once — and once only — he met Robert Burns. Burns was standing before a picture of a soldier perishing in the winter, and under the picture were written sympathetic lines which the gifted poet read aloud with such emotion that the tears rolled down his cheeks; and when he finished, he asked:

"Who can tell me the author of these lines?"

It was an obscure English author, and the only person in the company who knew was a little lame boy, who whispered it to his neighbor. When Burns saw at once the modesty and the intelligence of the child, he laid his hand on his head, and, in his quaint, provincial phrase, said,

"You will be a man before your mother."

That little lame boy was the greatest genius of the Scottish nation. Who can say how much of his inspiration may have been kindled by that one electrifying contact with the kindred fire of his glorious countryman?

Or take another case. Cobbett, the homely but powerful orator, was eleven years old, a poor gardener's lad, when he bought for threepence Swift's "Tale of a Tub." On the shady side of a haystack he sat down to read it.

"I read it," he says, "without any thought of supper or bed. It produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of my intellect."

That was a true affinity of mind with mind. Surely we may each of us call to mind some book which we have read, some lecture which we have heard, which has left upon our minds the indelible impression which opened a door which has never been closed, which gave us a stimulus which we have never lost. Cherish all such remembrances. They are the signs to us that the crumbs of the bread of life have fallen upon us. They are landmarks in our upward journey over the Hill of Difficulty towards the House Beautiful.

XXIII.

Let us remember that greatness of action depends on two other kinds of greatness; on our appreciation of the greatness of the manner of doing what is good, and our appreciation of the greatness of the occasion when it can be done. The "grand style," the "great manner," — that is within our grasp, however distant it may seem.

It has been well said by an eminent French writer, that the true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trivial tasks can be accomplished in a noble, gentle, regal spirit, which overrides and puts

aside all petty, paltry feelings, and which elevates all little things. Whatever is affected, whatever is ostentation, whatever is taken up from mere fashion, or party cry, that is small, vulgar, contemptible. Whatever springs from our own independent thought, whatever is modest, genuine, and transparent, whatever is deliberately pursued because it tends towards a grand result — that is noble, commanding, great.

When George Buchanan, in his latter days, was visited by Andrew Melville, he was found teaching his serving-lad the alphabet. And when Melville wondered that he was engaged in so humble a work —

"Better this," said the old Preceptor of Princes "better this than stealing sheep, or sitting idle, which is as ill."

When they asked him to alter some detail in his history, about the burial of David Rizzio that might offend the King, he asked,

"Tell me, man, if I have told the truth?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"Then I will bide his feud (anger) and all his kin's Pray, pray God for me, and He will direct me."

These were very homely matters, but the spirit in which they were touched was no less than imperial.

XXIV.

Great men are rare; great ideas are borne in upon

us we know not how or whence. But great deeds are within the reach of us all, and it should be a never-ceasing aim of genuine education to encourage the admiration and appreciation, not merely of actions that are good and wise, but of actions high-minded, large-minded, which embrace a sphere not narrow but wide, not mean but lofty; actions magnificent in quality, in purpose, and in effect.

Every kindness done to others in our daily walk, every attempt to make others happy, every prejudice overcome, every truth more clearly perceived, every difficulty subdued, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of good, is a step nearer to the life of Christ, through which only death can be really a gain to us. . .

Think how much yet remains to be done in the thirty, twenty—yes, even in the ten years, or perhaps in the one year, perhaps even in the one day, that yet may remain to us. Despise it not, neglect it not; cherish, enlarge, improve this vast, this inestimable gift, whilst it is granted to us with its endless opportunities, with its boundless capacities, with its glorious hopes, with its indispensable calls, with its immense results, with its rare chances of repentance, of improvement, even for the humblest and weakest among us.

XXV.

How surely a young man who knows and does what

is right will compel others, almost against their will, and almost without his consciousness, to know and to do it also. The persons disappear, but the good tradition remains; their good works do follow them, either their own good works and words which outlive themselves, or those which they have inspired in their successors and survivors. The visions of a noble character, the glimpse of a new kind of virtue does not perish.

A thing of goodness, like a thing of beauty, "is a joy forever." To admire what is admirable, to adore what is adorable, to follow what is noble, to remember any such examples that have crossed our earthly pilgrimage, that have brightened its darkness and cheered its dullness — this keeps alive before us the ideal of human nature and the essence of the Divine nature.

The good thoughts, the good deeds, the good memories of those who have been the salt and the light of the earth do not perish with their departure — they live on still; and those who have wrought them live in them.

The weary traveller in the south of Spain, who, after passing many an arid plain and many a bare hill, finds himself at nightfall under the heights of Granada, will hear plashing and rippling under the shade of the spreading trees, and along the side of the dusty road the grateful murmur of running waters, of streamlets whose sweet music mingles with his dreams as he sleeps, and meets his ear as the first pleasant voice

in the stillness of the early dawn. What is it? It is the sound of the irrigating rivulets called into existence by the Moorish occupants of Granada five centuries ago, which amidst all the changes of race and religion have never ceased to flow. Their empire has fallen, their creed has been suppressed by fire and sword, their nation has been driven from the shores of Spain, and their palaces crumble into ruins: but this trace of their beneficent civilization still continues, and in this continuity that which was good and wise and generous in that gifted, but unhappy race, still lives on to cheer and to refresh their enemies and their conquerors.

Even so it is with the good deeds of those who have gone before us. Whatever there has been of grateful consideration, of kindly hospitality, of far-reaching generosity, of gracious charity, of high-minded justice, of unselfish devotion, of saintly devotion, these still feed the stream of moral fertilization, which will run on when their place knows them no more, when even their names have perished.

XXVI.

"*To die is gain.*" Who is there that has not from time to time felt this as he looks at the sufferings of this mortal life; as he thinks of the wearing nights and days of sickness, of the restlessness, the sinking, the pain,

the despair, the distress of the bystanders; as he looks at the miseries of this sinful world, the disappointments of brilliant hopes, the sore temptations to evil, the multiplied chances of failure? Who, as he thus thinks of himself, or of others, has not been moved to say, from time to time:

"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee far away and be at rest!"

It is the feeling beautifully expressed by the greatest of our poets; and so felt even the great Apostle when, amidst the desertion of friends, and the hard struggle of truth against falsehood and good against evil, he desired to be at rest, and be with his Master beyond the grave, which, he says, "would be far better."

In this sense death is and must be, a gain to all. And it is by reflecting on this clear gain that the mind bows itself to the terrible thought of the last dread summons from all that we see and love in this earthly scene. . . . . .

But the Apostle tells us that after all there is something yet greater than the gain and rest of death, and that is, the struggle and victory of life. Death was gain to him, but life was something more.

"*To live is* CHRIST."

Death in one sense is the gate of life eternal; but life — this mortal life — is the only true gate of a happy and peaceful death. It is in life — in the wear and tear

of life — that those graces must be wrought and fashioned, which perfect the soul, immortal over death.

"Reckon yourselves," says the Apostle, "to be *dead to sin*." But there is something much more than this. "Reckon yourselves *to be alive* to God through Christ."

He preaches with all his heart and soul, not the worthlessness, but the infinite preciousness of life.

The darkest and dreariest side of human life has also a glorious and divine aspect. Sorrow, suffering, pain, and death — all those evils of which the existence and the very thought shake the faith, and try the patience, and overcloud the serenity even of the best, and which in the Jewish and in Pagan religions were, for the most part, regarded as curses and penalties, as signs of wrath, as works of the Evil Spirit — all these are intended by the Christian religion to be so transfigured as to appear, if not as blessings, yet, at least, as the channels of blessings; if not as direct gifts of Divine Love, yet as opportunities for working out the purposes of that Divine Love to the human race.

The rude manger of Bethlehem, the reproaches of Nazareth, the hardships of Capernaum, the tears of Bethany, the Cross of Calvary, are so many expressions of what Goethe called the Divine depth of sorrow, out of which, as out of all sorrow and pain, is to be wrought the improvement, the redemption, the regeneration, the purification of mankind.

XXVII.

The principle of the universal benevolence of the Supreme ruler of the universe is expressed in the words, "Father," "Our Father," the belief that the relation of the Supreme Mind to man is that of a father. No doubt the word in relation to the Deity was known before, both in Jewish and heathen times: but it was not manifest — it was not brought to the front of religion as it was by Christianity. In the Old Testament it is used, at most, six times; but in the New Testament it is used as often as three hundred times. It is the mode in which the Supreme Ruler is almost uniformly addressd throughout the Gospels. It expresses the belief that, as in the case of a father and his children, so in the Divine government of the world there is much which we cannot understand.

In this obscurity we must humbly acquiesce. It expresses also, that the main direction and purpose of this government is for our good. In this hope is our consolation.

We need not penetrate into the inscrutable secrets of Providence; we need not perplex ourselves with precise questions on the mode in which prayer is answered. It is enough for us to know and feel that it is the most natural, the most powerful, the most elevated expression of our thoughts and wishes in all great emergencies. It is enough to know that in the most severe of all

trials, the most sustaining and comforting thought is the fixed belief that we are in the hands of an All-Wise, All-Merciful Father.

The chief virtues of Greek morality were fortitude, wisdom, self-control, and justice; of the ancient Roman religion, patriotism, and imperial courage; of the Hebrew religion, resignation, reverence, and faith. All these several virtues have their place in Christianity; but there are other moral gifts which shine with the most transcendent glory in the New Testament.

The main characteristics of the founder of our religion and of His disciples are kindness, universal kindness and beneficence, to which is given the new name of *grace*, *love*, or *charity*; purity in word and deed, to which is given the new name of *holiness*, or consecration to God; absolute sincerity, of which the very word *Truth* became a synonym of the humble life — *humility* and lowliness for which neither Greek nor Latin had any adequate expression — these were the principles which, in the Epistles, were deemed to be essentially Christian, and which in the Gospels were called divine.

XXVIII.

How many are the sufferers who have fallen amongst misfortunes along the wayside of life? "By chance" we come that way; chance, accident, Providence, call it by what name we will, has thrown them

in our way; we see them from a distance, like the priest; or we come upon them suddenly, as the Levite; our business, our pleasure is interrupted by the sight, and is troubled by the delay. The priest and the Levite may have had good reasons for hurrying on; they may have been proceeding to services which they could not postpone; to duties which would not allow them to endanger their lives. The parable has no words of direct censure for them, but leaves us to ask whether we should have done likewise; it leaves us to determine for ourselves who are most to be admired; they who did as we should all naturally do, they who would not be put out of their way, they who thought it beneath the notice of religious men to do a homely deed of kindness, they who thought it imprudent to mix up with a matter which was no concern of theirs; or he who had compassion on the wounded man, he who administered comfort and support, he who broke off his journey, he who for the sake of a stranger did that which kinsmen declined to do. The priest and the Levite are types and likenesses of men as they commonly are; thinking much of themselves and little of others; with much prudence, much foresight, it may be, but with little feeling, little sympathy, little power of self-denial. Let them go on their way; we need not judge them harshly. But let us remember that there is a higher type of character, a better standard of the true Christian than this. The good deed of the Good Sama-

ritan has still a fragrant odor in all the world. May it be ours, if God throws like opportunities in our path, to be enabled to share his blessing, and "go and do likewise!"

It cannot be too often remarked that kindness is one of the virtues which hardly ever fails to produce an effect; kindness "in season and out of season;" kindness which is in every one's power. How very much the wheels of life would be smoothed, how very much every one would add to the sum total of human happiness, if every one were to take hold of any of the many opportunities which every situation offers to be kind, courteous, easy, and agreeable towards the chance travellers that he meets in his journeys — towards the chance sufferers that he comes across! It is never forgotten. The boy at school never forgets the kindness of an elder school-fellow. The poor, solitary, and way-worn man or woman never forgets the pressure of a kind, feeling hand, the glance of a loving, sympathetic eye. "A cup of cold water given unexpectedly at the right moment will indeed not 'lose its reward.'" . .

The "presence of mind" to catch these opportunities of diffusing Christian kindness is one of the graces which we should value as amongst the most valuable of God's gifts, which we should endeavor to strengthen by prayer, by habit, by remembering that God, in whose presence we are, is ever requiring of us the special

frame of mind which makes us ever "present" with Him, and ever "present" to the call of our fellow-creatures.

But there is yet a wider field of lessons opened by the question, "Who is my neighbor?" The answer is not the less instructive for its being given indirectly. The lawyer — that is, as we should call him, the expounder and teacher of the Old Testament — thought doubtless, when he spoke of loving his neighbor as himself, that it was enough if he thereby bound himself to love those with whom he agreed; those of his own country, of his own church, of his own persuasion. Nor would it have been a sufficient lesson for him if the parable had been so turned that the act of mercy should have been performed by a good Jew towards an afflicted stranger, even though that stranger were a Samaritan.

This is not enough to open the narrow heart, or to enlighten the blinded mind. Even the most uncharitable amongst us are content to admire and approve acts of comprehensiveness and toleration which are performed by those with whom we ourselves agree. But what we shrink from acknowledging, and what this parable forces us to acknowledge is this; that acts of goodness may be done by those from whom we differ — that even those who, like the Samaritan, are outcasts and aliens from the outward church of God, and worship they "know not what," may yet be endowed with a higher grace, and gifted with nobler gifts than those

who, like the priest and Levite, "stand day and night" in the sanctuary. Who, as he reads the parable, will not feel that he would rather cast his lot with the good Samaritan than with the thoughtless priest or hard Levite?

XXIX.

Even to the widest and freest cosmopolite there is an unrivalled charm in remembering and revisiting the scenes of his earliest childhood. The old church tower, the dear and sacred graves, the place where we first knew happiness, and where we first heard of death; the little brook where, like Jacob, we "passed with this staff" before we grew into the vast vicissitudes of after-life — all these things must engage our best thoughts and affections. They rank, in our minds, as a gifted French poet has said, these monuments of our early years, and these alone, on a level with the Pyramids or the Parthenon.

But there is a duty, a sympathy deeper, wider, fuller than our own immediate and early surroundings; "there are people of whom we know not, on the other side of the mountains" — on the other side of the mountains of our ignorance, our prejudice. . . . .

Every nation, every church, every individual, has some good qualities that the other has not. To love, honor, and admire character is good and generous of itself, wherever we find it, even in those whom in all else we

think most wrong — this is the high conception of true religion; this shows what a magnificent religion is Christianity, which is the religion of the Good Samaritan. . . . . .

We must be taught even by our enemies. We must love what is lovable, even in those whom we despise, In this way, whenever we go into the whole wide world we shall find something to learn; and it is this which makes the experience of any circles wider than our own, so civilizing and so Christianizing to each of us.

The principle of the New Testament is that the characters of those of whom we should least expect a great future, are those in whom we shall sometimes most surely find it. The irregular and despised publican often comes before the correct Pharisee, the generous prodigal before the complacent elder brother, the repentant Magdalene before the supercilious host, the outcast heathen and heretical Samaritan before the orthodox Jew — the first, last, and the last, first.

On this widely ramifying principle which cuts across the grain of so many contemptuous prejudices, both of the ancient and modern world, is built up the whole idea of the Friend of sinners, the Shepherd of the lost sheep, the Leader of the Christian chivalry, the champion of the weak, the defender of the oppressed, the refuge of the helpless.

Nothing is so narrowing, contracting, hardening, as always to be moving in the same groove, with no

thought beyond what we immediately see and hear close around us. Any shock which breaks this even course, anything which makes us think of other joys and sorrows besides our own is of itself chastening, sanctifying, edifying.

XXX.

Every dispensation of Providence is a kind of miracle wrought for our benefit. We must make the very most of it. It may be the position in life which is given to us. Every position, great or small, may be made almost as great or as little as we desire to make it, according as we make the most of it or the least of it. To do the necessary duties of any station, that is easy enough; but to gather up all its outlying opportunities; to be ready to lend a helping hand here, to give a kind word there and a wise counsel there; "to fill," as we say, "our place in life," instead of leaving it half empty; to be entirely in our work for the time being, this is what makes all the difference between a great man and a commonplace man, a useful man or a useless man, a statesman, or teacher, or ruler who will long be remembered, or one who will be forgotten as soon as he is dead.

We find it very difficult, perhaps, to know when we may fairly call any event "Providential" or not. But no one can have lived to the middle period of human

existence, and not seem to see in his own life how curiously one part has fitted into the other, which at the time seemed quite unintelligible; how opportunities have been offered, on the acceptance or rejection of which, the happiness or misery of many years afterward has depended; how sins which we thought long buried have started again to our remembrance; how good actions have brought with them a train of blessings of which at the moment we never dreamed.

The journey of life, like the actual journey of travellers, is broken up again and again. One scene puts another out of our recollection. But "the commandment of God is exceeding broad." Through all this complicated web there is one golden thread, which runs on without breaking, and that is the thread of duty, which is the thread of honor and usefulness and happiness.

XXXI.

Who is it that, when years are gone by, we remember with the purest gratitude and pleasure? Not the learned, or the clever, or the rich, or the powerful, that we may have known in our passage through life; but those who have had the force of character to prefer the future to the present; the good of others to their own pleasure. These it is who leave a mark in the world, more really lasting than pyramid or temple, because it

is a mark that outlasts this life, and will be found in the life to come.

Give us a character on which we can thoroughly depend, which we are sure will not fail us in time of need, which we know to be based on principle and on the fear of God, and it is wonderful how many brilliant and popular and splendid qualities we can safely and gladly dispense with.

XXXII.

We cannot improve ourselves, we cannot assist others, we cannot do our duty in the world except by exertion, except by unpopularity, except with annoyance, except with care and difficulty. We must each of us bear our Cross with Him. When we bear it, it is lightened by [illegible] of Him. When we bear it, each day makes it easier to us.

We shall not be always as we are now. To most of us, our care[illegible] our difficulties, our restraints, our responsibilities, perhaps our pains and sorrows will increase. There is but one thing which will turn this bondage into liberty, and that is the final charge which our Lord gives to Peter, "Follow thou me." . .

Follow after Him, though it may be at an immeasurable distance. Follow Him in His long endurance, and His great humility. Follow Him with a bold and cheerful spirit in the happy and glorious victory which

He won over sin and over death; and in the end thou shalt find in Him the true communion and fellowship which He only can give, with all who — far and near, on this side the grave or beyond it — have cheered and encouraged and urged our affections forward, onward upward from things on earth to things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

Knowledge, prophecies, gifts of all kinds pass away, but the love of God and the love of man never fail. They continue into the unseen world beyond the grave; the remembrance of these things as we have known them here, enables us to think of them there; the unselfish purpose, the generous sympathies, the deep affection, the transparent sincerity, the long self-control, the simple humility of those to whom the commandment of God has been precious — these are the arches of that bridge on which our thoughts and hopes cross and re-cross the widest and most mysterious of all the chasms which divide us; the gulf which divides the dead and the living, the gulf which divides God and man.

XXXIII.

Trusting in God and doing our duty; these are words which bind us all together. If you or I can feel that those who know us best can say of us that we are trusting in God and doing our duty, it is enough to teach us that this is a ground of communion which

neither the difference of external rites, not the difference of seas or continents can ever efface.

XXXIV.

The sense of the vastness of the universe, and of the imperfection of our own knowledge, may help us in some degree to understand — not, indeed, the origin of evil and of suffering, but, at any rate, something of its possible uses and purposes. We look around the world and we see cruel perplexities; the useless spared, the useful taken; the young and happy removed, the old and miserable lingering on; happy households broken up under our feet, disappointed hopes, and the failure of those to whom we looked up with reverence and respect. We go through these trials with wonder and fear; and we ask whereunto this will grow. But has nothing been gained? Yes, that has been gained which nothing else, humanly speaking, could give. We may have gained a deeper knowledge of the mind of God, and a deeper insight into ourselves. Truths which once seemed mere words, received without heed and uttered without understanding, may have become part of ourselves.

Humility for ourselves, charity for others, self-abasement before the Judge of all mankind, these are the gifts that even the best men, and even the worst men, may gain by distrust, by doubt, and by difficulty. . .

The perplexity, the danger, the grief often brings with it, its own remedy.

On each bursting wave of disappointment and vexation there is a crown of heavenly light which reveals the peril, and shows the way, and guides us through the roaring storm.

Out of doubt comes faith; out of grief comes hope; and "to the upright there ariseth up light in the darkness."

With each new temptation comes a way to escape; with each new difficulty comes some new explanation. As life advances it does indeed seem to be as a vessel going to pieces, as though we were on the broken fragments of a ship, or in a solitary skiff on the waste of waters; but as long as existence lasts we must not give up the duty of cheerfulness and hope. He who has guided us through the day, may guide us through the night also. The pillar of darkness often turns into a pillar of fire. Let us hold on though the land be miles away; let us hold on till the morning break. That speck on the distant horizon may be the vessel for which we must shape our course. Forwards, not backwards, must we steer — forward and forward, till the speck becomes a friendly ship. Have patience and perseverance; believe that there is still a future before us; and we shall at last reach the haven where we would be.

XXXV.

There is always the red range of Edom to be surmounted before we can reach the Promised Land; there is always the wine-press to be trodden before we drink the juice of the grapes; there is always the battle to be fought before the victory is won. It is not enough to speak of righteousness; we must be active in doing it. It is not enough to wait till others help us; we must act and fight, we must do and dare, though we stand alone — though "of the people there be none with us." We look, and there will be none to help; we may wonder that there is none to uphold; but a just cause is its own support; our own arm, in the strength of God, may bring salvation to us; the fury, righteous passion, indignation, enthusiasm of a single man, is enough to uphold a sinking cause.

XXXVI.

"There is nothing." So we think of the small effects which any effort after good can accomplish. How poor, how slight, how insignificant, are the contributions of compassion, or even the organization of great societies, to lighten the vast load of human misery, or relieve one inch of the withering drought of suffering humanity. Yet here also out of that nothingness often rises that little cloud not bigger than a man's hand, yet

the very hand that relieves us, that grasps us, that saves us from perishing. Think not lightly of any effort that can save any human being from misery and want. Let us never despair; let us have patience. A word of compassion goes a long way. The pressure of the silent hand is never forgotten. Be not weary in well-doing. Patience worketh experience and experience hope. . . . . .

Each of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences which shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world. . . . . .

God grant that as our horizon of duty is widened, our minds may widen with it; that as our burden is increased, our shoulders may be strengthened to bear it. God grant to us that spirit of wisdom and understanding, uprightness, and godly fear, without which, even in greatest things there is nothing; with which, even in the smallest things there is everything.

XXXVII.

How many a young man has ere now been transfigured by the near influence of a faithful friend sticking closer than a brother, warding off temptations, making

him feel, till it became part of himself, how beautiful, how godlike a thing is the bright and stainless career of unselfish and uncorrupted goodness. How many an enduring aim and purpose of life has been inspired by such friend or such teacher, which, with "the expulsive power of a new affection," drives before it all that is base and trivial, leaving us masters of ourselves, and inheritors of the true kingdom of God.

Choose, therefore, whosoever thou be, to whom these words shall come with any force, choose between the better and the worse.

It is the tragic interest of thy life that the evil may predominate and become thyself; it is the sublime hope of thy life that the good shall predominate and become thyself.

XXXVIII.

A man who is possessed with what the French call "the grand curiosity" of knowing all that can be known, he who looks up to the truly great authorities of all ages and countries to the high intelligences of unquestioned fame and worth that God has raised up to enlighten the world — he has made an effort to enter on the narrow path, and to face his way through the strait gate that leads to eternal life. The very struggle to him is good. The very awe of these great questions produces in his mind the reverence which is the first element of religion. That was a true name which

the old Greeks employed to describe a good man, a religious man. They called him "a man of business" — a man in earnest, a man who felt the gravity of what he was doing and saying. Such a man, no doubt, may get his conscience warped, or may become fanatical or self-deceived; but so far as his seriousness goes he is right; so far as his seriousness is sincere, whatever be his errors he is on the right way, and God is not far from him. Not what others think for us, but what we are able to think for ourselves is the true life of our life.

XXXIX.

The human intellect has had placed before it by Him who made it, one object and one only worthy of its efforts, and that is Truth — truth, not for the sake of any ulterior object, however high or holy, but truth for its own sake. We hope, we trust, we humbly believe that truth will in the end be found to coincide with goodness, with holiness, with grace, with humility, with all the other noblest aspirations of the human spirit. But if we think and reason on these high matters at all, we must seek and desire truth even as though it existed by and for itself alone.

XL.

We must look for the true face of our religion in the

face of those who have best represented it. We sometimes claim, and justly claim, as the glory of our faith, that it has attracted to itself the strength of intellects such as Shakspeare and Newton, Pascal and Rosseau, Erasmus and Spinoza, Goethe and Walter Scott. But then do we sufficiently remember what is the aspect of Christianity which commanded the reverential attention of men so different each from each? Was it the Christianity of Nicaea, or Geneva, or Westminster, or Augsburg, or the Vatican? No. It was, by the very nature of the case, something of a far more delicate texture, of a far deeper root. . . . . . .

The Christianity for which Paley argued in his "Evidences," and Lardner in his "Credibility," and Butler in his "Sermons and Analogy," and Pascal in his "Thoughts," and Channing in his "Discourses,"—was this the Calvinist, or the Lutheran, or the Wesleyan, or the Tridentine or the Racovian creed? No; for to each one of these great champions of the faith, one or other of these forms would have been as revolting as that which they advocated was precious to them.

Not in the exclusiveness of the courts of heaven, but in their width and openness shall we rejoice hereafter; not by the exclusiveness of any church or school on earth, not by the equality of all human characters, but by their inequalities; not by contraction within our own circle, but by our patient endurance of things beyond our narrow vision, ought we to rejoice now.

XLI.

We smile at the narrowness of the English philosopher who regarded Christianity as the completest development of human wickedness, because he fixed his mind on one particular doctrine sometimes preached in its name. But this should be a solemn warning to us, to see how far such a doctrine is one for which we ourselves have contended as essential to the faith. True Christianity is beyond the reach of such attacks or such defences. Those who have watched the effects of sunrise on the Alpine ranges, will remember the dark and chill aspect of the wide landscape in the moment preceding the dawn. At last, there arose at once in the western and the eastern heavens a color, a brightness, a lightness — varying, diffused, indefinite, but still spreading and brightening over the whole scene. Then, "as in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the highest summits of the range of snow burst from pale death into roseate life, and every slope and crest became as clear and bright as before they had been dark and dull; and meanwhile the same light was creeping round the mists of the plain and the exhalations of the lakes, and they too were touched by gold, and every shape and form yielded to the returning glow. Such is the image of the rise of true religion, and therefore also of true theology, shadowy, diffused, expansive as the dawn, yet like the dawn striking with irresistible

force now here, now there, first on the highest intelligences, then on the world at large, till at length the whole atmosphere is suffused with its radiance, and the shades of night have melted we hardly know how or where.

XLII.

The revival of the studies of the ancient languages and the vast impulse given to the progress of human thought by the Reformation was itself a new manifestation of Christ, a new declaration of his union with minds and classes of men who had before been deemed to be without God in the world. It is a constant reminder, that in using to the utmost the resources of science, in watching for light from whatever quarter, in sifting and searching all that comes before us to the very bottom, we are fulfilling one of the chief calls of our religion, we are accomplishing the very will of the Redeemer. Whatever is good science is good theology; whatever is high morality and pure civilization is high and pure religion.

The variety, the complexity, the diversity, the breadth of the character of Christ, and of his religion, is indeed an expression of the universal omnipresence of God. It is for us to bear in mind that this many-sidedness of Christianity is a constant encouragement to hold fast those particles of it which we already possess, and to reach forward to whatever elements of it are still be-

yond it. Say not that Christianity has been exhausted; say not that the hopes of Christianity have failed, nor yet that they have been entirely fulfilled. "In our Father's house are many mansions." In one or other of these, each wandering soul may at last find its place, here or hereafter.

XLIII.

Doubtless, in our imperfect state, the will of God cannot be done entirely on earth as it is in heaven. Yet still the thought of that state to which we all look forward, helps us more clearly to understand what should be the aim and object of all earthly combinations and forms; whether of language, of government, or worship. It is the spirit, not the letter, by the essential substance, and not the accidental covering; by the better understanding of the meaning that lies beneath the words; by the better appreciation of unity amidst outward differences; by the comparison not only of earthly things with earthly, but of spiritual things with spiritual, without respect of persons or nations, that the unity of spirit, which is the unity of the blessed angels in heaven, can ever be produced amongst churches or nations. Much of the course of this world may be carried on by colossal armies, and by blood and fire and sword, by gigantic commerce, by daring assertion of authority, by

ceremonial observances, by dogmatic exclusiveness. But there is a higher course, which is carried on by the still, small voice of conscience; by the union of intelligent minds; by spirit, not by matter; by reason, not by force; by mind and heart, and not by external polity. Each one is, in this sense, a king to himself. The hosts which really govern the world are the thoughts and consciences of men.

XLIV.

More dear in the sight of God and his angels than any other conquest is the conquest of self, which each man, with the help of heaven, can secure for himself.

We know that what we see are but the outskirts of creation; that the power and the wisdom which rule this vast universe must be beyond the reach, not only of our understanding, but of our furthest speculation. Many a one who has been perplexed by the uncertainties and contentions of history, has been strengthened by the certainty and the unity of science. . .

Whatever else the discoveries of modern science teach us, they teach us this — the marvellous complexity and the unbroken order of the material world; they indicate to us how vast is the treasure-house of resources by which the immortality of each separate spirit, the inter-communion of spirit with spirit, and of all with God, may be sustained in a higher world.

Everything which enables us to see how the universe is one whole; everything which shows that man is bound by subtle links with all the other parts of creation; everything which shows us how many of the miseries of the world of man, the wretchedness of improvidence, intemperance, and sensuality, are only breaches of the fixed rules of nature; everything which confirms us in the belief that the revelations of the Infinite and the Divine is not confined to a single race or church, but pervades more or less all the religious instincts of mankind; everything which impresses upon us the continuity, the unity of the Divine and human, of the sacred and the secular, brings us into the frame of mind which the Bible and experience alike impress upon us as needful for the reception of the first principles of true religion.

XLV.

It may be hoped that if there have been times, when (to use well known words), "our nerves were irritated by trifles," there shall also be times when "great events" and great thoughts "shall make us calm." I would not unduly exaggerate the prospects of success, or underrate the fears of failure in the attempt to attain a higher and more spiritual theology, a more patriotic and generous policy.

The circumstances around us may often seem dismal, small, ignoble; the dwarfing, levelling, disturbing effect of partisanship and false popularity, may even almost irresistible. The "rocks ahead" which Cassandra foresees are too visible amongst the breakers not to fill the stoutest heart with alarm. Even thus, those who contend for long years in vain may reflect that the greatness of the end for which they strive is worth the bitterness of the disappointment.

But surely in the peculiar crisis of our age the game is still in our hands. We see clearly the enterprise before us. And when in that enterprise we consider how a few additional grains of charity would make all the difference — from how many mistakes we should be saved, by the simplest elements of common sense and self-control — how much our heat would gain, by how slight an accession of light, how doubly the value of our light would be enhanced, by how slight an infusion of heat, by how slight an addition of sweetness — what mole-hills of prejudice which a breath of truth might overturn, have been erected into what mountains of difficulty — what a fund of conciliation lies wrapped up in all larger views of science, of literature, and of the Bible — what noble paths of practice remain to be explored, unknown to former generations — then we may well turn to those fine lines of the Roman poet, and take as our watchword, not the despairing words

of the vanquished Cato, but the exulting words of the victorious Cæsar.

"I tremble not with terror, but with hope,
As the great day reveals its coming scope;
Never in earlier days, our hearts to cheer,
Have such bright gifts of heaven been brought so near.
Nor ever has been kept the aspiring soul
By space so narrow from so grand a goal."

XLVI.

To feel that there is one Being supremely just and wise, through whom all the trials of this mortal life can be turned to our good; whose judgment is not in the least degree affected by the struggles of party, or the respect of persons, or the honor, or praise, or fashion—of the world; who see things not as they seem to be, but as they really are; to reverence this Supreme Perfection because it is the perfection of all that is noble, generous, beautiful, wise and just, in what we know among ourselves; to be content with nothing short of this in our ideal, our image of God; to feel that in growing like this ideal is our best happiness; that in entirely resigning ourselves to His justice and mercy is perfect peace — this, or something like this — this, and nothing less than this — is to love the Lord our God.

XLVII.

A strong religious imagination, a strong religious

affection, may often be seen side by side with a mind left altogether weak and uncultivated. A strong logical belief may be seen unsoftened by the genial influence of a loving heart, and a heaven-aspiring soul. A strong will and a powerful fancy may be seen side by side with a reckless disregard of prudence and common sense. Every one of these forms is but the half, or the quarter of religion. But God cannot be divided, he is one God, not many. He must be served by all our nature, not by parts of it. The intellect must seek truth with undivided, fearless zeal; else we do not serve God with our whole mind and understanding. The bodily powers must be guarded and saved for the healthy discharge of all that Providence requires of us in our passage through life; else we do not serve him with our whole strength. The affections must be kept fresh and pure: else we do not serve him with our whole heart. The conscience must not have stained itself with secret sins, unworthy transactions, and false pretences, else we do not serve him with our whole soul. There was an old barbarian chief who, when he was baptized, kept his right arm out of the water, that he might still work his deeds of blood. That is the likeness of the imperfect religion of many Christians. That is what they did who, of old, in their zeal for religion, broke their plighted faith, did despite to their natural affections, disregarded the laws of kinship and

country, and honor and mercy. It is this shutting up of religion into one corner of our being which is the cause why many good men are not better, why many religious men have been so unwise, why the world seems often more charitable than the church, why many a saint has been untruthful, why many a faithful believer has been selfish or cruel, why many an earnest seeker after truth has been irreverent and undevout, why many a generous temper has been coupled with self-indulgence and coarseness. The true religion of Jesus Christ our Saviour is that which penetrates, and which receives all the warmth of the heart, and all the elevation of the soul, and all the energies of the understanding, and all the strength of the will.

XLVIII.

It was observed by Coleridge that when a man is told that religion and morality are summed up in the two great commandments, he is ready to say, like one who first beholds the sea,

"Is this the mighty ocean — is this all?"

Yes, it is all; but what an all! We look out on that vast expanse, with its boundless horizon, with its everlasting succession of ebb and tide, and we might perhaps ask:

What is this barren sea to us? How vague, how indefinite, how broad, how monotonous! Yet look closer.

It is the scene on which sunlight and moonlight, cloud and shadow, storm and calm, are forever playing. It has been the chosen field for the enterprise, for the faith, for the charity of mankind. It is the highway for the union of nations, and the enlargement of churches. It is the bulwark of freedom, and the home of mighty fleets, and the nurse of swarming cities.

And so these two commandments. They seem at first sight vacant, vague, and indefinite ; but let us trust ourselves to them, let us launch out upon them, let us explore their innermost recesses, let us sound their depths, and we shall find that they call forth all the arts and appliances of Christian life ; that they will carry us round the world and beyond it.

XLIX.

Look at the visions in the Apocalypse, (Rev. xix : 11–16) where the older language is worked up again in a new form. Look at that vision of the heavenly warriors following their heavenly Leader on white horses, as He rides before them with His vesture dipped in blood.

Who are they ? Who are those celestial champions of Christendom who come in the thickest fray to help those that have no helper ? There are the martyrs for the early Christian faith, who literally came with their garments dyed in blood ; the advanced guard, the forlorn hope, who fought their way through the passes of

Edom for us and for themselves, witnesses to the sacredness of conscience, and to the value of a noble and honorable death. There, too, are the martyrs of truth and science, who, in solitary study, misunderstood, neglected, and unrequited, have trodden the wine-press of knowledge alone; or who, like the earliest explorers and discoverers labored that other men might enter into their labors, and enjoy the Land of Promise which they only saw in the far futurity, as from the top of Pisgah. There, too, are the firm companions and friends of our youth and age — faithful through good report and evil, who appear at the right moment, like guardian angels at our side, warding off temptation and misfortune, encouraging us when there was no one else to encourage, warning us when there was no one else to warn, advising us in spite of ourselves, standing by us when the world turned against us. There, also, is the young boy or the young man, at school or college, doing what he knows to be right, avoiding what he knows to be wrong, remembering what he has learned at home, though far away. There, too, are the pure-minded and high-spirited amongst men, who stand perhaps alone in a frivolous, selfish circle, yet still holding their own against the ridicule of foolish enemies, or the flattery of false friends — determined to work, though their neighbors are idle; to be frugal, though those around are extravagant; to be truthful, pure, and temperate, though those around are treacherous and self-indulgent.

L.

A friend of mine accomplished, a few years since, with singular courage, the rare and difficult task of ascending Mount Ararat. Two days after he had come down, his companion explained to an Armenian Archimandrite at the foot of the mountain what my friend had done. The venerable man sweetly smiled, and said:

"It is impossible."

"But," said the interpreter, "this traveller has been up and has returned."

"No," said the Archimandrite, "no one has ever ascended, and no one ever will ascend Mount Ararat."

This belief in the impossibility of what has been done is uncommon, but the belief in the impossibility of what may be done is very common. It might have been thought impossible that there should have been discovered a North America as well as a South America. Yet it was discovered by a Venetian seaman who sailed from the harbor of Bristol.

It was thought that no steamer could ever cross the Atlantic. Dr. Lardner proved to demonstration that such an event could never take place; and the late Lord Derby said that, of the first steamer which crossed, he would engage to swallow the boiler. Yet such a steamer started from the docks of Bristol, and safely reached New York.

It might have been thought that there was something impossible in the idea of a beneficent institution, living from hand to mouth, supported by the indomitable faith of one man, living on Providence. Yet this also has been fulfilled by George Müller, on Ashley Down. It might have been thought impossible that the rough lads of Kingswood should ever be reformed, or that the women of India should ever be moulded by European influences. Yet this also was accomplished in our own day, by the faith and energy of a wise and gentle woman, dear to Bristol — Mary Carpenter.

All these discoverers have ascended Mount Ararat, and though the most incredulous Archimandrite may shake his head and sweetly smile, and say that it cannot be, yet these things, great and small, have been achieved, and achieved in safety.

This is one of the best fruits of the education of after life. It encourages the hope that impossibilities may become not only possibilities but actualities.

There are still many voyages to be made, still much wealth to be expended, still new Ararats to be reached. We are all of us *Merchant Venturers* — we all of us must venture something, if we would leave something worth living for, nay, if we would have something to look forward to hereafter. *Nil desperandum* must be written, as in the porch of the Redcliffe church, so over the entrance of every stage of our existence.

LI.

In the transformation of opinion which is imperceptibly affecting all our conceptions of the future state, and in the perplexities and doubts which this transformation excites, the idea that comes with the most solid force and abiding comfort to the foreground is the belief that the whole of our human existence is an education — not merely, as Bishop Butler said, a probation for the future, but an education which shall reach into the future.

The possibilities that overcame the impossibilities in our actual experience show us that there may be yet greater possibilities which shall overcome the yet more formidable impossibilities lying beyond our experiences beyond our sight, beyond the last great change of all. Through all these changes, and towards that unseen goal, in the words of Mr. Burke, "*let us pass on — for God's sake, let us pass on!*"

LII.

Egypt was to Abraham — to the Jewish people — to the whole course of the Old Testament, what the world, with all its interests, and pursuits, and enjoyments is to us. It was the parent of civilization, of art, of learning, of royal power, of vast armies. The very names which we still use for the paper on which we write, for

the sciences of medicine and chemistry, are derived from the natural products and from the old religion of Egypt.

We might think, perhaps, that the Bible would take no account of such a country — that it would have seemed too much belonging to this earth, and the things of this earth. Not so; from first to last, this marvellous country, with all its manifold interests, is regarded as the home and the refuge of the chosen race.

Hither came Abraham, as the extreme goal of his long travels, from Chaldea southwards; here Joseph ruled, as viceroy; here Jacob and his descendants settled as in their second home, for several generations; here Moses became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." From the customs and laws, and arts of the Egyptians, many of the customs, laws and arts of the Israelites were borrowed. Here, in the last days of the Bible history, the Holy Family found a refuge. On these scenes, for a moment, even though in unconscious infancy, alone of any Gentile country, the eyes of our Redeemer rested. From the philosophy which flourished at Alexandria came the first philosophy of the Christian church. This, then, is one main lesson which the Bible teaches us by the stress laid on Egypt. It tells us that we may lawfully use the world and its enjoyments — that the world is acknowledged by true religion, as well as by our own natural instincts, to be a

beautiful, a glorious, and, in this respect, a good and useful world. In it our lot is cast. What was permitted as an innocent refreshment to Abraham; what was enjoined as a sacred duty on Moses and Apollos; what was consecrated by the presence of God our Saviour, we too may enjoy and admire and use. Power, and learning, and civilization, and art may all minister now, as they did then, to the advancement of the welfare of man and the glory of God.

LIII.

The meeting of Abraham and Pharaoh — the contact of Egypt and the Bible — remind us forcibly that there is something better and higher even than the most glorious, or the most luxurious, or the most powerful, or the most interesting sights and scenes of the world, even at its highest pitch, here or elsewhere.

Whose name or history is now best remembered? Is it that of Pharaoh, or of the old Egyptian nation? No. It is the name of the Shepherd, as he must have seemed, who came to seek his fortunes here, as a stranger and sojourner. Much or little as rich or poor may know or care about Egypt, we all know and care about Abraham. It is his visit, and the visit of his descendants, that gives to Egypt its most universal interest.

He comes into contact with Egypt, with the world; he uses it, he enjoys it. It is but one of the halting

places in his life. He falls for a moment under its darker influences; for a moment he yields to the fear of man, and to the temptation of unworthy deceit. But in the next moment he is himself again. He is what we see him in the chapter which describes the offering of Isaac; willing to sacrifice whatever is nearest and dearest to the call of God and of duty.

Heathen traditions represent him as teaching the Egyptians the astronomy that he brought with him from Chaldea; or as reconciling their theological and political disputes. But this is not that for which he is remembered in the Bible and by mankind at large. It is as the Friend of God and as the Father of the Faithful. It is not for those points which distinguish him from the rest of mankind, but for those points which we may all have in common with him.

LIV.

"Thou shalt not make to thyself any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath or in the water under the earth." We cannot doubt that this, to the Israelites, meant that they were not to make to themselves graven images of the hawk and the ibis that fly through the heavens, or the crocodile and the fish that swim in the Nile, or the serpent that creeps in the caves of the earth, or the lion, the jackal, and the wolf, that prowls on the rocky hills.

These were the forms under which, at that time of the world, the human mind loved to represent the Divine nature. Perhaps these were the best figures that could be used in those early ages; and we may still learn something from seeing how, out of those earthly shapes, they drew lessons of that which is heavenly and divine. Even to us the animal creation, with all its manifold instincts and powers, is still, if we rightly reflect, a constant revelation of the Divine mind, of which it is the noble workmanship.

But there is a more excellent way of thinking of God, which these imperfect and strange representations shut out from us; and that is, the way which was opened to us, first through Moses, and then through Christ. God is a Spirit; God is truth, God is justice, God is purity, God is love. Whenever we fancy that he can pass over or be pleased with anything that is untrue, or unjust, or impure, or unlovely, we fall back into worse than the old Egyptian darkness. In proportion as we value and revere truth and justice and purity and loving-kindness, in that proportion we are worthy of the new religion of the new world, to which, by God's grace, we belong.

LV.

A remarkable feature of Lake Gennesaret must always have been the concentration of varied life and activity in a basin so closely surrounded with desert

solitudes. It was those "desert places," thus close at hand, on the table-lands, or in the ravines of the eastern and western ranges which seem to be classed under the common name of "the mountain, that gave the opportunity of retirement for rest or prayer." "Rising up early in the morning while it was yet dark," or "passing over to the other side in a boat," He sought those solitudes, sometimes alone, sometimes with his disciples. The lake in this double aspect is thus a reflex of that union of energy and rest, of active labor and of deep devotion, which is the essence of Christianity, as it is of the life of him in whom that union was first taught and shown.

LVI.

The story of Joseph is, perhaps, of all the stories in the Old Testament, the one which carries us back to our childhood, both from the interest we felt in it as children, and from the true picture of family life which it presents.

How like — how very like — to the incidents of every household is the story of the brothers; of different characters thrown together in the same house — Judah, Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Joseph, Benjamin, the father and mother, Jacob and his lost Rachel!

It brings before us the way in which the greatest blessings for this life and the next depend on the keep-

ing up of family love, pure and fresh, as when the preservation and fitting education of the Chosen People depended on that touching generosity and brotherly affection which no distance of time, no new customs, no long sojourn in a strange land, could extinguish in the heart of Joseph.

"Joseph's heart yearned upon his brother." "Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him, and there stood no man with Joseph when he made himself known unto his brethren."

And he wept aloud, and he said, "I am Joseph doth my father yet live?" "And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept upon his neck Moreover he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them; and after that, his brethren talked with him."

Surely no long, familiar use, no antiquity of Egyptian or Oriental manners, can ever blind us to the deep feeling of that pathetic scene — of that reunion of all the scattered members of the family in one undivided embrace.

LVII.

Home, the scenes, the thoughts, the warnings, the pleasures of home — the bonds of lasting and cordial affection which reach across seas and continents, and keep us in spirit close to those who in bodily presence are far away — the images of old days and childlike

recollections that visit us in dreams, and soothe us in sorrow, and calm us in joy — these are amongst God's best blessings to his creatures, these are amongst the best safeguards he has given us to protect us against new difficulties, strange temptations, corrupting customs. They are the blessings which in different ways we all have in common. Everyone of us has a home somewhere, or in some degree, father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or wife, or child. Every one has such an one, far away, it may be, but ever present in thought to us, to whom our well-being is inestimably precious; whose happiness is or ought to be, inestimably precious to us; to whom no joy is so great as the joy of knowing that we are doing what is right; to whom no grief would be so great as the grief of knowing that we had been doing what was wrong. Of this sacred claim upon us, the Bible constantly reminds us.

It reminds us of what this claim is, even as regards only this world; but it reminds us also that it is a bond which reaches beyond this world. Those who have passed out of the family circle into the world beyond the grave are, in God's sight, and before our own hearts, still one with us. Whosoever it be that we have so lost (again I repeat each one of those dear and sacred names as they may apply to each of us) — wife or child, or brother, or sister, or mother, or father — they still call upon us through them, by what we cherish and know of them, to remember that their wishes and their

hopes for us are not buried in their graves, but will continue as long as their own immortal souls. Their highest desires now become sacred duties for us who remain. The very mention and thought of their names draw us upward and heavenward. Home is on earth, the best likeness of heaven; and heaven is that last and best home, in which, when the journey of life is over, Joseph and his brethren, Jacob and his sons, Rachel and her children, shall meet to part no more.

LVIII.

The disciples had returned to "their own homes" and engaged in their usual occupations; Peter, and James and John were again as they had been before in years past, in their two boats on the lake, throwing in nets to catch the fish which swam in its waters. Four of their friends were with them — two whose names are not recorded; the other two, Thomas, known as the Twin Brother, and Nathanael, from the village of Cana of Galilee. They were once more at their common work. The morning had just broken over the dark eastern hills. The sun shone on the lake and on the tops of the western mountains. On the shore of the sea — we know not the exact spot, but somewhere along the shelving beach — there stood a figure which arrested their attention. They gazed but knew not who it was. They heard a voice calling to them, "Children have ye

any food?" They obeyed the advice of the unknown stranger, and then came the rush of fishes into the net which at once recalled to the disciple who knew his Master best, the like scene on the same waters three years before:

"The disciple whom Jesus loved" turned to Peter, and said: "It is the Lord."

Let me pause for a moment to call to mind how like this is to what occurs in human life. These appearances of Christ after his Resurrection seem to be told to us as intimations of what still continues in our relations towards him.

"He is not here — he is risen." He even then had ceased to be to his disciples as he had been before, he went and came suddenly — hardly known by them at first, then known by some gesture, some word, some old association. Is it not so with us? We like the apostles are engaged in our common occupations. We hear a voice from the distance. At first it seems to us only some event or incident of our ordinary life. Suddenly, we see, we hear in it the call of Christ — the call of God himself, calling us to higher thoughts. A familiar recollection of old days sweeps across us, to impress it more firmly upon us; and even in our engagements, our amusements, we recognize the hand, the voice of our merciful Saviour, and are able to say "It is the Lord."

LIX.

"*The Mind of Christ.*" The mind, the character of Christ, that which he was and is, in that character which is so wonderfully described to us in the Gospels — to have this in any degree, is what makes a man a Christian; not to have it, is to make all other Christian institutions and opinions almost worse than useless. To enter into the recesses of this Divine character, more holy than the most revered of earthly shrines; to impress this mind upon ourselves; to carry away some portion of it home for our daily use, more sacred than the most sacred relics — this ought to be the object of all that we see as we traverse the scenes of his earthly life.

To dwell on every part of that character is, within these short limits, impossible. Let me take that part which is brought prominently to view, in the story of the woman of Samaria.

By the well which ages ago, the Patriarch Jacob had in excess of prudence, dug for his flocks, in the noble corn-fields which he had bought for his favorite son Joseph, He who was passing from Judea through Samaria into Galilee, "sat," in the midday, or the evening, "wearied" by the well. His followers had gone to buy provisions for his meal in the city up the valley; and he sat there, weary and thirsty and alone, and saw a woman coming to draw water from the well, and

made that simple request so natural to all of us — "Give me to drink."

It is one of those touches of fellow-feeling with us which brings Him so near to us, and us to him, even in bodily presence. The woman who came was a Samaritan, a member of that ancient sect which still lingers on the spot. To her, a stranger — a heretic, as she was in the eyes of a Jew — He promised the gift of the water which springs up from no earthly well; the water of life, which rises within the depths of the human soul, and refreshes it with holy thoughts, and good resolutions, and pure feelings, as we pass through this dreary world, bearing each our heavy burden as best we may.

How like to all that he said and did — how unlike, alas! to so much that we say and do.

The tender compassion to one who was disliked and despised by His own countrymen — the boundless toleration of the differences that parted them — the forbearance towards her hardness and narrowness, and incapacity of understanding what he said — the willingness to enter into a character and a life quite different from his own — the care and anxiety to do and say something for her good. Which of us is there who does not need some portion of that spirit, will not feel rising within himself something of that stream of living water, which shall refresh Himself and those around him, and leave a green spot behind, wherever he treads in the hard, dry, barren journey of our mortal life.

The conversation proceeds. How exactly it is in conformity with human nature and with Divine wisdom. He reads the secret of her heart. He touches her own especial fault. She starts aside — she will not have this mentioned. No. This is just what we all refuse to have touched. We fly, as she did, to some general topic: "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet." There was the vexed question of doctrine between the Samaritans and the Jews. They worshipped, as they worship still, on Mount Gerizim. To the Jews, Jerusalem was, as it still is, the most holy place. It was out of this question, so naturally suggested by the scenery around him that there was brought out that great truth which has changed the face of religion all over the world. He would not give his decision in favor either of Jews or Samaritans, or, if he did, it was but in passing. He would not entangle himself with peculiar doctrines of either of the contending sects. But he gave them what was best for both of them, and is still the best for us. Gerizim and Zion before his prophetic gaze melted into one.

As He looked out on the wide fields of waving corn which lay before Him, His eye kindled, and His heart swelled (so that His disciples feared to speak to Him), and He saw the figure of the new harvest of the world — of many sects and of many nations — that was to be gathered in with the fall of the old religion of times

and places, and the new spiritual worship, which was to fulfil and embrace the old.

LX.

God is a Spirit. Everywhere, at Jerusalen or Gerizim, in Palestine, in England, in church or in chapel, in house or in tent, He accepts the service of His faithful worshippers. And what is that worship? He expresses it in two words, "*Spirit*" and "*Truth*." First, we must offer our service, be it short or long, small or great, with a feeling of what we are about — with a sense of the meaning, of the seriousness, of the awfulness, of what we are saying. We must pray with energy, with understanding, with *spirit*. If we have this feeling, then our words, our posture, our acts will become reverential. If not, we shall be still far away from God, however near to Him we may be by His ordinances, by His church, by outward appearance.

"*Truth*" — this is the new grace which Christ has consecrated. "Love of truth, sincerity" — that our words in prayer shall express what we really want to have granted — that our lives shall follow in some degree upon our prayers; that when we call ourselves servants of God and of Christ, we shall be thinking of doing what is pleasing in His sight, instead of pleasing only our own fancies, or inclinations, or appetites, or ease; this is the true worship which He needs.

LXI.

What Christ was in His death, He was in His life. What He was in His life, He was in His death. And if we wish to know the spirit which pervades both, we cannot do so better than by seeing what we may call the text of His first sermon at Nazareth. He was in the synagogue. The roll of the Hebrew Scriptures was handed to Him. He unrolled it. His former friends and acquaintances fixed their eyes upon Him to see what he would say. And what were the words which he chose? They were these:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

What He said on this text is not described; we are only told that they "marvelled at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth." But what those gracious words were we can well see from the words of the passage itself.

"The Spirit of the Lord was upon Him." First, "to preach the gospel to the poor," the glad tidings of God's love to the poor, the humble classes, the neglected classes, the dangerous classes, the friendless, the oppressed, the unthought-for, the uncared-for.

Again, the Spirit of God was upon Him "to heal the broken-hearted;" to heal, as a good physician heals, not with one medicine, but with all the various medicines and remedies which Infinite wisdom possesses, all the fractures, and diseases, and infirmities of our poor human hearts. There is not a weakness, there is not a sorrow, there is not a grievance, for which the love of God, as seen in the life and death of Christ, does not offer some remedy. He has not overlooked us. He is with us. He remembers us.

Yet again, the Spirit of God was upon Him "to preach deliverance to the captive." Whatever be the evil habit, or the inveterate prejudice, or the master passion, or the long indulgence, which weighs upon us like a bondage, He feels for us and will do his utmost to set us free — to set at liberty those that are cramped and bruised and confined by the chain of their sins, their weakness, their misfortunes, their condition in life, their difficulties, their responsibilities, their want of responsibilities, their employments, their want of employments.

And lastly, the Spirit of God was upon Him "to give sight to the blind." How few of us there are who know our failings, who see into our hearts, who know what is really good for us! That is the knowledge which the thought of Christ's death is likely to give us. That is the truth which, above all other truths, is likely to set us free. "Lord, that I may receive my sight," is the

prayer which each of us may offer up for our spiritual state, as the poor man whom He met at Jericho did for his bodily sight.

LXII.

Whatever good is to be done in the world, even though it is God himself who does it, cannot be done without an effort— a preparation—a sacrifice. So it was especially in the death of Christ—so it was in his whole life. His whole life from the time that he grew up "as a tender plant," in the seclusion of his home at Nazareth, to the hour when he died at Jerusalem, was one long effort — one long struggle against misunderstanding, opposition, scorn, hatred, hardship, pain. He had doubtless his happy and gentler hours — we must not forget them. He had his friends at Bethany, his apostles who hung upon his lips, his mother who followed him in thought and mind wherever he went. But here amongst his own people, he met with angry opposition and jealousy, he had to bear the hardships of toil and labor, like any other Nazarene artisan. He had here by a silent preparation of thirty years, to make himself ready for the work which lay before him. He had to endure the heat and the cold, the burning sun and the stormy rain of his native hills and valleys. "The foxes" of the plain of Esdraelon "have holes, the birds" of the Galilean forests "have their nests," but

he had often "not where to lay his head." And in Jerusalem, though there were momentary bursts of enthusiasm in his behalf, yet he came so directly across the interests, the fears, the pleasures, and the prejudices of those who there ruled and taught, that at last it cost him his life. By no less a sacrifice could the world be redeemed, by no less a struggle could his work be finished.

Once the name of "Christian," of "Nazarine," was an offence in the eyes of the world; now it is a glory. But we cannot have the glory without the labor which it involves. To hear His words, and to *do* them, to hear of his death and to follow in the path of his sufferings — this and this only, as he himself has told us, is to build our house, the house of our life, of our faith, of our happiness, upon a *rock;* a rock which will grow firmer and stronger the more we build upon it, and the more we have to bear.

LXIII.

Saul was on his way from Jerusalem. He "came near Damascus" — we know not how near, we know not by which approach. It was noon; the Syrian sun was bright in the heavens; he was charged with a mission, which admitted of no delay in his eyes — that of destroying the Christians in Damascus, with a savage zeal like to that which in our own days has laid waste

the same city. In one moment, his career was arrested by the heavenly vision which ended in the great act which we call his "conversion." It is an instance such as we find still occurring but rarely, of a sudden conversion. Yet "a conversion," that is, "a turning round" from bad to good, from good to better, is necessary for us all.

We are sometimes inclined to think that our characters once formed, can never be changed. This is not true; at least it is only half true. Our natural dispositions, our natural faculties, these do very rarely change; but the direction that they take can be changed; and the difference between their upward and their downward direction is the difference effected by anything which deserves the name of conversion, whether sudden, as in the case of St. Paul, or gradual, as with most of us. He in great measure, remained the same as he was before — he retained his zeal, his power, his energy; but the turn which was given to these natural qualities, by his conversion on the road to Damascus, gave a turn to his whole life, and through him, a turn to the life of the whole world. He approached Damascus, a furious persecutor; he entered it a humble penitent; he left it a great Apostle. So it is with us. Much about us never will be changed, never need be changed, never can be changed; but much about us can be changed, ought to be changed, and, with God's good help, will be changed. We are all on the road to some

end or object of our pursuits. To every one of us, as to St. Paul, that end or object will at last appear in a light totally different from what we now expect; and on that changed light may depend our exceeding happiness, or our exceeding misery, our great usefulness or our utter uselessness in life.

LXIV.

Often and often we think that we are all right; that no one can find fault with us; that those whom we neglect, or despise, or set aside, are not worth considering for a moment. And yet all the while, as God sees us, as others see us, we are injuring the very cause we wish to promote; those of whom we think so little may be the very likenesses and representatives to us of God and Christ himself. In injuring them, in despising them, we may be doing the most wide-spread mischief, we may be defying God, we may be even destroying our own souls. In helping them, in considering them, we are serving Christ himself.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

LXV.

"The righteous," says the Psalmist, "shall flourish like a palm tree." That is one part of his life; to be

upright, graceful, gentle, like that most beautiful of oriental trees. But there is another quality added — "He shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus." That is, his character shall be sturdy, solid, broad; he shall protect others, as well as himself; he shall support the branches of the weaker trees around him; he shall cover a vast surface of the earth with his shadow; he shall grow, and spread, and endure; he and his works shall make the place where he was planted memorable for future times.

It has been well said twice over by the most powerful delineator of human character (with one exception) ever produced by our country, that prayer to the Almighty Searcher of Hearts is the best check to murmurs against Providence, or to the inroad of worldly passions, because nothing else brings before us so strongly their inconsistency and unreasonableness.

We shall find it twice as difficult to fall into sin, if we have prayed against it that very morning, or if we thank God for having kept it from us that very evening. It is the best means of gaining strength and refreshment, and courage and self denial for the day. It is the best means of gaining content, and tranquillity, and rest for the night; for it brings us, as nothing else can bring us, into the presence of Him who is the source of all these things, and who gives them freely to those who truly and sincerely ask for them. We may "ask" for them without caring to have them; but that is not

really "asking." We may "seek," but without lifting up our little finger to get what we seek; but that is not really "seeking." We may "knock," but so feebly and irresolutely that no sound can be heard within or without; that is not really to knock. But "ask" distinctly, and with understanding; "seek" earnestly and deliberately; "knock" eagerly and pertinaciously; and in some way or other, depend upon it, we shall be answered.

LXVI.

I do not wish to lay undue stress on any one of the springs of our moral strength. Like the sacred river of the Holy Land, so also the river of our spiritual life has many sources, many springs, unrecognized by man, but recognized by God.

All manner of good deeds, good examples, religious forms and institutions — all these, in their different ways, go to swell the current of our good thoughts. But still to us as Christians, there are two sources, two springs more especially sacred and important; and these are the fountains of morning and evening prayer.

We acknowledge the duty, we have learned it from our earliest years; the very practice carries us back to the best days of our childhood. Once lose the habit, and it may be hard to begin again; but once get a firm hold of it, and you will feel that to have left it off, for a single morning or a single evening, is like dropping

one of your daily employments, like striking off one of your supplies of daily strength, like throwing away one of your best opportunities of being what a true Christian ought to be and wishes to be.

LXVII.

Always, in this life, bear about the remembrance of the next. Every event, public or private, that befalls us, may be turned, by our own care or our own neglect to our salvation or our ruin. For every blessing, for every sorrow, for every responsibility which we have had, God will at last call us to account. The more we can be raised above the petty vexations and pleasures of this world into the Eternal Life to come, the more shall we be prepared to enter into that Eternal Life whenever God shall please to call us hence.

LXVIII.

The three Epistles of St. John contain many precepts and many doctrines. But there is one doctrine and one precept which they contain more than any other, and which, according to tradition, he repeated over and over again in the market place of Ephesus, when he was so old that he could say nothing else, and that is:

"Little children, love one another."

"This," he said to those who complained of hearing

nothing else, "this is the substance of the gospel. If you do this, I have nothing further to teach you."

Love one another. What he meant was, that this is the paramount and crowning duty of the Christian believer. He did not say, as many Christians have said since, "Agree with one another in doctrine." He did not say, as many Christians have said, "Hate one another and kill one another." He did not say, "Flatter one another, indulge one another." He did not even say, "Teach one another, inform one another." What he did urge was that difficult but necessary grace, "Love one another." That is, Love one another in spite of your differences, in spite of your faults; do what you can to serve each other, to lighten each other's trials and inconveniences, and burdens; above all, if we may turn the precept into its most practical form, Make the best of one another.

"Make the best of one another," he said to the churches of his own time, and he would say to the churches of our time, "Make the most of what there is good." It is very easy to do the reverse, and to make the most of what there is evil, absurd, erroneous. By so doing, we shall have no difficulty in rendering bitterness more bitter, and estrangements between nations and nations, and Christians and Christians more wide, and hatreds and strifes more abundant, and errors more extreme.

But we shall not be fulfilling the command of Christ nor of His beloved disciple. No doubt justice and truth require that we should express our abhorrence of folly, and error, and sin. But still, by making the most of what there is good, that which is bad will be most likely to disappear.

Nothing drives out darkness so much as light; nothing overcomes evil so much as good. No weapon of controversy, or argument, or opposition, is so effectual as when our adversary sees that we see and admire what there is in him that is good, and just, and right, and true.

"Make the best of one another." So also he said to the old, and middle-aged, and young who crowded round him as he was sinking into his grave, under the experience of a hundred eventful years; and so also he still says to us as individuals, in all the relations of life.

Here again we may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Everyone has his weak points; everyone has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. It is a very easy task; and by so doing we shall make the burden of life unendurable, and turn friends into enemies, and provoke strife, hatred, heartburnings, wherever we go, and cut off from ourselves one of the chief sources of happiness, and goodness, and usefulness.

But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By fixing our attention on their good qualities, we shall rise to their level as surely as, by fixing our attention on their bad qualities, we shall sink below their level. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain; and earth will become like Heaven; and we, if God so please, shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.

LXIX.

One lesson of the apostle Paul's life and doctrine, is his deep humility.

"By the grace of God I am what I am."

"I am the least of the apostles, that am not worthy to be called an apostle."

It was not that he did not know how great were his gifts; but still he had behind and within a deep-seated feeling of his own shortcomings in times past and present, of his own profound unworthiness before God, of his constant dependence on the help of others, and, above all, on the help of God.

This was a feeling which the Gentile world little ap-

preciated, but it is a feeling which lies at the bottom of all true Christian excellence. To be humble; to be willing to hear of our faults, and to have them corrected; to know that we have that within us which needs to be constantly forgiven; to feel that we are always needing the help of One greater than ourselves to lead us right; not merely to say that we are miserable sinners, like all the rest of the world, but to acknowledge some special miserable sin of which we have been guilty on one special year and day, and in which we feel that we are guilty as others are not guilty; to be on the watch for every opportunity of improvement, and growth in goodness and wisdom — this is indeed the first beginning of a holy and a happy life.

LXX.

The *Spirit* of Christ. This is what we have to ask and to imitate; not the mere outward likeness, but the *spirit*, the intention of His actions, is what He wishes to give us, and what we must earnestly seek for. Though He was poor, whereas we may be rich; though He went about teaching, whereas we perhaps never teach at all; though He lived and died in one small country ages ago, whilst we have traversed many countries and live in times wholly different, yet we still may be like Him; we still may be in communion with Him, because what we aim at is the mind, the soul, the

spirit which breathed through all His life, and which can be shared in a measure by every one of us. This is the best use of this sense of the word; but it is useful as a guide of life generally. To this end must we always distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and see how the spirit is always more important than the letter.

Many difficulties in the Bible which perplex us when we look only at the mere letter, vanish away when we look at the general spirit. Many dispensations of Providence, which seem grievous to be borne, become light when, from the mere letter and fact which kill, we can feel through them the gracious spirit that gives life and strength and healing to what in itself is dark and mournful.

And in our own hearts, when we pray for the spirit of Christ to enlighten us, what we pray for is that He will enlighten and purify not only our outward acts, but the innermost springs of our inmost mind, and conscience, and spirit. Through our spirits only can God now speak to us as a spirit. It is to our spiritual life that we must pay heed, if we wish not to be cut off from Him.

LXXI.

As is the fresh breeze to a ship becalmed at sea, filling her sails, and driving her onwards in spite of her-

self, so is the Spirit of God and of Christ to the torpid, languid human soul, which will not be roused except by a power greater and higher than itself.

As is the fresh air to a close, infected room, so is the keen, invigorating breeze from the throne of God, which pours into the narrow chamber of the heart, stuffed with the prejudices, and passions, and fancies of our own little circle, of our own little thoughts, whose doors have never been opened to new ideas, or bright feelings, whose windows have been closed against all wider and higher views.

Such was the "Spirit of the Lord," which "came" on the heroes and saints of the old dispensation — Gideon, Samson, and David — and filled them with strength for the battle.

Such was the "rushing mighty wind" in the Christian church, which, from the day of Pentecost onwards, swept through the dead, dry bones of the ancient world, and roused them to life.

Such was the spirit of those old Christian knights, who made it the business of their lives to defend with a soldier's courage and fidelity the weak, the suffering, and the oppressed everywhere.

Such, above all, was the soldier-like spirit of Him who was the Captain of our salvation, who fought to the last with unabated, unshrinking courage His battle, our battle, the battle of the whole world, against sin, and folly, and death.

Oh, for one spark of this soldier-like spirit in the weak and wavering moments of our daily course.

Oh, for one breath of this divine atmosphere of the spirit to brace our nerves, and enliven our sluggish, sinking hearts, and chase away the sultry oppression that weighs us down in the great struggles of life!

Oh, for one blast of that rushing mighty wind, to drive us with irresistible force over wave after wave of this troublesome world, till we come to the haven where we would be!

LXXII.

Often wisdom and religion have been parted from each other, and religious zeal and common sense have regarded each other with suspicion. But, in fact, they are most nearly allied. Common sense, discretion, judgment, are high Christian graces. They are God's gifts, to enable us to do the work which is set before us. To be able to see the truth, and to discern the false from the true, and to wish to know the truth — this is a gift which is needed by the highest philosopher; but it is needed also by the humblest man or youth that has to make his way in life, and to serve his God and his country faithfully and truly. And of all wisdom, of all judgment, the best source is the fear of the Lord.

Wickedness is in itself folly — sheer, miserable folly. Goodness is in itself wisdom, because it gives a straight-

forward, independent, fearless judgment, when many abler or more learned men, as the world thinks them, are led astray by interest, or selfishness, or jealousy, or suspicion.

Christ, who is "our righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," is also, as the apostle tells us, and as we see from His own words, which He spake as never man spake, "our wisdom." Let us seek His own spirit from Him, and that which He had without measure He will, in some measure, if we persevere, freely give to the humblest of His followers.

LXXIII.

The statutes of the Lord "rejoice the heart;" they are "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." There are many perplexities, there are many cares, there are many little vexations in life; what is it which in the midst of these gives us a serene cheerfulness and gaiety of heart? It is simply remembering that we have a fixed law of duty, a fixed law of our condition of life, which we must fulfil; unchangeable laws which will not endure to be broken, which are our support in time of adversity, no less surely than they are our restraint in times of prosperity.

There is the hollow peace, the treacherous friendship, the shifting favor, which the world gives, and which the world, as it knows full well, can take away. But there

is, on the other hand, the firm peace of our own consciences, which we cannot lose but through our own fault. There is the faithful and steadfast friendship, which can only be broken off by our own folly. There is the all-sufficient, all-protecting grace of Christ, who will continue to help us so long as we help ourselves, and will never leave us nor forsake us unless we deliberately leave and forsake Him.

Oh, may we all of us, as time rolls on, have "the right judgment" to see and to choose the better part, which neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, can take from us. As difficulties unforeseen close round us — as temptations multiply, as wrong constructions are put upon our actions, as friends fall away, or familiar places become vacant — as losses and bereavements come thick upon us — may we have the grace to know and to feel the immeasurable difference between the false and miserable spirit of this hard and selfish world, and the loving, discriminating, generous, holy spirit of Christ, our merciful Saviour, and of His faithful servants.

LXXIV.

There is an ancient tradition that Abraham, as he stood on the hills above Damascus, was converted to the true faith in one God, from the worship of the heavenly bodies, by observing that the stars, the moon, and

the sun, however bright and glorious, at last sank, and were succeeded by others.

"I like not," he said, "those that set;" and so turned to the one unchangeable Lord and Maker of all.

This, but in a higher and more precise form, is the force of the Psalmist's argument when he says:

"I see that all things come to an end, but thy commandment is exceeding broad."

He prefers — and we ought to prefer — the commandment, the revelation of God, not only because it lasts longer than anything else, but because it includes, and comprehends, and absorbs into itself all there is good in everything else.

Every station in life, however great or however prosperous, has its drawbacks, its checks, its limits. It depends on circumstances over which we have no control, and which may crumble beneath our feet; it depends on popular favor which may cease; on friends who may fall away, on enemies who are watching for our overthrow; on the chances of advancement; on the life, or the health, or the caprice of ourselves or of others.

But moral or Christian greatness is "exceeding broad." The basis on which it is built up is as broad and firm as the conscience and heart of man, as the grace and goodness of God. It cuts across all other divisions of life. A good deed, a Christian feeling, can cheer us when nothing else can cheer us; can

support us when nothing else can support us; can give a zest to happiness which not to have is not to have happiness at all; which in adversity can console us when every other kind of comfort is useless.

LXXV.

Even the most far-reaching intellect and its effects come to an end at last. Look at those greatest of all monuments of the mind of man — books. How rapidly they come to an end! How often it happens that the very characteristic which insures to a book its fame for this year or this century, is the very cause of its passing away in the next.

One book alone has outlasted many generations, in all nations equally, and that is the Bible; and this is because of its exceeding breadth — because it embraces every variety and element of thought, and every phase of society; above all, because it embodies in every part the moral commandment of God, which endures forever in Heaven, and which applies not to one condition of life only, but to all.

LXXVI.

How often do we see those who are good and wise up to a certain point, but beyond that we come, as it were, to a precipice — they break down, as we say; we

wonder that, being so very good as they are, they are not better; that, being as wise as they are, they are not wiser.

One character there is which is so "exceeding broad" as to grasp and overlap all others. This is the true sign of the Divinity of the character of Christ. It is the personification not of one part only, but of the whole of the Law of God. It has not the littleness of a mere teacher, nor the narrowness of a hermit or a saint, nor the eccentricity of genius. "His shoulder," as the prophet says, is broad enough "to bear the government" and the sins of the whole world. His mind is wide enough to sympathize with all our infirmities, as well as with all our efforts after good in every direction.

No griefs of life are more trying than those which arise from the half-goodness or the half-wisdom of those whom we wish to love and respect. It is when we think of these things that the perfect law and the perfect mind of Christ are so inexpressibly consoling. Come unto Him, and in His greatness we shall find the enlargement of our littleness, in His tenderness we shall find the softening of our harshness, in His compassion we shall find the lightening of our burden.

LXXVII.

In every dispensation of Providence, sorrowful or joyful — in every duty, in every trial — in the great

waters, in the heaven of heavens — in our manifold blessings — in our laughter, in our tears, in the fulness of health, in the darkness of the grave — the hand of God is with us, His love is with us.

The "Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" never comes to an end. The "grace," the beauty, the lovliness of His character is infinite. The "grace," the favor, the good will, which He alone can give, is far beyond all human popularity, above all human praise, and worth all human judgment. The "grace," the forgiveness, the mercy, which we all so much need, which we are all so unwilling to give to others — this in our loving Saviour is "exceeding broad," granted to the first beginning of repentance, giving welcome to the humblest of our efforts after good. May this grace of Christ our Lord be with us now and always.

LXXVIII.

One verse from the Bible may be enough to sustain us in sore temptations; one fixed determination to do what is right may be the rallying-point round which our whole better nature may form and strengthen itself. True, "We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs" of our heavenly Father's table; but "He is the same Lord whose property is always to have mercy." He blesses, He owns our humblest efforts. For the sake of saving that single spark of good within the

soul ; for the sake of kindling that smoking flax, and of raising up that broken reed, He sent His Son to this earth to sacrifice Himself for us, in His life and in His death.

LXXIX.

To unite in our lives the two qualities expressed in the motto of the Black Prince, "*Hoch muth*" and "*Ich dien*," "high spirit" and "reverent service," is to be, indeed, not only a true gentleman and a true soldier, but a true Christian also. To show to all who differ from us, not only in war but in peace, that delicate forbearance, that fear of hurting another's feelings, that happy art of saying the right thing to the right person, which he showed to the captive king, would indeed add a grace and a charm to the whole course of this troublesome world, such as none can afford to lose, whether high or low.

Happy are they, who, having this gift by birth or station, use it for its highest purposes ; still more happy are they who, having it not by birth and station, have acquired it, as it may be acquired, by Christian gentleness and Christian charity.

And again, to act in all the various difficulties of our every-day life, with that coolness, and calmness, and faith in a higher power than his own, which he showed when the appalling danger of his situation burst upon

him at Poitiers, would smooth a hundred difficulties and ensure a hundred victories.

We often think that we have no power in ourselves, no advantages of position, to help us against our many temptations, to overcome the many obstacles we encounter. Let us take our stand by the Black Prince's tomb, and go back in thought to the distant fields of France. A slight rise in the wild upland plain, a steep lane through vineyards and underwood, this was all that he had, humanly speaking, upon his side; but he turned it to the utmost use of which it could be made and won the most glorious of battles.

So, in like manner, our advantages may be slight — hardly perceptible to any but ourselves — let us turn them to account, and the results will be a hundred fold; we have only to adopt the Black Prince's bold and cheering words when first he saw his enemies, "God is my help! I must fight them as best I can;" adding that lofty, yet resigned and humble prayer, which he uttered when the battle was announced to be inevitable, and which has since become a proverb, "God defend the right."

LXXX.

When the Gentile conqueror entered the Holy of Holies, and looked round and saw that there was no graven image, or likeness of anything on earth or in

heaven, he marvelled at the "vacant sanctuary," as of a worship without a God. Yet Pompey, in the temple of Jerusalem, and the ancient pilgrim in Canterbury cathedral, would be alike mistaken.

It is true that a void has been created, that the Reformation often left — as in the old sanctuary of the Cathedral, so on a wider scale in the hearts of men — a vacancy and a coldness which it is useless to deny, though easy to explain, and, to a certain point, defend. But this vacancy — this natural result of every great convulsion of the human mind — is one which it is our own fault if we do not fill up, in the only way in which it can be filled up; not by rebuilding what the reformers justly destroyed, nor yet by disparaging the better qualities of the old saints and pilgrims, but by a higher worship of God, by a more faithful service of man, than was thought possible.

In proportion to our thankfulness that ancient superstitions are destroyed, should be our anxiety that new light, and increased zeal, and more active goodness, should take their place. Our pilgrimage cannot be Geoffrey Chaucer's, but it may be John Bunyan's. In that true "Pilgrim's Way" to a better country, we have all of us to toil over many a rugged hill, over many a dreary plain, by many opposite and devious paths, cheering each other by all means, grave and gay, till we see the distant towers,

LXXXI.

In the seventeenth century, the minister of the parish of Anwoth, on the shores of Galloway, was the famous Samuel Rutherford, the great religious oracle of the Covenanters and their adherents. It was, as all readers of his letters will remember, the spot which he loved most on earth. The very swallows and sparrows which found their nests in the church of Anwoth were, when far away, the objects of his affectionate envy. Its hills and valleys were the witnesses of his ardent devotion when living; they still retain his memory with unshaken fidelity. It is one of the traditions thus cherished on the spot, that on a Saturday evening, at one of those family gatherings whence, in the language of the great Scottish poet,

"Old Scotia's grandeur springs,"

when Rutherford was catechising his children and servants, that a stranger knocked at the door of the manse, and (like the young English traveller in the celebrated romance which has given fresh life to these same hills in our own age), begged shelter for the night.

The minister kindly received him, and asked him to take his place amongst the family, and assist at their religious exercises. It so happened that the question in the catechism which came to the stranger's turn was that which asks:

"How many commandments are there?"

He answered "eleven."

"Eleven!" exclaimed Rutherford, "I am surprised that a person of your age and appearance should not know better. What do you mean?"

He answered "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another: As I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Rutherford was much impressed by the answer, and they retired to rest.

The next morning he rose early to meditate on the services of the day. The old manse of Anwoth stood — its place is still pointed out — in the corner of a field, under the hillside, and thence a long winding wooded path, still called Rutherford's Walk, leads to the church. Through this glen he passed, and, as he threaded his way through the thicket, he heard amongst the trees, the voice of the stranger at his morning devotions. The elevations of the sentiments and of the expressions convinced him that it was no common man. He accosted him, and the traveller confessed to him that he was no other than the great divine and scholar, Archbishop Usher, the Primate of the Church of Ireland, one of the best and most learned men of his age, who well fulfilled that new commandment in the love which he won and which he bore to others; one of the few links of Christian charity between the fierce con-

tending factions of that time, devoted to King Charles I., in his lifetime, and honored in his grave by the Protector Cromwell. He it was who, attracted by Rutherford's fame, had thus come in disguise to see him in the privacy of his own home.

The stern Covenanter welcomed the stranger Prelate; side by side they pursued their way along Rutherford's Walk to the little church, of which the ruins still remain; and in that small Presbyterian sanctuary, from Rutherford's rustic pulpit, the Archbishop preached to the people of Anwoth on the words which had so startled his host the evening before:

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another: As I have loved you, that ye also should love one another."

LXXXII.

If we can easily imagine the surprise of the pious Scotchman when he first heard of an eleventh commandment, much more may we figure to ourselves the surprise of the apostles when they, for the first time heard this new commandment from the lips of their Divine Master.

What? Are not the Ten Commandments enough? Must we always be pressing forward to something new? What is this that He saith. "A new commandment?" We cannot tell what he saith.

True it is that on those old Ten Commandments much more on the Two great Commandments, hang all the law and the prophets. They contain all the landmarks of our duty — the landmarks of our religion. But there is yet a craving in the human heart for something even beyond duty, even beyond reverence. There is a need which can only be satisfied by a new, by an Eleventh Commandment, which shall be at once old and new — which shall open a new field of thought and exertion for each generation of men; which shall give a fresh undying impulse to its older sisters — the youngest child (so to speak) of the patriarchal family, the youngest and holiest and best gifts of Him who has kept the good wine till the last. Many a false Eleventh Commandment has been put forth by the world to supply this want in its way; many a false Eleventh Commandment has been put forth by the churches in their way. But the true new commandment which our Saviour gave was, in its very form and fashion, peculiarly characteristic of his way — peculiarly characteristic of the Christian religion.

The novelty of the commandment lay in two points. First, it was new, because of the paramount predominant place which it gave to the force of the human affections, the enthusiasm for the good of others, which was — instead of ceremonial, or mere obedience, or correctness of belief — henceforth to become the appointed channel of religious fervor. And secondly, it was new,

because it was founded upon the appearance of a new character, a new manifestation of the character of man, a new manifestation of the character of God. Even if the four Gospels had been lost, we should see from the urgency with which the apostles press this new grace of love or charity upon us, that some diviner vision of excellence had crossed their minds. The very word which they used to express it was new, and the consequences therefore were new also. "Love one another," was the doctrine of Jesus Christ, "as I have loved you."

LXXXIII.

The solid blocks or tables on which the Ten Commandments were written were of the granite rock of Sinai, as if to teach us that all the great laws of duty to God and duty to man were like that oldest primeval foundation of the world — more solid, more enduring than all the other strata; cutting across all the secondary and artificial distinctions of mankind; heaving itself up, now here, now there; throwing up the fantastic crag, there the towering peak, here the long range which unites or divides the races of mankind. That is the universal, everlasting character of duty. But as that granite rock itself has been fused and wrought together by a central fire, without which it could not have existed at all, so also the Christian law of Duty, in order to perform fully its work in the world, must have been

warmed at the heart and fed at the source by a central fire of its own — and that central fire is Love — the gracious, kindly, generous, admiring, tender movements of the human affections; and that central fire itself is kept alive by the consciousness that there has been in the world a Love beyond all human love, a devouring fire of Divine enthusiasm on behalf of our race, which is the Love of Christ, which is of the utmost essence of the Holy Spirit of God. It is not contrary to the Ten Commandments. It is not outside of them, it is within them; it is at their core; it is wrapped up in them, as the particles of the central heart of the globe were encased within the granite tables in the Ark of the Temple.

LXXXIV.

The love wherewith Christ loved us, the new love wherewith we are to love one another, is universal, because in its spirit we overcome evil simply by doing good. We drive out error simply by telling the truth. We strive to look on both sides of the shield of truth. We strive to speak the truth in love, that is, without exaggeration or misrepresentation; concealing nothing, compromising nothing, but with the effort to understand each other, to discover the truth, which lies at the bottom of error; with the determination cordially to love whatever is lovable even in those in whom we cordially detest whatever is detestable. And, in proportion as

we endeavor to do this, there may be a hope that men will see that there are, after all, some true disciples of Christ left in the world, "because they have love one to another."

This love does not imply the necessity of absorbing one church into another, or of destroying one church in order to make room for another. It consists — and herein the tendencies of our age give us an immense assistance in carrying out the new commandment — it consists in a better understanding, a better appreciation of the peculiar spirit of every church — in recognising the inward semblance which exists under outward divergences. For this discharge of our Christian duty, the increased knowledge of our past history, the increased means of personal communication, are homely, but not less sacred channels through which this grace may flow in and out on all the various sections of Christendom.

LXXXV.

It was a just remark of a veteran statesman and historian of France, in speaking of the electric effect produced on the fiercest of the leaders of the old Revolution by being suddenly, and for the first time, brought into close contact with the unfortunate queen — "How many estrangements, misunderstandings, mortal enmities, would be cleared up and dispelled, if the adversaries could, for a few moments, meet eye to eye and

face to face." Not less true is this of ecclesiastical than of political hostilities. The more we see of each other, the less possible is it to believe each other to be out of the pale of Christian salvation, or Christian sympathy.

LXXXVI.

Not without reason did the venerable patriarch of German Catholic theology, when addressing the university of Munich, declare that of all the sciences that which would gain most from the impetus of modern events was theology, which must henceforth "transform her mission from a mission of polemics into a mission of irenics; which, if it be worthy of the name, must become a science, not as heretofore, for making war, but for making peace, and thus bring about that reconciliation of churches for which the whole civilized world is longing." It is but the natural result of the increasing age of the world, that it should learn that temperance in theological argument, that better sense of proportion in theological statements, which we sometimes see in the increased moderation of the experience of individuals, in the mildness of the mellowed old age of Athanasius and Augustine, of Luther, of Baxter, and of Wesley. It is but the natural result wherever lofty intellectual powers, or powerful spiritual discernment, have turned on theological subjects. The religious

thoughts of Bacon, Butler, and Berkeley, of Shakspeare, Milton, and Walter Scott; or, again, of Pascal and Thomas a Kempis; or, again, coming down to a lower level, of Bishop Wilson's maxims, or Whichcote's Aphorisms; or yet again, the sermons of Frederick Robertson in the Church of England, and the "pastoral counsels" of John Robertson, in the Church of Scotland, alike lead us to that peaceful path of true wisdom "which the lion's whelp hath not trodden, nor the vulture's eye seen"—which the fierce fanatic hath not known, nor the jealous polemic guarded.

LXXXVII.

The true union between Christian churches is promoted by the deepening sense—deepening in all that have eyes to see or ears to hear the signs of the time—the deepening sense of the mighty works that have to be achieved, and that may be achieved, for the moral and social regeneration of mankind. It is when we see some union formed for high philanthropic objects, or inspired by a common feeling of sympathy for what is in itself just, noble, and true, that we recognise a sample of what ought to be the animating principle of the true fraternal unity of churches. "Nothing," says a philosophic observer of our own time, "produces such steadfast friendships as working together for some public good." Nothing so fuses together all differences as

some event which evokes the better side of human nature in large masses of men. The age of the Crusades is past and gone, but there are causes of Christian charity far holier than that for which the Crusaders fought, which might call forth more than the Crusaders' chivalry. The famous Confession of Faith which issued from Westminster in the seventeenth century, as the expression of the whole Church and nation of Great Britian — noble and inspiring though it was, in some respects beyond all the Confessions of Protestant Europe — is yet not to be compared with the uniting and sanctifying force of the Christian English literature which in the nineteenth century has become the real bond and school of the nation, beyond the power of educational or ecclesiastical agitation to exclude or to pervert.

LXXXVIII.

It was the singular fortune of King William III., to have had for his two most intimate friends and advisers, two of the most earnest ecclesiastics of Great Britian, both of them Scots. In the south, next to the Primate Tillotson, was Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury; in the north, the real Presbyterian Primate of the Church of Scotland, William Carstairs. Carstairs has left nothing in writing; but his life is filled full of Christian strength and wisdom. His earliest public appearance was undergoing the agonizing trial of the thumbscrew

before the Priory Council in Edinburgh. All present, even his judges, were struck by the extraordinary fortitude and generosity of a man "who stood more in awe of love for his friends than of the fear of torture, and hazarded rather to die for them than that they should die for him."

Recommended to the Prince of Orange, by this heroic courage, as well as by the singular sagacity which he showed on the same occasion in revealing to his judges only what was of no use to them, and no harm to anyone else, he accompanied William on his eventful voyage to England, and was the first to call down the blessings of heaven on the expedition by the religious service which he celebrated immediately on his landing at Torbay, after which the troops all along the beach, at his instance, joined in the 118 Psalm. From that time he was William's companion to every field of battle — his most trusty adviser in all that related to the affairs of Scotland. "Cardinal Carstairs" was the name by which he was usually known, alluding to the saying of Cardinal Ximenes that he could play at football with the heads of the Castilian grandees. The king had one all-sufficing explanation of his influence:

"I have known Mr. Carstairs long; I have known him well; and I know him to be an honest man."

One famous instance of his power is recorded, unique in the history of princes and churches. An oath ("the

oath of assurance," as it was called), extremely obnoxious to the General Assembly, had been intended by the English Government to be imposed upon its members. The commissioner sent up an earnest remonstrance against it by a special messenger. There was just time for him to return to Scotland with the king's final determination on the night before the Assembly was appointed to meet. Carstairs was absent when the messenger arrived; and in that interval William, under the advice of his ministers, refused to listen to the remonstrance, and sent off his instructions by the messenger. When Carstairs arrived at Kensington he heard what had happened. He found the messenger setting off for Scotland, and demanded him in the king's name to deliver up the despatches. It was now late at night; not a moment was to be lost. He ran to the royal apartment, and was told by the lord in waiting that the king was in bed. He insisted on entering and found William fast asleep, drew the curtains, threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and awakened him. The king, startled, asked what had brought him, and for what he knelt. "I am come to ask my life."

"What can you have done," said William, "to deserve death?"

Carstairs told what had occurred. The king was furious; Carstairs begged only for a few words to explain. The king listened, was convinced, threw the despatch into the fire, wrote a new one at the dictation

of Carstairs; the messenger set off, and, in consequence of this delay, arrived only just in time, on the very morning of the fatal day. The crisis was averted, and the constitutional establishment of the church of Scotland at this day is, humanly speaking, the result of that memorable night.

LXXXIX.

When Carstairs was imprisoned in the castle at Edinburgh, a boy of twelve years, son of Erskine of Cambo, governor of the castle, in the course of his rambles through the court, came to the grate of Carstairs' apartment. As he always loved to amuse himself with children, he went to the grate and began a conversation. The boy was delighted, and every day came to the prison grate — told him stories, brought him provisions, took his letters to the post, was unhappy if Carstairs had no errand to send, and no favor to ask. When Carstairs was released, they parted with tears on both sides. One of the first favors that Carstairs asked of King William was, that he would bestow the office of Lord Lyon on his young friend, to whom he had owed so much; and he obtained it, with the additional compliment that it should be hereditary in the family. So in fact it continued, till it was unfortunately forfeited by the engagement of Erskine's eldest son in the rebellion of 1745.

Another story illustrates the freshness and simplicity of his pastoral character, amongst the absorbing public affairs which occupied him.

His sister, the wife of a Fifeshire clergyman, had become a widow. Carstairs had just arrived in Edinburgh from London, to transact business with King William's ministers. She came over to Edinburgh, and went to his lodgings. They were crowded with the nobility and officers of State; and she was told she could not see him.

"Just whisper," said she to the servant, "that I desire to know when it would be convenient for him to see me."

He returned for answer, "*Immediately*," left the company, came to her, and most affectionately embraced her.

On her attempting to apologize, "Make yourself easy," he said; "these gentlemen are come hither, not on my account, but their own. They will wait with patience till I return. You know I never pray long."

And so, after a short prayer suited to her circumstances, he fixed the time for seeing her more at leisure, and returned in tears to the company.

XC.

Toward the ejected Episcopalian clergy Carstairs acted with the utmost tenderness and consideration. He had

a visit from one of them by the name of Cadell. Carstairs observed with pain that his clothes were threadbare. He eyed him narrowly, and begged him to call again, on the pretext of business, in two days. Meanwhile, he had ordered a suit of clothes from his tailor, to suit not his own, but Cadell's make. When Cadell arrived, he found Carstairs in a seemingly furious passion at his tailor for mistaking his measure, so that neither coat, waistcoat, nor pantaloons would set upon him. Turning to Cadell, he said:

"They are lost if they don't fit some of my friends; and, by the by, I am not sure but they may answer you."

Cadell tried them. They were sent to his lodgings. On putting them on, he found in one of the pockets a ten pound note, which he immediately brought back.

"By no means," said Carstairs. "It cannot belong to me, for when you got the coat, you acquired a right to everything in it."

When the great churchman passed away in full age, he was interred with all honor in the venerable graveyard of his own church of Grey Friars. As the second founder of the Presbyterian church was laid in his grave, two mourners were observed to turn aside and burst into tears. They were two Episcopalian nonjurors, whose families for years he had supported.

The grave is unmarked by any monument. The name of Carstairs belonged to no party, English or

Scottish. It is not famous by the zealots on either side the Border, but there is none of which the whole ecclesiastical profession ought to be more proud.

XCI.

An English merchant at St. Andrews once said:

"I heard a sweet, majestic-looking man, and he showed me the majesty of God. Afterwards, I heard a little, fair man, and he showed me the loveliness of Christ."

The latter was Samuel Rutherford — the true saint of the Scottish Covenant. Anworth, on the shores of Galloway, was the scene of his pastoral ministrations. Men said of his life there:

"He is always praying, always preaching, always entreating, always visiting the sick, always catechising always writing and studying." "There," he says, "I wrestled with the angel and prevailed. Woods, trees, meadows, and hills, are my witnesses that I drew on a fair match between Christ and Anwoth."

We need not follow his life in detail. He was taken from Anwoth, and imprisoned at Aberdeen for his opposition to the policy of Charles I. He finally left Anwoth, after the triumph of the Covenant, to become professor at St. Andrews, where he remained till his end.

He was already on his death bed when he was sum-

moned by the parliament of Charles II. to appear before it on the charge of high treason.

"I am summoned," he replied, "before a higher judge and judicatory: that first summons I behove to answer; and, ere a few days arrive, I shall be where few kings and great folks come."

On the last day of his life, in the afternoon, he said:

"This night will close the dawn, and fasten my anchor within the veil, and I shall go away in a sleep by five o'clock in the evening. There is nothing now between me and the resurrection but 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Glory, glory, dwelleth in Emmanuel's land."

When Parliament voted that he should not die in the college, Lord Burley rose and said:

"Ye cannot vote him out of Heaven."

He lies in the churchyard of the ruined cathedral of St. Andrews; and, like a mediæval saint, has attracted around him "the godly, who desired that they might be laid even where his body was laid."

XCII.

There are few men whose character gives the impression of a more complete elevation, both above the cares and prejudice of the world — of a more entire detachment from earth — than Robert Leighton, the one saint common both to the Presbyterian and the Episcopal

church. Sometimes this appeared in his playful sayings on the misfortunes of life. On some great pecuniary loss he made a jesting remark:

"What," said his relation, "is that all you make of the matter?"

"Truly," answered Leighton, "if the Duke of Newcastle, after losing nineteen times as much of yearly income, can dance and sing, while the solid hopes of Christians will not avail to support us, we had better be as the world."

Once, as a party embarked on the Thames in a boat, between the Savoy and Lambeth, the boat was in imminent danger of sinking, and most of them crying, Leighton never lost his serenity; and, to some who expressed their astonishment, replied:

"Why, what harm would it have been if we had all been safely landed on the other side!"

To the Lord's prayer he was specially partial, and said:

"Oh, the spirit of this prayer would make rare Christians. One devout thought is worth all my books."

Often would he bewail the proneness of Christians to stop short of perfection; and it was his grief to observe that "some good men are content to be low and stunted vines."

One single expression, perhaps, best shows the secret at once of his unworldliness, his humor, and his high

philosophy. He was reprimanded in a synod for not "preaching up the times."

"Who," he asked, "does preach up the times?"

It was answered that all the brethren did it.

"Then," he rejoined, "if all of you preach up the times, you may surely allow one poor brother to preach up Christ Jesus and eternity."

To close his life, was, he said, "like a traveller pulling off his miry boots." His well-known wish was to die in an inn — "the whole world being a large and noisy inn, and he a wayfarer tarrying in it as short a time as possible." So, in fact, he breathed his last in the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane.

In England, his burial place at Horsted Keynes is still venerated, and his "Commentary on St. Peter" alone, of ancient Scottish works of theology, is read on the south of the Tweed: and the "aphorisms" drawn from it have been made the basis of one of the most philosophical of English theological treatises — "Coleridge's aids to Reflection."

XCIII.

Not only the comfortable words, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," but the words, "Enter ye in at the strait gate" — not only the words "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," but the words,

"Be ye perfect, even as my Father is perfect," are parts of the same Gospel of Peace.

The keen frost which braces our nerves and clears our atmosphere is as necessary, and seasonable, and invigorating as the gentle airs of spring, as the genial warmth of summer, as the golden fall of autumn. All are alike to be found in His discourses, all are alike to be cherished.

It is a Gospel of Peace to find a friend who, even whilst he rebukes us, shows that he enters into our thoughts, reads our wants, feels for our weaknesses. Such is the effect of reading the words of Him who knew what was in man, who was tempted like as we are, who lays his finger on each infirmity of our suffering souls. It is glad tidings of great joy to be told that goodness, patience, justice, purity, are not idle dreams — that they are within our reach, that not in any one country or place, but everywhere, God may be served and man may be loved.

XCIV.

The surest means of overcoming evil is to overcome it with good. The surest means of overcoming error is by setting forth truth. Not active pursuit of evil, but absence of zeal for good, is the cause of more than half the crimes and miseries which infest the world, of more

than half the controversies and slanders which infest the church. Occupy, busy, engross yourselves with things honest and true, lovely, of good report, and you will then have no pleasure in seeking out things unlovely and of evil report, no leisure to pick them out in the doings, and characters, and opinions of your neighbors. To expel and destroy evil by thinking and doing of good — this is the divine scheme of education, for it is the divine scheme of the redemption of the world.

XCV.

Nothing that can suggest a high or holy thought, nothing that can keep out a low or base temptation, can be regarded as unworthy a Christian's notice in his passage through this wide world, over which we must pass to the land of rest beyond. Everything which opens our minds to a better knowledge of what is noble and beautiful here on earth — every active, invigorating pursuit and taste of our own — every dear recollection of times gone by — every grateful thought of friends, new and old — every truth, divine or human, firmly fixed in the heart or in the mind — are amongst the treasures which God has given to help us on our onward journey, till we shall see the face of Him in whom all these things are forever united in one.

XCVI.

It was a wise maxim of ancient military tactics: *Always make a silver bridge for a flying enemy.*

It is no less a maxim of Christian wisdom and Christian charity: Make silver bridges for those who seek to retrieve their errors, their mistakes, their wrongs.

Do not raise obstacles in the way of the returning penitent, whether penitent towards God or towards man. It was an ancient maxim, too, of worldly prudence: *Look on your best friends with the thought that they may one day become your worst enemies.*

It is for us to reverse this maxim, and rather say: *Look on your worst enemies with the thought that they may one day become your best friends.*

XCVII.

Think how often you have been mistaken; how often you may be mistaken yet again. Think how, in the warmth of your own better feelings, your hard and cold heart has melted, and you may fairly hope and believe that the same genial warmth will spread towards whom it is directed; and many a proud spirit that would have long met scorn with scorn, and hate with hate, will be bowed down to the dust by one kind word; many a hard heart will be melted down by the morsel of bread

and the cup of cold water, that would have resisted a whole furnace of angry invectives.

This is the true Christian vengeance, the true Christian victory over those who wrong or offend us. Charity, no less than honesty, is the best policy, and also the noblest revenge.

XCVIII.

It is a great thing as we often hear it said, to have "right men in right places," but it is also a great thing, and one which more nearly concerns our own individual practice to have the right *man* doing the right *thing;* and the right *thing* said and done in the right *place*, and at the right *time*, and in the right *way*. A right thing done in a wrong way is often more mischievous than a thing done wrong altogether. A saying, in itself most true, loses its savor, if said at a wrong time. An amusement, in itself quite innocent, a practice, in itself most holy, a rebuke, in itself most just, will become almost wicked, if said or done by a wrong person, or in a wrong place. It is no defence to say that such and such a thing was good in itself, or good a thousand years or even ten years ago, or good a thousand miles off. The question is, whether it is good for us, and for our neighbors; good for us now in the nineteenth century, in our own homes, in our own circles; good to be

done and said by us and for us as we are, and as those about us are.

There is a time and place for everything. How many good plans have come to nought, not from wickedness, not from opposition to what is good, but because men have tried to mend at the wrong time, or refused to mend at the right time — because men have exalted one truth, or one virtue, or one custom, however good in itself, out of all proportion to other truths and duties, and so have driven men by a recoil and reaction into an equal disproportion on the other side — over-reverence leading to irreverence, over-strictness to over-laxity, excessive rashness to excessive caution, excessive seriousness to excessive childishness.

XCIX.

Each of us has his own special calling, greater or smaller, more or less varied. Let us not waste our time, or mar our usefulness, by intruding into provinces which are not ours, or overburdening ourselves with labors disproportioned to our strength and powers. The very same gifts which are most useful to our station of life will be a snare and a sin to men in another station, or men in the same station under different circumstances. Any one faculty pushed to extremes, indulged to excess, ceases to be a gift or a blessing and becomes a curse. Music — how divine and healing an

art in itself, yet how distracting, how unsettling, how dangerous when it takes possession of the whole man and leads him hither and thither without the counterpoise of either principle or pursuit.

Study — how soothing, how edifying in its right sphere yet how fatal if it usurps the place of the practical duties of everyday life and of important stations. Mechanical pursuits — how pleasant as a recreation to many, how necessary as a support to the whole community, how direct a duty to some; how deeply sanctified by the life of "the Carpenter, the Son of Man;" yet how fatal when they encroach on higher responsibilities. How fatal to that unfortunate king who, in the crisis of the French monarchy, devoted himself to his favorite craft rather than to the task of saving the state. How useful to that great prince who made it the means of civilizing and reforming his vast barbarian empire. How valuable, in short, are all these occupations, if they help us forward in our main work of life; but how dangerous, if they so take possession of us, as to lead us away from our proper calling, either without giving us another, or giving us a wrong one, in its place.

C.

In the defence of Lucknow, we are told that the courage, the subordination, the zeal of each individual of the little garrison was sustained by the awful con-

sciousness that on him rested the safety of the whole—a single outpost lost would be the loss of all. Even so it is with us. The assailants are many, the defenders are few; if the fortress of goodness and truth is to be saved, it must be by everyone doing at his own post the work which belongs to him alone. The weak cannot do the work of the strong, the soldier cannot do the work of the nurse, nor the private of the general, nor the general of the private. What discipline effects in the army is effected in our moral duties by a sense of the apostolical doctrine of proportion. Everyone has his own work assigned him by the Captain of our salvation. Not to do that, or to do another's work which is not ours, is to betray the whole—a breach of discipline, a disproportionate zeal, or a disproportionate prudence, may in our spiritual no less than in our earthly warfare be as fatal, though not as guilty, as cowardice, or treachery, or neglect. Great enterprises may be marred, if not ruined; noble characters may be wasted, if not lost, merely by the vain endeavors to do ourselves what would be far better done by others.

Allow for others — claim for yourselves — a division of labor, a division of responsibility. A good master, a good servant, a good soldier, a good teacher, is made in no other way so well as by knowing what is his place, and keeping to that; not doing anything above his place, or below his place, or out of his place, but by

"waiting" on and in his place, whatever it be, prophesying, fighting, exhorting, ruling, learning.

CI.

There is an old Christian virtue of which the name breathes the savor of former days, but which lingers, we trust, amongst us still. *Chivalry* — the desire to protect the weak, and repress the strong — the leaning to the weaker side because it is the weaker — the holding out against the strong, because it is the stronger; this, as we all know, is an unworldly virtue. It has often run into excess. It is often mischievous and troublesome. It has become the subject of the most famous satire that the genius of man has ever composed. But still, even in its excesses, it is refreshing. It is edifying, even when we oppose it. We are the better for seeing and admiring it, even if we are incapable of attaining to it ourselves, or if we have to restrain its extravagances. God grant that we may always have the grace to acknowledge its own inherent excellence. It is unworldly, it is not what the world expects, but it is for that very reason what the world most needs.

How invigorating it is to see men, as we sometimes see, not in any wild knight errantry, but in simple Christian independence of spirit, dependent on God, though independent of man, stand up against the fury of professional clamor, and against the stupidity of

popular prejudice. How ennobling it is to see men, whether in the press or out of the press, resist the tyranny of public opinion which will not hear the other side, and do justice where justice needs to be done, and refuse the popular praise which is not due, and give the unpopular praise which is due.

They have their reward, though not as others have it — they are the lights in the distance that keep alive the spirit and the hope of those who have not strength and courage to imitate them openly — they will be remembered when they pass from this earthly scene, if for other good words and works, yet for this above all — that "they delivered the poor that cried, and *him that had none to help him*."

CII.

To mix much in the affairs of this world, its cares, its interests, its amusements, to enjoy them deeply, to grasp them keenly, to fret and chafe as they pass from us — this may not be very wrong, but it certainly is worldly. It is the natural result of having attached ourselves, conformed ourselves to the fashion, the scheme, the stir and rush of the engine of this tremendous world. Where shall we find the calmness, the serenity, the elevation of soul, which can disentangle itself from the confusion, console others, console itself, stand aloof, make its voice heard above the roar, be

tranquil in the midst of battle, and shipwreck, and perplexity, and ruin? be pure in the midst of corruption, and steadfast in the midst of the whirlpool? This is an unworldly good which even worldly men covet when they see it. This is indeed to be transfigured by "a renewing of the inward man, which day by day is renewed, though the outward man perish."

It may come to a few through philosophy — let us not deny this — but it is the very point in which philosophy most resembles religion; and for the mass of us, it will only be through religion, through the resignation of our own will to God's will, that we shall attain that "peace which passeth understanding."

To have a great cause on hand, to know that it is far greater than anything which we can do for it, this is always the best check to all the vanities and vexations of the world. To feel that is the cause of God, is a source of consolation and calmness higher still. The great king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, was warned not to risk his life in battle. He answered, as an answer which was to silence all objections, "God the Almighty liveth."

CIII.

"Up and be doing," is the word that comes from God to each of us. Leave some good work behind you that shall not be wholly lost when you have passed

away. Do something worth living for, worth dying for; *do* something to show that you have a mind, and a heart, and a soul within you. Ask yourselves, is there no good deed which you can do to remind yourself, to remind others, that you are a Christian. Is there no want, no suffering, no sorrow, that you can relieve? Is there no act of tardy justice, no deed of cheerful kindness, no long-forgotten duty that you can perform? Is there no reconciliation of some ancient quarrel, no payment of some long outstanding debt, no courtesy, or love, or honor, to be rendered to those to whom it has long been due; no charitable, humble, kind, useful deed, by which you can promote the glory of God, or good will among men, or peace upon earth? If there be any such, I beseech you, in God's name, in Christ's name, *go and do it.*

CIV.

There are, according to the old Greek proverb, many who have borne the thyrsus, and yet not been inspired prophets. There are many, also, who have been inspired prophets without wearing the prophetic mantle, or bearing the mystic wand; and these, whether statesmen, philosophers, poets, have been amongst the friends, conscious or unconscious, of the religion of the future; they are citizens, whether registered or unregistered, in the Jerusalem which is above, and which is free.

CV.

Theology has gained, and may gain immensely, by the process which has produced so vast a change in all other branches of knowledge — the process of diving below the surface and discovering the original foundations. How much has been offered by archæology by the excavations of Pompeii, of Nineveh, of Rome, of Troy, of Mycenæ. How much for history, by the exploration of the archives of Simancas, of the Register House of Edinburgh! How much for science, by the crucible of chemistry, by the spade and hatchet of the geologist, by the plummet of the challenger. To this general law theology furnishes no exception.

CVI.

Every deep religious system has in it more than appeared at the time to its votaries, far more than has appeared in later time to its adversaries. Even in the ancient religions of Greece and Rome, it is surprising to observe how vast a power of expansion and edification was latent, in forms of which the influence might long ago seem to have died out. The glory of the Homeric poems, the solemnity of Sophocles and Æschylus, the beauty of the Apollo Belvidere, have, as it were, risen from their graves after the lapse of centuries, and occupy a larger space in the modern mind

than they have done at any time since their first creation. Even in the case of Mohammedanism, the Koran has, within the last century, been awakened from a slumber of ages, and has been discovered to contain maxims which Christendom might cultivate with advantage, but which, in all the long centuries of ignorance, were hopelessly forgotten both by friends and foes.

A great religion is not dead because it is not immediately comprehended, or because it is subsequently perverted, if only its primitive elements contain, along with the seeds of decay and transformation, the seeds of living truth. Especially is this the case in Christianity, which is not only (like Mohammedanism) the religion of a sacred book, but the religion of a sacred literature and a sacred life.

CVII.

Our Lord's life is an example, but it is not, nor ever could be, an example to be literally and exactly copied. It has been so understood, on the one hand, even by such holy men as Francis of Assise, who thought that the true "imitation of Christ" was to produce a facsimile of all its outward circumstances in his own person. It has been so understood, on the other hand, by some in our own day, who have attacked it on the express ground that it could not, without impropriety, be

literally re-enacted by any ordinary person in England in the nineteenth century.

But it is not an example in detail ; and those who try to make it so, whether in defence or in attack, are but neglecting the warning which Bacon so beautifully gives in the story of the rich young man in the gospels :

" Beware how in making the portraiture thou breakest the pattern."

In this sense, the Christian church ought to " know Christ henceforth no more according to the flesh."

All such considerations ought to be swallowed up in the overwhelming sense of the moral and spiritual state in which we stand towards Him. His life is our example, not in its outward acts, but in the spirit, the atmosphere which it breathes — in the ideal which it sets before us — in the principles, the motives, the object with which it supplies us.

CVIII.

Who can say how much of the purity and simplicity, and therefore universal strength of the first teaching of the gospel, we owe (humanly speaking) to the humble station and uneducated character of the first apostles, which thus received, at once, and without perversion or intrusion of alien thoughts, the original impression of the Word made flesh ?

Who can say how great would have been the loss to

the world had the gospel originated, not in the weakness of Palestine and Galilee, but in the learning of Alexandria or the strength of Rome?

And again, in St. Paul himself, it might have seemed at the time to all, as it did to him, that the cause of the gospel would have been better served had he been relieved from his infirmity and gone forth to preach and teach with unbroken vigor of body and mind, his bodily presence strong, his speech mighty and powerful.

But history has answered the question otherwise, and has ratified the Divine answer in which the apostle Paul acquiesced. What the apostle lost for himself, and what Christianity lost for the moment, has been more than compensated by the acknowledgment that he was beyond doubt proved to be, not the inventor of Christianity, but its devoted and humble propagator. In his own weakness lies the strength of the cause. When he was weakest as a teacher of the present, he was strongest as an apostle of the future. And what his trial was to him and to the world on a larger scale, that the trial of each individual Christian may have been ever since, the means in ways inconceivable to him now, of making himself and others strong in the service of God and of man.

CIX.

The Christian idea of a future state is not fully ex-

pressed by a mere abstract belief in the *immortality of the soul*, but requires a redemption and restoration of the whole man.

According to the ancient creed of Paganism expressed in the well-known lines at the commencement of the Iliad, the souls of departed heroes did indeed survive death; but these souls were not themselves; "themselves" were the bodies left to be devoured by dogs and vultures.

The teaching of our Saviour and the apostles, on the other hand, is always that, amidst whatever change, it is the very man himself that is preserved; and, if for the preservation of this identity any outward organization is required, then, although "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven," God from the infinite treasure house of the new heavens and new earth, will furnish that organization, as He has already furnished it to the several stages of creation in the present order of the world.

"If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much rather clothe you, O ye of little faith."

"Ye do err, not knowing . . . the power of God."

CX.

The majesty of the Bible will touch hearts which even its holiness cannot move, and will awe minds which no

argument can convince. The early chapters of Genesis contain many things at which the man of science may stumble; but none will question their unapproachable sublimity.

The book of Isaiah may furnish endless matter for the critics; but the more fastidious he is, the more freely will he acknowledge its magnificence of thought and diction. The authorship of the four Gospels may be defended, attacked, and analyzed interminably; but the whole world bows down before the grandeur of the eight beatitudes, and the parable of the prodigal son, and the farewell discourses, and the story of Gethsemane and Calvary.

CXI.

Sometimes we think that we are about to be overwhelmed by a general return of forgotten superstitions, sometimes by a general chaos of incredulity; sometimes our course seems darkened by an eclipse of faith, sometimes by an eclipse of reason. Yet, on the whole, the history of mankind justifies us in hoping that as in the moral, so also in the intellectual condition of the race, in regard to the higher spiritual truths, our light is not altogether swallowed up in darkness, that the good cannot be and is not altogether lost, that the evil, the error, the superstition, that has once disappeared, even if it returns from time to time, will not

again permanently rule over us as heretofore. Christianity itself goes through these struggles. In its divine aspect it wrestles with man. In its human aspect it wrestles with God. It has within it, like the Patriarch, two natures — the crafty, earth-born Jacob, the lofty, heaven-aspiring Israel.

CXII.

It is because there is hardly any one form of Christian truth which has been held "always, everywhere, and by everybody," that we seem to see how it may at last assimilate to itself all the good and all the truth which the world contains, and which, though not in it, are yet of it. So far as it has survived the conflicts of eighteen centuries, it has been not by adhering rigidly to the past, but by casting off its worser and grosser elements, and taking up in each age something of that higher element which each age had to give.

It has survived the corruptions and superstitions which it inherited from the Roman Empire, and has carried off in the struggle the elements of Roman civilization.

It has survived the miserable controversies of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, and has carried off from its earlier age the first germs of liturgical worship, and the memory of the martyrs.

It has survived the barbarous fancies and cruelties of

the Middle Ages, and carried off with it the marvels of mediæval art.

It has survived the fierce conflicts of the Reformation, and has carried off with it the light of freedom, of conscience, and of knowledge.

It has survived the shock of the French Revolution, and has carried off with it the toleration and the justice of the eighteenth century.

It has survived the alarms which were excited at the successive appearance of astronomy, geology, physiology, historical criticism, and has carried off with it a deeper insight into nature and into the Bible.

In each of these anxious wrestling matches it has, like the patriarch, seen the face of God, and its life has been not only preserved, but transfigured.

CXIII.

It was one of the last anxious aspirations of Dean Milman, that some means might be found to avert the wide and widening breach which he seemed to see between the thought and the religion of England. There has been an increasing suspicion which threatens more and more to embitter the fiercer factions of the ecclesiastical and the scientific world — each rejoicing to push the statements of its rival to the extremest consequences, and to place on them the worst possible construction.

There have arisen new questions, which ancient theology has, for the most part, not even considered. There is an impetuosity on both sides, which to the sober sense of the preceding century was unknown, and which insists upon the precipitation of conflicts, once cautiously avoided or quietly surmounted.

There are also indications that we are passing through one of those periods of partial eclipse which from time to time retard the healthy progress of mankind. In the place of the abundant harvest of statesmanlike and poetic genius with which the nineteenth century opened, there have sprung up too often the lean and puny stalks blighted with the east wind. Of this wasting, withering influence, modern theology has had its full share.

Superstitions which seemed to have died away have returned with redoubled force; fantastic ideas of divine and human things which the calm judgment of the last century, the heaven-inspired insight of the dawn of this, would have scattered like the dreams of fever, seem to reign supreme in large sections of the religious world.

And this calamity has overtaken us in the presence of the vast, perhaps disproportionate, advance of scientific knowledge, which feels most keenly and presses most heavily the weaknesses of a credulous or ceremonial form of belief.

But behind these outward manifestations of danger, there is a higher Christianity which neither assailants nor defenders have fully exhausted. We cannot believe

that the inexorable hour has struck. There is good ground for hoping that the difficulties of religion, national religion, Christian religion, are but the results of passing maladies, either in its professed friends or supposed foes.

We may fairly say with the first Napoleon, "We have perhaps gone a little too fast, but we have reason on our side, and when one has reason on one's side, one should have the courage to run some risks."

The evening star, according to the fine image of the poet, which is the accompaniment of the setting day, may be one and the same with the morning star, the harbinger of sunrise.

CXIV.

In a famous speech of one of our greatest orators during the European war of twenty-five years ago, there occur words which have never been forgotten by those who heard them, and which struck a sacred awe on the national assembly to which he spoke:

"The angel of death is passing over the land. I seem even now to hear the beating of his wings."

Not only in war, but in every day of every year, in some household that tread may be felt, the rustling of those wings may be heard. But the angel of death is also the angel of life, for if death divides, he may also reunite.

The angel whose visits are of judgment and destruction, invites and provokes us to works of charity and kindness. The angel who sits within the shadow of the sepulchre, is also the angel of the resurrection of our immortal souls.

CXV.

To put forth old truths that they may with each successive age wear a new aspect ; so to receive new truths that they may not clash rudely with the old ; this is the function which God entrusts to each new generation of mankind. So, again and again,

> " God hath fulfilled himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

CXVI.

The human mind, it has been well said, may and ought to repose as calmly before a confessed and unconquerable difficulty as before a confessed and discovered truth.

In the power and justice and judgment of the Almighty, no less than in His mercy and love, let us place our absolute confidence. "God," as the old proverb says, "never smites with both hands at once;" with one hand He strikes to afflict, but the other is uplifted behind the veil, to bless, to heal, and to purify.

We may rest assured that the Supreme Mind has a purpose, even though we do not see it.

CXVII.

The cross of Christ is the pledge to us that the deepest suffering may be the condition of the highest blessing; the sign, not of God's displeasure, but of His widest and most compassionate love.

CXVIII.

We know that what we see are but the outskirts of creation; that the power and the wisdom which rule this vast universe must be beyond the reach, not only of our understanding, but of our furthest speculation. Many a one who has been perplexed by the uncertainties and contentions of history, has been strengthened by the certainty and the unity of science.

"The moral perversions of mankind would have made an infidel of me," said one of the best prelates of this century, "but for the counteracting impression of a Divine providence in the works of nature."

CXIX.

We all have need of the grace of humility. We have need of the conviction that many of us, perhaps most

of us, are but as dust and ashes in the presence of the great oracles in the various branches of knowledge that Divine wisdom has raised up amongst us. We have need of willingness, of eagerness to be corrected by those who fear to tread where we rush boldly in, and of a desire to improve ourselves by every light that dawns upon us from the past or present, from the east or from the west, from heaven or from earth.

CXX.

We sometimes hear it said, that in this or that school, or in this or that system, morality may be taught, but not religion; or that unless religion is taught, it is useless to teach morality. There are, no doubt, elements in religion that are not necessarily contained in morality. But in the highest point of view the distinction fades away as we touch it. In Paganism this might have been so. But in Christianity, morality is itself the innermost part of religion, is its very Holy of Holies.

The Homeric gods, as a general rule, were not better, but worse, than the Homeric heroes. The description of the Eternal in the Old Testament, again, was often too far removed from human thought to be represented to us in the form of human goodness. But the Christian idea of God was nothing else than the perfection of virtue and wisdom. There are not many definitions of the Supreme Being in the New Testament, but they

are mostly of this kind, "God is love; God is light;" and when to this we add that the Founder of our religion is set before us, not only as an example of humanity, but as the representation and personification of Divinity, this truth concerning the moral nature of the Divine essence, attains a vividness and power which has never been reached in any other faith.

In all the various theories concerning the nature of Christ, if not equally, at any rate in a predominant and impressive form, the chief aspect in which He is set before us is as a mirror in which we see the perfection of the Deity. The more human the representation of His virtues, the more we feel the divine character of the mission entrusted to Him. The more attractive and persuasive to all our moral convictions, so much the more we feel that He has disclosed to us the secret of the invisible and eternal mind.

CXXI.

The acts and courtesies of life have their own value; but that value is as nothing compared with a high, honorable, upright course of life. The splendor or the simplicity of worship, the excellence of music, or the beauty of architecture, have their own attraction for the truly spiritual mind. But compared with duty — compared with forbearance, humility, and truth — they have in the judgment of the Supreme mind very slight attraction indeed.

CXXII.

The universal benevolence of God as our Father; the universal capacity for religion in mankind as His children; the identification of religion with morality; the identification of moral goodness with the Divine nature; the supreme importance of charity, purity, truth, and humility; the necessity and the possibility of continued progress, both in the individual and in the race; the reversal of the superficial judgments of the world; the identification of things secular and things sacred; the divinity of sorrow and suffering; the spiritual character of true religion, both in worship and in doctrine — these are the ten chief inward principles which lie behind all the facts, institutions, and history of Christianity, which would not, so far as we know, have struck root in the world at all but for the coming of Christianity, and which, wherever they are found bearing fruit, constitute a Christian, whatever be the outward profession; which, wherever they are not found, cause a failure, a falling short of the privileges and the consolations of Christianity.

CXXIII.

Christianity is what it is by the fact that there was once lived upon earth a sacred and divine life — sacred and divine because it was supremely, superhumanly,

and transcendently good; because it was above the limitations of time, country, and party; because it revealed to mankind the fullest insight into the heart of the Eternal and Supreme; and Christianity shall be what it may yet become, in proportion as that life, or anything like it, is lived over again in the personal example and influence of any human soul that aspires towards the perfect ideal which is represented not in the name, but in the power; not in the letter, but in the spirit, of Jesus Christ.

CXXIV.

There is a passage in the Book of Genesis, on which I have often been accustomed to dwell, as a likeness of the course which we may hope that ecclesiastical history may take.

When Isaac digged a well in the valley of Gerar, the neighboring herdsmen strove with him, and he called the name of that well *Esek*, that is to say, "strife or controversy;" and they went on to another well, and there also were accusations and counter accusations, and he called the name of that well *Sitnah*, that is to say, "calumny," or "recrimination." And they went on and found another well in a large, free, open space, where each had room to feed their flocks at will, without interfering with the others, and he called the name of that well *Rehoboth*, that is to say, as it is in our ver-

sion, "room," or "width," or "breadth," or as it is called in the sacred Vulgate of the ancient church, *Latitudo*, or in plain English, "latitude."

Latitude, or latitudinarian, is not deemed a reproach by that venerable translation; it was deemed the highest title of honor by the noblest English divines at the close of the seventeenth century. It may, perchance, be our best guide, even in the New World, to the still waters of comfort and peace.

CXXV.

"Thy will be done," that great prayer which lies at the root of all religions, is a thought which the old Western nations hardly understood. It breathes the spirit of the race of Abraham, of the race of Ishmael."

"God is great," so a Musselman Algerine once said to his Christian captive. The captive, who came from the British Isles, has recorded that it was the first word of consolation that had reached his heart, and caused his sinking spirit to revive.

On the other hand, look at the practical activity and beneficence which formed the sum and substance of the Redeemer's life; how he went about everywhere doing good, how He made the service of man to be itself the service of God. This is a vast advance from the immovable East. It is the Divine recognition of those energetic faculties which have especially marked

the character of the Greek, the Roman, the German, and the Anglo-Saxon races of mankind.

Christ has taught us how to be reverential, and serious, and composed. He has taught us no less how to be active, and stirring, and manly, and courageous. The activity of the West has been incorporated into Christianity, because it is comprehended in the original character and genius of our Founder, no less than are the awe and reverence which belong to the East.

CXXVI.

It is well to know how to be in sympathy with the will of God; to feel truly the littleness of all that is little, and to feel no less truly the greatness of all that is great; to have a just measure of what is partial, secondary, indifferent, and of what is eternal, permanent, and essential; to look beyond the narrow present to the far reaching past and future. This, which we may believe is the instinct of the blessed intelligences which stand around the throne of God, ought to be the aspiration, difficult and arduous, yet not impossible, of those who are struggling here on earth.

"The Lord sitteth above the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet."

We should strive to look upon things on earth as we imagine that He looks upon them who sees their beginning, middle, and end.

There are, indeed, those who serve, although they only "stand and wait;" those who in the temple of heaven, as in the temple on earth, do God's will by silent praise and contemplation. But this is not the usual description of the ministering spirits. They rest not, day nor night; their rest is in work, and their work itself is rest. They rejoice, so we are told, in the recovery of every fragment of good. And this ministration for our welfare extends even to those operations of Providence which seem at times most adverse.

As in nature, the fierce rain, the wild wind, the raging fire, are often indispensable instruments for the purification of rivers, the invigoration of health, the reformation of cities, so also it is in individual experience.

In our own lives how often it is that we come across what have been finely called "veiled angels."

> "We know how radiant and how kind,
> Their faces are those veils behind;
> We trust those veils one happy day,
> In heaven and earth shall pass away."

CXXVII.

As we look at the divisions of Christendom at large or of any one of its separate churches, the question often arises, Who is this that cometh from Edom with garments dyed in Christian blood — the seamless raiment rent in twain by the violence of Christian contro-

versy? Can this be the Prince of Peace? Can this be the God of love? Can this be the Merciful and the Just?

Yet here, also, is another side to the picture. Here, also, must the truth of God enter into its rest by hard-won victory, by generous rivalry, by the eager conflict of soul with soul and mind with mind. Union of the same elements is nothing; it is only the union of diverse elements which makes unity worth having. If all were the eye, where were the hearing? If all were the ear, where were the seeing?

We may have absolute agreement and sameness — every face like every other face, every mind like every other mind; but we should then have none of the variety of nature, none of the culture of civilization, none of the richness and the fulness of Christianity. But in proportion as any church is civilized, and national, and comprehensive, there must be divisions, and those very divisions are the sign of comprehension and of vitality.

As in the state, so in the church, it is by argument, by debate, by the intercourse of different souls, that truth is sifted, and light struck out, and faith tried, and charity perfected.

There are streams of religious thought which, like the Nile, can diffuse beneficence by their sole strength, without tributary or accessory aid; but the stream of the highest Christian truth, in this respect, resembles the mighty river, the glory of the Western world, which

flows beneath the heights of Quebec, and which derives its force and majesty from that peculiar conformation of the continent which has made it the depository and the outlet of all that vast volume of waters which, in hidden springs, and immense lakes, and world-renowned cataracts, discharge themselves into its broad channel, and make it the highway of the nations.

Such is true Christianity, accepting and including all the elements of life which, from the inland seas of far antiquity, or the rushing torrents of impetuous action, or the dissolving foam of ethereal speculation, find their way into its capacious bosom.

CXXVIII.

When we hear on every side, of the inquiries concerning that mysterious frame which has been so fearfully and wonderfully made, let us not be alarmed as though some new thing had happened to us. However far we may trace back the material parts of man, from whatever earlier forms of existence it may be thought possible to derive the bodily frame which we possess in common with other parts of creation, no one can go farther back or deeper down than St. Paul, or than the Book of Genesis have already led us.

"The first man is of the earth, earthy," says St. Paul; "the Lord God," says the Book of Genesis, "made man

out of the dust of the earth," out of the inanimate brute earth.

There is much, no doubt, that has of late years brought out the likeness of our physical nature to that of the lower animals, with a force, and vivacity, and multiplicity of illustration that was not known before. But the fact itself has always been familiar even to the ordinary observer.

There is much, also, that has long ago compelled us to abandon the prosaic chronological character of the earlier chapters of the Bible. But this need not preclude us from recognizing the truth of their general spirit, of their spiritual forecast. The Biblical and the scientific accounts thus far, at least, go together — that neither in the one nor the other can the description of man's origin affect or destroy our knowledge, our certainty of what he is now.

There is nothing more surprising in being told that the race of mankind has sprung, as the Bible tells us, from the dust of the earth, than in being told that a Newton or a Shakespeare has sprung from the small, sleeping infant, without speech, without reason, almost without consciousness.

It would be new, it would be against religion, it would be against the Bible, it would, I may add, be against all fact and all experience, if we were told that, because of this humble origin, if so it be, therefore we could never rise above it; that because we were once

children, therefore we must be forever children and can never become men; that because we were once savage, we could never be civilized; that because our first man was of the earth, earthy, therefore all our higher and nobler desires, and hopes, and affections, are also of the earth, earthy.

This would indeed make us, as St. Paul says, of all creatures the most miserable. But any such degrading, retrograde belief, is repudiated by none more than by the chief of our philosophic inquirers. They, as well as the most devout theologian, maintain that the destiny, the vocation of man is not to be stationary, but progressive; that nothing in the whole world is so excellent and enduring as that which has been done by the heroic, or generous, or truthful amongst the sons of men; that "to all eternity the sum of truth and right will have been increased by their means; that to all eternity falsehood and injustice will be the weaker, because such deeds have been done."

When, therefore, we are asked, "What is thy name?" we may, without misgiving, reply fearlessly that we are not ashamed of our lineage or our destiny. The name of "Adam," and *homo*, and *humanus*, all alike mean "the child of the ground."

But there are far other and higher names — or if not names, at least descriptions — in store for him; and to arrive at these we must ask not only what is

our bodily structure, but what is our inmost self? Man looks upwards, not downwards — forwards, not backwards; and it is the direction in which he looks, far more than the actual look itself, which indicates what he is.

It is not the *descent* but the *ascent* of man which reveals his true nature. As the Christian poet, George Herbert, sang, with an insight beyond his age:

> "All things unto *our flesh* are kind,
> In their *descent* and being — to our *mind*,
> In their *ascent* and cause."

CXXIX.

The self of a man is that which the Bible, in the largest sense, calls his *soul* — the seat of all those intellectual and moral faculties which lie behind the outward frame, which even when we look at the face of a living friend, we do not see — which when we look at the face of a dead friend, we know is no longer there. This is the widest sense of the word "soul" or "self." But both the Bible and common experience make a distinction here, also, between the lower and the higher.

The apostle says, in that great chapter where he discusses the hope of immortality — "the first man was made a living, *natural soul*." The natural man — the natural genius, the natural intellect, the natural play of

mind, the natural vigor — this is no doubt a vast element in the human being.

But still we all feel that these are not the qualities which most endear, most attract, most elevate. There is something yet beyond; and that is what the apostle calls the *spirit* — the quickening, life-giving spirit. There is an earthy man, and a natural man; but there is, above all, a "spiritual" man.

As we have borne in our outward frame the image of the earthy, which we share in common with the animal creation; as we have a living soul, a natural soul, which we share in common with all, even the most degraded of men, so in our innermost being we bear the image of the heavenly, which we share in common with God himself.

If the soul is, in the Teutonic languages, the "sea," the vast illimitable ocean of the human being, on which "the wind," "the breath" plays, it is the breath, the wind itself, which is the life of that troubled sea. That is "the spirit," that is the man himself; that is the essence of our nature, which is made in the image of God.

And if we ask, what is this spiritual part? we must reply, it is the affections; it is the generosity which embraces the needs of others besides ourselves; it is the conscience, which is the ruling faculty within us; it is the faith which removes mountains; it is the hope

which looks beyond the grave ; it is, above all, the love, the charity, which never fails — which is at once the homeliest and the loftiest of the virtues of humanity, and of the attributes of Divinity.

He who cultivates this part of his existence — who makes the other two parts, of the body and the soul or mind, subordinate to this one supreme part — he is a spiritual man. He in whom this spiritual part lives and burns, has a pledge of immortality. And what is impressed upon us by the history of our race is that this spiritual part of man's nature has, on the whole, most constantly advanced.

The first man, which was of the earth, earthy — the outward, physical man — has, on the whole, remained the same. The intellectual part has advanced immensely ; the civilized man is far above the savage — the Greek and the Roman far above the Asiatic.

But the spiritual man — the soul of the affections — whilst on the one hand, it is found in some measure even in the lowest forms of the human race, where the intellect is least developed, yet, on the other hand, has advanced, even where the intellect has remained stationary.

If the Greek was an advance on the barbarian, the Christian in his highest state is a far greater advance on the heathen. It is in this indefinite growth of the spiritual man, as compared with the stationary charac-

ter of the earthly, natural man, that we gain at once a new insight into the spiritual forces of which we are now composed, and a new hope for our future.

CXXX.

Religious feeling, religious doctrine, religious ordinances are of no value unless they produce in our lives justice, integrity, honesty, purity, gentleness, modesty. These are the means by which the name of God is honored amongst men. You who have still your way to make in the world, remain steadfast to this thought. You may have many difficulties, many perplexities, but remember that as long as you believe that God is just, so long as you know that the best mode of serving Him is to be like Jesus Christ in the goodness and truthfulness of His character, so long you have enough for your religious guidance.

CXXXI.

Bigness is not of necessity greatness, nor is splendor of itself civilization, nor is even indomitable will and perseverance absolutely identical with progress. Sometimes, as we think of the chequered history, whether of the long annals of the mother country, or the no less chequered history of this country, short in duration, but

long in eventful characters and eventful incidents, there comes to our minds the recollection of those lines of the cynical poet of England:

> "New times, new climes, new lands, new men, but still,
> The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill."

Yet with this we must combine, if possible, the brighter prospect of the Christian poet, which, though referring only to the duties and tasks of daily life, may be applied also to the fortunes of empires and churches, even of those which were least in his mind:

> "New perils past, new sins forgiven,
> New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven,
> New treasures still, of countless price,
> God will provide for sacrifice."

When we think, whether in England or in America, of the boundless generosity of individuals; when we remember the kindliness and purity of domestic hearths; when we think of the efforts of the higher and more civilized portion of each nation, our hearts refuse to be disquieted.

"Human courage must rise to the level of human adversity" — that was a noble saying of an American general whom both sides in the late civil conflict delighted to honor. Human virtue, we may add, must rise to the level of human corruption and human temptation.

CXXXII.

Rest assured that our happiness, our dignity, our welfare here and hereafter, depend not on what our ancestors were thousands of years ago, not on the construction of our outward frames, not even on the channels through which our moral natures have come to us, nor even on those high mental gifts of intellect, mind, and genius — which are, after all, gifts, ornaments of ourselves, not our very selves.

No, not on any of these things, wonderful as they are, and greatly as they contribute to our happiness, does the real destiny of men or of nations rest; but on our moral nature itself — on what we are, on what we do, on what we admire, on what we detest, on what we love, on what we hate.

CXXXIII.

"Here stand I," said Luther; "I can do nothing against conscience."

"To endeavor to domineer over the conscience," was the confession wrung from Charles V., however little he may have followed it out in practice, "is to invade the citadel of heaven."

It is this doctrine of the supremacy of conscience, whether as involved in the Bible, or familiar to us as it is drawn out by Butler, which corrects the pretensions

of all artificial authority. All human authority, civil or ecclesiastical, must in the last resort, be alike subordinate to the one Divine authority which speaks to us through the voice of conscience.

When the apostles declared, and when we after them declare that we must obey God rather than man, it was not the repudiation of the laws of ruler or magistrate; it was then the assertion of the supremacy of conscience against the authority of a Sanhedrin of priests and scribes, as it still may be against the authority of a Pontiff, a Synod, or a council.

It is this doctrine, also, which is the foundation of all true spiritual independence — that is, of the independence by which a brave man acts for himself and by himself, regardless of adverse critics, or fashion, or carping foes, or — what is still more difficult to withstand — lukewarm friends.

"They have said. What say they? Let them say." That is the noble motto of the chief college in the university of Aberdeen. It should be the motto, also, of every resolute soul, which cares more for mind than matter, more for quality than for quantity, more for God than for man.

CXXXIV.

However much the outward frame may be mortal, however much the intellect may change its forms with

each succeeding age — the moral and spiritual nature of man outlasts all convulsions in this life, and will, we humbly trust, outlast death itself. There is something greater than the resurrection of the body, and that is the immortality of the soul; and there is yet something greater still, and that is the ever living, quickening, vivifying power of the Spirit.

"Oh, that Ishmael might live before thee." So, as it has been finely described of late, we are often tempted to say with Abraham, as we look at the brilliant figures — whether of men or of nations — that brighten this scene with their dazzling qualities, their fascinating social charms, their magnificent appearance.

But it is not Ishmael, it is Isaac, the homely, spiritual Isaac, that lives and endures through all changes, and has within him the pledge of perpetual progress and perpetual youth.

It is the character, the sum total of our moral being which we have to regard in the supreme judgment. This self, this character, is that soul which we cannot exchange for any other good in the world. It is this of which the Bible says, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" his own spiritual, innermost, moral self.

It is this great doctrine of the Bible which was expressed in other words in the famous warning of Necker to Mirabeau — equally applicable to unscrupulous brilliancy everywhere, whether in church or state,

in young or old — "You have too much sense, too much ability, not to find out, sooner or later, that, after all, morality is in the nature of things."

CXXXV.

There have been in almost all ancient forms of religion, in most modern forms, also, strong tendencies, each in itself springing from the best and purest feelings of humanity, yet each, if carried into the extremes suggested by passion or by logic, incompatible with the other, and with its own highest purpose. One is the craving to please, or to propitiate, or to communicate with the powers above us by surrendering some object near and dear to ourselves. This is the source of all sacrifice. The other is the profound moral instinct that the Creator of the world cannot be pleased, or propitiated, or approached by any other means than a pure life and good deeds.

We leap, as by a natural instinct, from the sacrifice in the land of Moriah to the sacrifice of Calvary. There are many differences — there is a danger of exaggerating the resemblance, or of confounding, in either case, what is subordinate with what is essential.

But the general feeling of Christendom has in this respect not gone far astray. Each event, if we look at it well, and understand it rightly, will serve to explain the other.

Human sacrifice, it has been well said, which in outward form most nearly resembled the death on the Cross, is in spirit the furthest removed from it. Human sacrifice which was in outward form nearest to the offering of Isaac, was in fact and in spirit most entirely condemned and repudiated by it. The union of parental love with the total denial of self, is held up in both cases as the highest model of human, and therefore as the shadow of Divine love. "Sacrifice" is rejected, but "to do Thy will, O God," is accepted.

CXXXVI.

There are moments in the life both of men and of nations, both of the world and of the church, when vast blessings are gained, vast dangers averted, through our own exertions — by the sword of the conqueror, by the genius of the statesman, by the holiness of the saint.

Such, in Jewish history, was the conquest of Palestine by Joshua, the deliverances wrought by Gideon, by Samson, and by David.

Such, in Christian history, were the revolutions effected by Clovis, by Charlemagne, by Alfred, by Bernard, and by Luther. But there are moments of still higher interest, of still more solemn feeling, when deliverance is brought about not by any human energy, but by causes beyond our own control.

Such, in Christian history, are the raising of the siege of Leyden and the overthrow of the Armada, and such, above all, was the passage of the Red Sea.

Whatever were the means employed by the Almighty — whatever the path which He made for Himself in the great waters, it was to Him, and not to themselves, that the Israelites were compelled to look as the source of their escape.

"Stand still and see the salvation of Jehovah," was their only duty. "Jehovah hath triumphed gloriously," was their only song of victory.

It was a victory into which no feeling of pride or self-exaltation could enter. It was a fit opening of a history and of a character which was to be specially distinguished from that of other races by its constant and direct dependence on the Supreme Judge and Ruler of the world.

Greece and Rome could look back with triumph to the glorious days when they had repulsed their invaders, had risen on their tyrants, or driven out their kings. But the birthday of Israel — the birthday of the religion, of the liberty, of the nation, of Israel — was the passage of the Red Sea; the likeness in this, as in so many other respects, of the yet greater events in the beginnings of the Christian church, of which it has been long considered the anticipation and the emblem.

CXXXVII.

The wilderness, as it intervenes between Egypt and the Land of Promise, with all its dangers and consolations, is, as Coleridge would have said, not allegorical, but tautegorical, of the events which in almost unconscious metaphor we designate by those figures. It is startling, as we traverse it even at this day, to feel that the hard, stony track under our feet, the springs to which we look forward at the end of our day's march, the sense of contrast with what has been and with what is to be, are the very materials out of which the imagination of all ages has constructed its idea of the journey of life.

CXXXVIII.

Sinai is not Palestine — the law is not the gospel; but the Ten Commandments, in letter and in spirit, remain to us as the relic of that time. They represent to us, both in fact and in idea, the granite foundation, the immovable mountain on which the world is built up; without which all theories of religion are but as shifting and fleeting clouds; they give us the two homely, fundamental laws, which all subsequent revelation has but confirmed and sanctified — the law of our duty towards God, and the law of our duty towards our neighbor.

CXXXIX.

To labor and not to see the end of our labors; to sow and not to reap; to be removed from this earthly scene before our work has been appreciated, and when it will be carried on not by ourselves, but by others — is a law so common in the highest characters of history, that none can be said to be altogether exempt from its operation.

It is true in intellectual matters as well as in spiritual; and one of the finest applications of any passage in the Mosaic history, is that made by Cowley, and extended by Lord Macaulay to the great English philosopher, who,

> "Did on the very border stand
> Of the blessed Promised Land;
> And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
> Saw it himself, and showed us it;
> But life did never to one man allow
> Time to discover worlds, and conquer, too."

CXL.

Our age is an immense advance upon the age of chivalry and the crusaders; but it is well, from time to time, to be reminded that there are virtues in chivalry and in barbarism, as well as in reason and civilization; and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has taught

us that even the most imperfect of the champions of ancient times may be ranked in the cloud of the witnesses of faith — "God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us might not be made perfect."

CXLI.

Wild excesses in youth are often followed by energy, by zeal, by devotion. We read it in the examples of Augustine, of Loyola, of John Newton. Sudden conversions of character such as these are amongst the most striking points of ecclesiastical history. But no less certain is it that they are rarely, very rarely, followed by moderation, by calmness, by impartial wisdom.

Count the eager partizans of our own or of other times. How often shall we find that their early discipline was one of headstrong and violent passion. How often shall we find that the conversion of a lawless and reckless youth issues in the one-sided and superstitious zeal which hurries the ark of God into battle, after the example of Hophni and Phinehas — which would oppose to the death the erection of the monarchy and the rise of the prophets, as Hophni and Phinehas, in all probability, would have opposed it, had they been converted and spared.

Whatever else is gained by sudden and violent conversions, this is lost. Whatever else, on the other hand, is lost by the absence of evil, by the calm and

even life which needs no repentance, this is gained. The especial work of guiding, moderating, softening the jarring counsels of men, is for the most part the especial privilege of those who have grown up into matured strength from early beginnings of purity and goodness — of those who can humbly and thankfully look back through middle age, and youth, and childhood, with no sudden rent or breach in their pure and peaceful recollections.

In proportion as the different stages of life have sprung naturally and spontaneously out of each other, without any abrupt revulsion, each serves as a foundation on which the other may stand; each makes the foundation of the whole more sure and stable.

In proportion as our own foundation is thus stable, and as our own minds and hearts have grown up gradually and firmly, without any violent disturbance or wrench to one side or to the other; in that proportion is it the more possible to view with calmness and moderation the difficulties and differences of others — to avail ourselves of the new methods and new characters that the advance of time throws in our way — return from present troubles to the pure and untroubled well of our early years — to preserve and to communicate the childlike faith, changed, doubtless, in form, but the same in spirit, in which we first knelt in humble prayer for ourselves and others, and drank in the first impressions of God and of Heaven.

CXLII.

We all know what a powerful motive in the human mind is the spirit of a profession, the spirit of the order, the spirit, (as the French say), of the body to which we belong. Oh, if the spirit of our profession, of our order, of our body, were the spirit, or anything like the spirit of the ancient prophets! if with us, truth, charity, justice, fairness to opponents, were a passion, a doctrine, a point of honor, to be upheld through good report and evil, with the same energy as that with which we uphold our position, our opinions, our interpretations, our partnerships!

A distinguished prelate has well said:

"It makes all the difference in the world whether we put the duty of truth in the first place, or in the second place."

Yes, that is exactly the difference between the spirit of the world and the spirit of the Bible.

The spirit of the world asks, *first*, "Is it safe?" *secondly*, "Is it true?"

The spirits of the prophets ask, *first*, "Is it true?" *secondly*, "Is it safe?"

The spirit of the world asks, *first*, "Is it prudent?" *secondly*, "Is it right?"

The spirits of the prophets ask, *first*, "Is it right?" *secondly*, Is it prudent?"

It is not that they and we hold different doctrines on

these matters, but that we hold them in different proportions. What they put first, we put second; what we put second, they put first. The religious energy which we reserve for objects of temporary and secondary importance, they reserved for objects of internal and primary importance.

When Ambrose closed the doors of the church of Milan against the blood-stained hands of the devout Theodosius, he acted in the spirit of a prophet.

When Ken, in spite of his doctrine of the Divine right of kings, rebuked Charles II. on his death-bed for his long unrepented vices, those who stood by were justly reminded of the ancient prophets.

When Savonarola, at Florence, threw the whole energy of his religious zeal into burning indignation against the sins of the city, high and low, his sermons read more like Hebrew prophecies than modern homilies.

CXLIII

The true spirit of independence is not eccentricity, not singularity, not useless opposition to the existing framework of the world, or the church in which we find ourselves. Not this — which is of no use to any one — but this which is needed by everyone of us, a fixed resolution to hold our own against chance and accident, against popular clamor and popular favor, against the opinions, the conversation of the circle in

which we live; a silent look of disapproval, a single word of cheering approval — an even course, which turns not to the right hand or to the left, unless with our own full conviction — a calm, cheerful, hopeful endeavor to do the work that has been given us to do, whether we succeed or whether we fail.

CXLIV.

Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend — who will stand firm when others fail — the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous; in such an one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages — a sign that there has been a prophet amongst us.

CXLV.

We may be depressed by this or that failure of good projects, of lofty aspirations. But the prophets and the Bible bid us look onward. The world, they tell us, as a whole, tends forwards and not backwards. The losses and backslidings of this generation, if so be, will be repaired in the advance of the next.

"To one far-off divine event," slowly, it may be, and uncertainly, but still steadily onward, "the whole creation moves."

Work on in faith, in hope, in confidence; the future of the church, the future of each particular society in which our lot is cast, is a solid basis of cheerful perseverance. The very ignorance of the true spirit of the Bible of which we complain, is the best pledge of its boundless resources for the future. The doctrines, the precepts, the institutions, which as yet lie undeveloped far exceed in richness, in power, those that have been used out, or been fully applied.

CXLVI.

The turn, the change, the fixing our faces in the right instead of the wrong direction — this is the difficulty, this is the turning-point, this is the crisis of life. But that once done, the future is clear before us. The whole prophetic teaching of the Old and New Testament, has staked itself on the issue; it hazards the bold prediction that all will be well when once we have turned; it bids us go courageously forward in the strength of the Spirit of God, in the power of the life of Christ.

CXLVII.

Look forward, we sometimes say, a few days or a few months, and how differently will all things seem. Yes; but look forward a few more years, and how yet more differently will all things seem! From the height of

that future, to which on the wings of ancient prophetic belief we can transport ourselves, look back on the present. Think of our troubles, as they will seem when we know their end. Think of those good thoughts and deeds which alone will survive in that unknown world. Think of our controversies, as they will appear when we shall be forced to sit down at the feast with those whom we have known only as opponents here, but whom we must recognize as companions there.

To that future of futures which shall fulfil the yearnings of all that the prophets have desired on earth, it is for us, wherever we are, to look onward, upward, and forward, in the constant expectation of something better than we see or know. Uncertain as to "the day and hour," and as to the manner of fulfilment, this last of all the predictions still, like those of old, builds itself upon the past and present:

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

CXLVIII.

The Gospels contain the sun in his rising; the Old Testament is but the twilight of the dawn. The Gospels contain the sun in his setting; all that follows is but in comparison as the reflected light in moon or stars, to guide us on our way through the darkness of the n

CXLIX.

The poor in spirit — the humble, teachable, simple minds, that know the bounds of their own ignorance, that know the depths of their own sinfulness, that can bear to have their faults corrected, that can look afar off and not claim any spiritual perfections that do not belong to them, that are content with saying, in silence and solitude, "God be merciful to me a sinner" — these, little thought of by men, despised often both by the religious and irreligious, have their place in "the kingdom of God," which, as by rightful possession, is "theirs."

CL.

When heaven and earth are passing from our mortal gaze, or from the gaze of those whom we have known and honored — when the hand of death is gradually drawing the curtain round us — what words, what thoughts, are those which survive in that dark hour? The greeting of Christian cheerfulness, the calm thoughtfulness of Christian wisdom, the blessing of the Christian peacemaker, these will sound in our memory long after the eyes are closed and the lips are sealed. Heaven and earth shall pass away; but the words of Christ, and the Christ-like words of Christ's disciples, shall never pass away in this world or the next.

CLI.

The kingdom of God, the blessedness of the kingdom is not, "lo here! or lo there!" it is "within us." We carry it about with us; it is to be found, with God's grace, everywhere. If there be any gifts whatever, which we may hope God will bestow, in answer to our prayers, to our sincere and humble seeking, they are these.

Wealth may bring cares, knowledge may puff up, friends may fall away, power may become a heavy burden, but meekness, truth, and love do indeed "rejoice the heart," and "give light to the eyes" of the simplest and of the greatest. No pilgrimage to distant lands, no reading of hundreds of books, is needed. This happiness is independent of everything, except God, and Christ, and our own souls.

CLII.

There is a legendary tale which describes how the wood of the True Cross was of old rejected, because it would not fit into the building of the ancient temple. It was too long for one corner, it was too short for another, it was too narrow for a third, it was too broad for another; and so it was laid aside till it came forth at last to be the means and symbol of the world's redemption.

So are we, as we endeavor to fix in our straitened earthly tabernacles the pattern of the heavenly. On the way to our Father's house, no less than in our Father's house, are many mansions — many halting places. None of us can embrace at a glance the whole of Christian truth. Inconsistencies, incongruities, will be found in every system, in every view. It is this — our own imperfection — which is to us a sure pledge that the truth of Christ will not be lost in any human school. It was before them, it will live after them.

CLIII.

They "who hunger and thirst after righteousness" — whose consciences will not let them rest, who seek after a better standard of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, purity and impurity, justice and injustice, than they find in the world around them; to whom justice is a positive joy, and injustice a deep and rankling grief; who long with the longing of the Psalmist, in a dry and thirsty land, to be better themselves, and to make others better also; who prize God's law more than gold, yea, than much fine gold; whose heart and whose flesh cry out after the holiness of the living God; these "shall be satisfied." Alas! it may be, not here; but in that new and better world "wherein dwelleth righteousness, where they shall wake up after His likeness, and be satisfied with it."

CLIV.

Render to art, to nature, to science, the conclusions which they have fairly won; render to them the honors with which God has invested them, by planting on their front that image and superscription of Himself which none can see and doubt. Render this, too, again, not grudgingly or of necessity, but as remembering that here, also, "God loveth the cheerful giver."

CLV.

Whenever you can lay your finger or plant your foot on an acknowledged fact in nature, or in language, or in history, cling to it, cherish it, honor it as a fragment of the truth on which we all repose. It may be small and homely in itself as the silver penny of Cæsar's tribute; it may seem contrary, as that did, to all preconceived opinions; but nevertheless, if it be a fact, stand by it, not in the name only of science or philosophy, but in the name of God, and in the name of Christ — stand by it without fear or wavering, well assured that therein you are doing not dishonor but honor to the Master "who, we know, is true, and who teaches the way of God in truth, and who regards not the person of man."

CLVI.

Not to the world at large only, but to each one amongst us, "the night is far spent, the day is at hand." Young and old, our time is passing away; we are every one of us drawing nearer to that day when we shall meet the Judge of all mankind. God knows that we have all need of mercy — of His infinite mercy. Every one who knows his own heart, knows how welcome is any thought that softens the severity of that judgment, that brings home to us the sense of that mercy — how gladly we trust that the love which was manifested in Christ Jesus is indeed boundless, and overflows even where it is least expected. "God be merciful to me a sinner" must be the prayer even of the best and purest of men.

But not the less must we bear in mind that even our sense of God's mercy will be shaken unless it is accompanied by the sense of His eternal justice, of our eternal duty. We may not limit the mercy of God — but neither may we invent any other way of salvation than that which he has appointed for us. There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ — the holy, the just, and the good — Jesus, the Saviour, who came to save us from our sins — Christ, the Redeemer, who came to redeem us from all iniquity.

There is no other means by which we can enter

heaven, save that "holiness, without which, no man can see God." There is no other rule whereby we shall be judged, but "according to the works done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil."

CLVII.

Those of us who have travelled in mountain countries know how one range of hills rises behind another, one ever seeming the highest, till yet a higher appears behind it; each has its own beauty, each its own peculiarity. But there is one range, one line of lofty summits, which always conveys a new sense of beauty, of awe, of sublimity, which nothing else can give — the range of eternal snow. High above all the rest we see the white peaks standing out in the blue sky, catching the first rays of the rising sun, and the last rays of the sun as it departs.

So it is with that range of high Christian character which our Lord has set before us in the Sermon on the Mount. High above all earthly, lower happiness, the blessedness of the eight beatitudes towers into the heaven itself. They are white with the snows of eternity; they give a grace, a meaning, a dignity to all the rest of the earth over which they brood. And when the shades of evening gather round us, when the darkness of sorrow and sickness closes in, when other com-

mon worldly characters become cold, and dead, and lifeless, then those higher points of true Christian goodness stand out brighter and brighter; the gleam of daylight can be seen reflected on their summits when it has vanished everywhere besides; they are still there, living gospels to instruct and cheer us; on the tops of the mountains how beautiful are their feet who even by silent goodness bring peace and good will to man.

CLVIII.

The gate to heaven is sufficiently narrow by reason of our manifold sins, and of God's perfect holiness; the entrance through the needle's eye is close enough by reason of our own cares, and distractions, and self indulgence; let us not choke it up yet more by obstacles of which Christ says nothing.

CLIX.

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into proverbs — they pass into laws — they pass into doctrines — they pass into consolations; but they never pass away, and, after all the use that is made of them, they are still not exhausted.

CLX.

Consider how small a book even the whole Bible is, and remember, further, how small a part of that book is occupied by the words of Christ. Compare them with the teaching of other celebrated teachers in our own or former times.

One collection, alone, of the sayings of the Arabian prophet, Mahomet, fills no less than thirteen hundred folio pages. All the sayings of Christ are contained in the short compass of the four Gospels; the few that are not there do not occupy two pages at most; the whole Sermon on the Mount — the greatest discourse ever preached, the whole code of Christian morality, the whole sum of saving doctrine — would not, if read aloud, take more than a quarter of an hour.

Consider how greatly this has assisted the preservation, the remembrance, the force of Christ's words. We have not to go far and wide to seek them; they are within our grasp, within our compass, within our sight; very nigh to us, in our heart, and in our mouth — easy to read, easy to recollect, easy to repeat. The waters of life are not lost in endless rivers and lakes. They are confined within the definite circle of one small, living well, of which all can "come and drink freely, without money and without price."

CLXI.

The meek, the disinterested, the unselfish, those who think little of themselves and much of others — who think of the public good, and not of their own — who rejoice in good done not by themselves, but by others, by those whom they dislike, as well as by those whom they love — these shall gain far more than they lose; they shall "inherit the earth" and "its fulness."

CLXII.

It is a remarkable evidence of the unearthly origin of our Master's teaching and mission, that when we come to seek for comparisons and human likenesses by which we can bring it home to our minds, we can find no lower level than the very highest point to which human reason has ever reached.

CLXIII.

Think over everything in your minds of which you are quite sure, and act up to this. Do not trouble yourselves about things of which you are not quite convinced. Do not make yourselves out better than you are; but be as good as the best part that is in you, and then you will gradually grow better and wiser, "without partiality and without hypocrisy."

CLXIV.

We are all of us, old and young, beset more or less by the sophistries, the systems, the schools, the parties, which time and circumstances, which past ages or our own age have cast up around us and beside us, before us and behind us. We are involved in their meshes, we walk in the grooves which they have made for us.

To many of us it is a duty to go on as we have begun, walking round and round our own small circles, seeing only but a short way in advance, thinking much of what lies close before us, little of what lies beyond us. Yet still there is an encouragement and consolation in the thought that none of these things of themselves constitute the whole, or the essence, of Christianity; the Lord is still the pattern of His church.

CLXV.

None can better afford to be content with the self-control imposed by the wisdom and moderation of the gospel, than those who have still the whole field of life before them. *Nondum*, "not yet," was most fitly the youthful motto of the same great prince whose device in later life was "forward;" *Plus ultra.*

CLXVI.

Remember that in this world, where the evil is ever mingled with the good, the good, whatever it be, has its claim on our imitation and admiration, whatever be the evil whereby it is surrounded. Condemn not the wheat because it grows amongst the tares. Hold up to all honor, even as our Master did, the noble deeds even of a Samaritan outcast.

CLXVII.

To feel that there is a work before us to be done in this world before we die — to feel that God is with us, and that earth and the things of earth have no power to turn us from our purpose — to have fears, and hopes, and pleasures, and pains, of which the worldly man knows nothing — to feel that God in Christ has forgiven us all that is past, and henceforth bids us joyfully serve Him in newness of life — to have within our hearts that divine faculty of love or charity which will alone outlast the great change of death — to show forth in our characters some trace, however slight, of "the mind which was in Christ Jesus" — this is to become a new, heavenly, unearthly creature, which "will avail," which "will be strong" (such is the true meaning of the word) which will survive when all else shall wax old and perish, which

will have its abiding place in that "new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

CLXVIII.

What cannot be affected by mere statements of truth, however true, or by mere systems of morals, however good, will be effected when they are represented in flesh and blood, in the life of a devoted servant of God, in the story of the life and death of Christ our Lord. To fasten upon this, to trust one's self to this, to be awakened by this, is Christian faith — and on feelings such as these, or like to these, all Christian doctrine, whether theological or moral, must be based.

CLXIX.

"*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.*"

"Then henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ."

So, on reading the apostle's words, exclaimed a young soldier, arrested by the sight of them in the midst of a reckless course; and in that strong faith, worked by a love no less strong, he was cleansed from his former sins, and acted out in his life, that sudden and almost unconscious, but yet most true, most scriptural interpretation of St. John's words.

CLXX.

The Good Shepherd saw that the lost sheep were worth saving. God saw that there was something in man not wholly lost and depraved, and therefore He came to make the best of it, to restore it, to save it. Look at the case of any circle of men, such as is often described in fiction or seen in real life; men, it may be, sunk in vice and sin, seemingly without any chance of restoration. Suddenly, perhaps from accident or from ignorance, there appears on the stage a new character, upright, pure, innocent; he moves amongst them without understanding them, and they not understanding him. On many he produces no effect; they regard him only as a victim, or as a hypocrite, or as a fool.

But there will be some whose hearts are not entirely hardened, who are wavering between good and evil, or who are evil only because they have never known good. In them such a character awakens a new sense. All that there was of good, sleeping within them is roused at the sight. Good rushes to meet its kindred good. It is like twin brothers, long parted, suddenly recognizing each other. The half good becomes wholly good; and that union of good, the links in the chain of evil are broken asunder, and the man, the society, the institution is saved. So God saved the world; so by one man's righteousness are many made righteous.

CLXXI.

Leisure misused, an idle hour waiting to be employed, idle hands with no occupation, idle and empty minds with nothing to think of; these are the main temptations to evil. Fill up that empty void, employ those vacant hours, occupy those listless hands, and evil will depart, because it has no place to enter in, because it is conquered by good.

The best antidote against evil of all kinds, against the evil thoughts that haunt the soul, against the needless perplexities which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words, and prayers, and deeds. Little doubts will not avail against great certainties. Fix your affections on things above, and then you will less and less be troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles, of things on earth.

CLXXII.

It is not enough to rely on the good within ourselves, we must look to the good without ourselves. What that highest good is we all know. But do we sufficiently remember how in the thought of that highest good, in the communion with God in Christ, lies not only our peace and safety, but our victory over evil? In earthly war-

fare, we know well that however courageous may be the host, they must have a leader in whom to trust.

And so it is in our spiritual warfare; we must have the example and the encouragement of the just and good who have gone before us. But, above all, we must look to Him who, above all other names, is called "Jesus" — that is, our "Joshua," our conqueror, our victorious leader, the captain of our salvation, the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

CLXXIII.

Augustine's youth had been one of reckless self-indulgence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived; he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins; and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles of his better self and of God's grace against those evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell; but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin — advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them!) can prize too highly — he had a good mother, and he had good friends. He had a good mother, who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards. And he had

good friends, who watched every opportunity to encourage better thoughts, and to bring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of fame almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated Ambrose. And now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be described in his own words. He was sitting with his faithful friend Alypius; his whole soul was shaken with the violence of his inward conflict — the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates, to a life which seemed to him poor, and profitless, and burdensome. Silently the two friends sat together, and at last, says Augustine:

"When deep reflection had brought together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mighty shower of tears."

He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude; he threw himself down under a fig tree in the garden, (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit:

"How long? how long? to-morrow? to-morrow? Why not now? Why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?"

"So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart," he says, "when, lo! I heard from a neighboring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft re-

peating, 'Take up and read, take up and read.' Instantly my countenance altered; I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking my tears, I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find."

Eagerly he returned to the place where his friend was sitting, for there lay the volume of St. Paul's epistles, which he had just begun to study.

"I seized it," he says, "I opened it, and in silence read that passage on which my eyes first fell. 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.' No further could I read, nor needed I; for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away."

We need not follow the story further — the life of St. Augustine is familiar to us all; but his conversion is a striking instance of the effect of a single passage of Scripture suddenly yet seriously taken to heart. It is an example, like the conversion of St. Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants, not by gradual but by sudden changes. It is also an instance how, even in such sudden conversions (which are the exceptions and not the rule of Providence), previous

good influences have their weight. The prayers of his mother, the silent influence of his friend, the high character of Ambrose, the preparation for Christian truth in the writings of heathen philosophers, were all laid up, as it were, waiting for the spark, and, when it came, the fire flashed at once through every corner of his soul.

CLXXIV.

There are glimpses of Heaven granted to us by every act, or thought, or word, which raises us above ourselves — which makes us think less of ourselves and more of others — which has taught us of something higher and truer than we have in our own hearts — which has aroused within us the feelings of gratefulness, and admiration, and love — which has taught us, or may teach us, in any sense, to remember and to imitate whatever things are just and true, pure and honest, lovely and of good report.

CLXXV.

We sometimes imagine that by "preaching the gospel" is meant preaching the same truth over and over again in the same words, to congregations however different from each other, under occasions however different each from each. This was not the preaching of the

gospel by Him who first preached it; even in the short compass of the Gospels, every chord of the heart is struck, every infirmity of the conscience and mind is roused and soothed. Heaven and earth may pass away, but as long as a single human soul survives in the depths of eternity, in that human soul Christ's words will live, will find a hearing, will awaken a response.

And this variety is expressed and is secured by a process in itself instructive. Not by one form of teaching only, but by many. By things new and old; by discourses such as the Sermon on the Mount; by stern truth with the Pharisees and Sadducees; by pleasant fiction and parable, such as those He spoke on the seashore of Genesareth.

Remember this, all that learn and all that teach. Not by one channel only, but by many, is God's truth conveyed; one may have more attraction for one class, one for another; but by some means or other, Christ would have us taught to know His Father's mind, to do His Father's will; but every one of those ways and means is after His example.

CLXXVI.

Wide as are the differences which part men asunder now — Greek and Latin, Lutheran and Calvinist, heretic or schismatic, nay, even heathen or infidel — these differences are not greater than those which appeared to

each other to part the Jew and the Samaritan in the time of Christ.

Yet, if such an one shows that he has within him the fruit of Christian mercy and love, Christ himself has told us that he is for the time our neighbor, our model, our teacher. He shows by his deeds that, though he be divided from us, he is one with Christ; he shows by his deeds that, though his creed may be wrong, his heart is right; he shows by his deeds that, though he may have much to learn from us, we have much to learn from him. The more we differ from him, the more erroneous we think his belief, so much the more is his zeal a warning against our apathy; so much the more is his generosity a warning against our closeness; so much the more is his justice, or benevolence, or energy, or whatever his virtue and grace may be, a warning against our indifference or sluggishness or selfishness. Whatever be his other shortcomings, yet in these points he may well instruct us.

CLXXVII.

Who is there, however thoughtless, that has not been struck for a moment, by the singular analogy of human life to the descent of those mighty streams which we may track from their source to their end? The clear and innocent murmur of the infant brook; the furious roar and rush of the youthful torrent; the deep serenity

and heavenly hue imparted as it falls in with some better influence than its own; the whole color of its course again polluted and overclouded by its junction with a less worthy but more headstrong companion; its final character, widening and deepening with the lapse of years, making for itself a way through distant countries, the fertilizer and civilizer of cities and nations, till it is lost in the common grave of all the streams of the earth.

But of all these comparisons and parables, none is more fruitful, none more really susceptible of wielding manifold instruction than that old but not yet exhausted figure which compares human life to a journey.

The uncertainty from day to day of what each day will bring forth, and yet the general security that determination and resolution will at last reach the end at which they aim; the meeting of various travellers in a common point, not without surprise, through various routes, some by the beaten track, some alone, some with guidance well or ill chosen — how like to the course of human life, whether of individuals, or of nations, or of churches; how truly each is the counterpart of the other; how many lessons it suggests, if viewed for a moment seriously, of humility, of hope, of wisdom.

CLXXVIII.

Sooner or later we must be separated, by death or by

absence, from those to whom we most earnestly cling for support and love in this mortal life. We have had them with us so long; let us think of it, not with repining, or useless regret, but as so much clear and unalloyed mercy, which, having once been ours, can never be taken away from us. Yet neither while they are with us, nor when they are removed from us, is this the chief relation in which we stand towards them. A time will come, if it has not already come with many of us, when they must leave the world and "go to the Father" of spirits. Whenever this time comes we feel, or ought to feel, the blessing of knowing that the earthly ties which bound us so closely to them, are not the whole of their existence, or of ours. They have gone to that state where they are like the angels of heaven, where years and months cease to be counted, where the only bond of communion between us and them, so far as we know anything, is that they are in the presence of Him who is their God and our God, their Father and our Father, in whose light they and we shall, we trust, see all things clearly, and know as we are known.

CLXXIX.

He who has had his mind trained to a keen sense of whatever things are true, and just, and honest, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, will be best able

to perceive the full combination of these graces in the person of Jesus Christ our Lord. He who has most keenly felt the evil of their separation in others, will feel the most intense relief and delight in finding them once for all united there, and in that union he will see a pledge and evidence of the truth of Christ's religion, such as the world could never have given, such as the world can never take away.

CLXXX.

Goodness, kindness, purity, holiness, truth, each carries its own conviction with it, melts the heart which cannot be broken; leaves its traces behind it, even when not heeded at the moment; evil not only falls before it, but is convinced, transfigured, transformed, upraised by its power.

It was not through the anger, but the love of God, that the world was redeemed; it is "not the wrath of man," but the love of man, that most fully "works out in the world the righteousness of God." Meet harshness by kindness, meet uncleanness by purity, meet craft and suspicion by straightforward honesty, meet intolerance and prejudice by toleration and forbearance. The contest may seem unequal at first, but in the end we shall conquer. Great is truth, great is goodness, and at the last, truth and goodness will prevail.

CLXXXI.

The attitude into which we are put by humility, by disinterestedness, by purity, by calmness, gives the opportunity, the disengagement, the silence, in which we may watch what is the will of God concerning us. If we think no more of ourselves than we ought to think, if we seek not our own but others' welfare, if we are prepared to take all things as God's dealing with us, then we may have a chance of catching, from time to time, what God has to tell us.

In the Mussulman devotions, one constant gesture is to put the hands to the ears, as if to listen for the messages from the other world. This is the attitude, the posture which our minds assume, if we have a standing place above and beyond the stir, and confusion, and dissipation of this mortal world.

CLXXXII.

Look at the great natural divisions of mankind, the rich and poor, the clever and the dull, the learned and the ignorant. How are these to be brought together? What qualities have they in common? Will the gifts which the world most admire help us to this end? No; we must turn elsewhere for these bonds of union.

Not Homer, not Shakespeare, but the Bible is the

common book of all men. Not worldly powers, but unworldly graces, are the common gifts of all mankind.

CLXXXIII.

Our road to heaven needs no tortuous, winding path —it runs straight as an arrow across mountains and valleys; it cuts through difficulties, it makes use of natural facilities, it brings us into company with unexpected faces, characters, situations; but it is turned aside by none of them to the right or to the left, and at the end it will bring us to the city where we would be.

Year by year changes gather round us. We shall not be this year as we were last year. If we remain the same, yet things around us change, and our relative positions, thoughts, duties, feelings, change with them. But one thing changes not, and that is, the duty and privilege of keeping the commandments of God.

CLXXXIV.

Heroes and saints are indeed the salt of the world, and the light of the world — a life is spread by them into the putrifying mass, a glory streams from them into the dark void. Their summits reflect a light which remains there when it has vanished everywhere else; their example, whilst it makes us feel far below them, yet in

a manner annihilates space and time, and brings us near to them.

And let us all remember also, that in proportion to the grace and dignity given by a true, religious, unworldly spirit, even to the noblest worldly virtues, is the mischief wrought by the absence of worldly virtues in those who think and call themselves unworldly.

Let us remember that there is no greater stumbling-block in the way of the reception of true religion by men of the world, than the uncandid, untruthful, unjust, ungenerous deeds, and words, and tempers, sometimes seen among men who profess to be, and who, in a certain sense, "are not of the world."

CLXXXV.

Do not divert the faith of Christ our Saviour, that world-controlling, world-conquering faith from its proper functions, we cannot afford to lose its aid, we want the whole volume of its waters, the undivided strength of its stream, to moisten the dry soil of our hardened hearts, to feed and cleanse our dark habitations, to turn the vast wheels of our complex social system, to deepen our shallow thoughts, to widen our narrow sympathies, to sweeten our bitter controversies, to freshen our stagnant indolence. Faith working by love "can do this, and nothing else can;" we can neither with safety spare

its motive power, nor yet without danger open another path for its energies.

CLXXXVI.

No feelings, no doctrines, no practices are good and true to us, however good and true in themselves, which we ourselves do not, in some degree at least, feel to be true and good. Truth which is forced upon us from without, or adopted by us without conviction, is really no truth at all. No doctrines are so important, so likely to take hold of a man, as those which, imperfectly perhaps, but in some measure, he has approached before. If ever we can be made to act, to know, to think up to our professions, our own words, our own creed, we shall have made a far nearer step to truth than by embracing, with ever so much ardor, the truth which comes to us from others.

CLXXXVII.

The highest revelations of the nature of God and of man were given with a direct, practical bearing on the conduct and hearts of mankind. The humblest precepts of humility, of courtesy, of love of justice, were revelations of the mind of God and of the salvation of man. It is important to remember this: we are all of us apt to put asunder what God has thus joined together. Some are tempted to think that Christian be-

lief is more important than Christian practice. Others are tempted to think that Christian practice may easily abound without foundation in Christian belief. Against both errors the Scriptural use of the word "doctrine" is a useful and constant protest. The "word of Christ" was "meekness, righteousness, and truth."

CLXXXVIII.

It is not amongst the uneducated, nor yet amongst the well-educated, but amongst the half-educated, and the ill-educated, and the over-educated, that the springs of bitterness rise which poison the Christian life. In the spirit of the poor and humble, in the spirit of the ancient church, in the highest works of human genius, a ready response is made to the words of the Bible, and the Spirit of Christ — amidst even the most untoward generation.

CLXXXIX.

There have been many corruptions and superstitions growing up in the church in different times and countries. But there is one main corruption and superstition, against which it is our duty at all times and in all countries to *protest*. Every religious community, nay, every religious individual, is tempted to set the outward above the inward, the ceremonial above the spiritual, the feelings or the understanding above the

conscience; to think more of sacrifice than of mercy; more of the blood of bulls and goats, more of mint, anise, and cummin, more of saying "Lord, Lord," than of justice, humility, and truth. Against this tendency, wheresoever shown, there is, if one may use the expression, an eternal *protest* — an eternal *Protestantism* — enshrined in every part of Scripture.

CXC.

How greatly the value of a gift depends on the manner of giving. "He who gives soon," according to the old proverb, "gives twice." So he who gives with simplicity, that is, with singleness of purpose, without an underhand design, without expecting praise or notice, he gives twice, thrice, a hundredfold more than he who gives grudgingly, than he who gives late, than he who gives ostentatiously. One gift well given is as good as a thousand; a thousand gifts ill given are hardly better than none.

CXCI.

Christian truth, Scriptural truth, Catholic truth, is not of one kind only, but of many. It has its lights and shades, its foregrounds and its distances; it has its lessons of infinitely various significance and importance, some significant always, some significant at one time, some at another; some important in themselves, some

of no importance except in connection with others. Woe be to us if, instead of "rightly dividing the word of truth," we confound all its parts together.

It is only by following "the *proportion* of faith," that we can rightly understand and act on any part of it. We may believe correctly on every single point, yet if we view these points out of their proper connection and proportions, our view of the whole faith may be as completely wrong as if on every single point we had been involved in fatal error.

CXCII.

There may be difficulties in the applications, the comparisons of Scripture; but the Scriptures, as they are in themselves, taken as their own interpreter — their object, their spirit, their words rightly examined — are sufficient. Give us the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets, in all their manifold and most instructive diversity; give us the Epistles, as they come breathing and burning from the hands of the apostles; give us, above all, the crown and completion of evangelical teaching in the four Gospels, and we want nothing more.

CXCIII.

We hear without astonishment, without awe, without any sense of freshness or novelty, or immediate stirring

interest, mere expositions of theological truth on the one side, or mere moral essays on the other side; but the moment that the two come together, the moment that morality is taught with the fervor and solemnity which only religion can give, or that religion is invested with that reality and conviction of truth that can only be given by its application to the moral duties of common life, then more or less of a shock is always produced; the eye opens, and the ear listens, and the mind wakens, and the conscience starts up, and the whole man is struck with awe, and "the secrets of his heart are made manifest," and he reports that God of a truth is there.

CXCIV.

Christ's healing power appears in inward, yet more than in outward suffering. It is not a mere emotion of benevolence or pity that gives to His teaching this peculiarly touching and consoling character. There is a law, if one may so speak, a principle of mercy, no less than of justice, in all that He said and did. He pitied because He loved. He loved, because He saw through all the wretchedness, and darkness, and bondage of evil, that there was in every human soul a possibility of repentance, of restoration; a germ of good, which, however stifled and overlaid, yet was capable of recovery of health, of freedom, of perfection.

CXCV.

Our citizenship is not here. We, like Him whose name we bear, must leave the world and go to the Father; it is our duty and our privilege to live as in that thought, and they who keep that thought steadily before them, will have, like the apostles, the best support in all the trials, the changes, the excitements of this mortal life. They who so use the world as not abusing it, will have that blessing of freedom from care and anxiety which, as has been truly said, is the portion of those only who can see time in eternity, and eternity in time; who can feel, on the one hand, that time and the things of time are not rendered worthless by the vast prospect which encompasses them, but who can feel, on the other hand, how the consciousness of that prospect alone gives them their true value.

CXCVI.

Would that our harsh judgments could be restrained, our impatience checked, our selfishness broken down, our passions controlled, our waste of time and life in worthless or unworthy objects corrected, by the thought that there is One in whose hands we are, who cares for us with a parent's love, who will judge us hereafter without the slightest tinge of human infirmity, the All-Merciful and the All-Just.

CXCVII.

In the Cross of Christ — the highest good which God has revealed to man — "in this conquer." Conquer, because the Cross of Christ shows us what is God's love to His creatures. Conquer, because it shows us what is the highest call of man. Conquer, because it shows us the strength and the firmness, the gentleness and mercy, the suffering and the victory in which, and through which, we too are to be victorious.

CXCVIII.

Every wide-spread error contains a concealed truth. This is the point on which we must fasten if we wish to overthrow the error. In every human being there is a spark of good. That is the spark which, in bringing the light of goodness near it, we shall cause to explode, and shatter the whole fortress of evil which has been raised over it.

Take any system of evil and look at it in this way: try to find out its true side; argue from that, appeal to that, grant that; and how much more convincing will be your arguments to those in error, how much more instructive and elevating to yourself, than if you opposed the whole system as a mass of unmixed falsehood!

Or take any institution, any circle of men, any character that you wish to reform; how much better is your

chance, if you try to find some one good or generous principle to which you can appeal, which you can, as it were, make your friend, than if you treated the whole man, the whole place, as incorrigibly corrupt.

CXCIX.

The soldier who is more brave because of a higher than any earthly courage within him, the man of law who is more scrupulously just because he has before him a higher than any earthly tribunal, the men of commerce and business —

> "Who carry music in their heart,
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat,

these are exact instances of what the apostle means by being "transformed by the renewing of our minds." These are the most truly unworldly, because, though living in the midst of the furnace, its "fire has had no power upon them."

CC.

True opinions, free inquiry, ancient ceremonies, devout feelings — yes, even knowledge, rank, station, antiquity, "have much advantage," "much profit," "much

every way" for the strengthening of our bulwarks and our outposts. Yet behind, and within, and above them all, is the citadel of the fortress — "keeping the commandments of God." So long as this is ours, we are safe; if we lose this, we lose all. In comparison with this, and without this, circumcision and uncircumcision, orthodoxy and heresy, antiquity and novelty, are — "nothing."

CCI.

Let the truth speak for itself. Do not lay on the church, but above all, do not lay on the Bible, do not lay on the Gospel, the charge and the burden of scruples and difficulties which are but as the inventions of yesterday. Render to God — to Christ — to the Scriptures — render to the doctrines of true Christian theology — the sense and the wisdom which are really theirs. Render to them their own pure gold, as it was when it was not become dim, their own most fine gold, not yet changed by wear and tear, and rust, and counterfeit; render these faithfully and gratefully where they are due, and we may then be sure that Cæsar and Cæsar's things will never suffer.

CCII.

How many controversies need for their remedy not

theological learning, not ancient precedents, not sounding watchwords, but a few grains of common prudence, a single spark of good sense and discretion.

CCIII.

There is, indeed, a struggle, a never-ending struggle to be maintained against the world, in that darker sense in which St. John spoke of it, as lying in sin and falsehood: there is a heavy sacrifice to be demanded from all those who have the courage to speak and to act and to think, not as the many or the mighty think and speak, not as pleasure and interest require. Such a contest, more or less severe, is, or ought to be, in store for all of us.

But let us not increase the difficulties of this contest by means of our own devising — let us thankfully remember that in our enjoyment of this world's power, and truth, and beauty, no less than in the burning fiery furnace of resistance to its evil, there is another walking with us, and His form is like unto the Son of God.

CCIV.

Let us always ask about this or that opinion, not, "Is it dangerous?" "Is it safe?" "Is it useful?" "Is it agreeable?" but, "Is it true?" Let us remember, with

the apostle, that if we wished ever so much, "we can do nothing *against* the truth." Truth is great, and truth will prevail. This is our warning, our reward, our consolation.

CCV.

Set forth the light, and the darkness will flee before it. Take care of the truth, and the errors will take care of themselves. You may destroy a hundred heresies, and yet not establish a single truth. But you may, by establishing a single truth, put to flight with one blow a hundred heresies.

CCVI.

It is inspiration, it is the gift of God's Spirit, that through the whole of the Scriptures there is, though expressed "in divers manners," the same unmistakable mode of speaking "with authority and not as the scribes."

We feel as we read, that there is in the Scriptures a solemnity, a simplicity, a dignity, which ordinary writings have not. They command our attention, they speak to us directly, they take the command of our souls in the storms and dangers of the world; even as in actual storms and shipwrecks, the crew of the sinking ship — in sudden emergencies, the agitated household —

in revolts and revolutions, the raging multitude — is hushed into submission by the commanding voice, irresistible weight, and calm composure of some powerful mind, some heroic character, raised up by the greatness of the crisis.

It is this in the teaching of Scripture, of our Lord especially, that solves all those difficulties which we are apt to conjure as to the conflicts that may arise between human and divine authority, between the claims of reason and the claims of revelation.

CCVII.

Old religious factions," says Burke, "are volcanoes burned out; on the lava and ashes and squalid scoriæ of old eruptions, grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn."

Those who have seen the sides of Vesuvius can well appreciate the force of this image. There, indeed, may be seen tracts of desolation, bare, black, and lurid, beyond any other which earth can show. These are where the sulphur still lingers, and repels every effort of vegetation. But there are also tracts, close adjoining to them, and even in the midst of them, where the green vineyard, the grey olive, the golden orange, and the springing herb mark that, out of the attrition and decomposition of the ancient streams of lava, the vital

forces of nature can assert themselves with double vigor, and create a new life under the very ribs of death.

So it is with extinct theological controversies. So far, indeed, as they retain the bitterness, the fire and brimstone of personal rancor and malignity, they are, and will be to the end of time, the most barren and profitless of all the works of man. But if this can be eliminated or corrected, it is undeniable not only that truths of various kinds take root and spring up in the soil thus formed, but that there is a fruitful and useful result produced by the contemplation of the transitory character of the volcanic eruptions which once seemed to shake the earth.

CCVIII.

The Bible might have been uniform, perfect, without varieties of text or statement, without faults of grammar or diction, without difference of style or progress of doctrine. The Bible is nothing of the kind. It is full of inequalities, variations, pauses, silences, lights, and shades, which indicate the hand of God in Creation, and which indicate it no less in the multiform diversity of His own express Revelation.

In this lies its inexhaustible strength, its boundless versatility, its unbroken hold on the hearts and consciences of men — the true signs of a Book wherein resides the voice of Him whose voice is as the voice of

many waters, the language in which we all of us hear "every man" — as it were — "in the tongue wherein we were born, the wonderful works of God." And, if in this Book, the divine and human be necessarily intermingled, is it (we do not say rational, but is it) pious, is it reverential, to deny the human in order to exalt the divine?

The same microscope of criticism that reveals to us the depths of the inner meaning of the divine message in all its manifold fulness, reveals to us also the imperfections, the contradictions of the human messenger. We cannot have the one without the other.

It is because we so prize the kernel that we are content to break the shell; and yet, even in the shell to recognize and to value the roughnesses and the flaws which prove it to be a genuine and not an artificial product. To that recognition, we are persuaded that every student of the sacred text and history must sooner or later be brought.

CCIX.

Sacred pictures, sacred sculpture, sacred poetry, sacred music, sacred ritual, must all be judged by the same varying standard. The presence or the absence of any one of these is reverent or irreverent, according to the intention of those who use it, and the disposition of those for whom it is intended.

CCX.

There is the rashness of the moth that flies into the fire; but there is the rashness, no less, as Archbishop Whately has well said, of the horse that is burnt to death because it refuses to leave its accustomed stall. There is an advantage in caution and silence; but there is an advantage, also, in courage and in speaking out.

"Doubt," says Professor Jowett, "comes in at the window when enquiry is denied at the door."

It is a parable worthy of John Bunyan. We almost see the venerable Sage, worn out with anxious, reverential search, rudely repelled by the sturdy guardians of orthodoxy from the wide portals at which he humbly knocks for admittance, whilst, aloft and behind, the grinning, chattering imp has climbed in through the lattice, and occupied the innermost chamber of the house.

Doubtless, the revelation contained in the Sacred Records would be more surprising if the waters of the Red Sea, the mountain of Olivet, the city of Jerusalem, the influences of Egypt, Chaldea, and Rome, were found to have had no real existence, but to have been, one and all, called into existence by miraculous interposition, to meet the special occasions described in the Biblical narrative.

But no one will be rash enough to maintain that religion would gain by such a process. Rather by the nat-

ural links which all these objects furnish between the present and the past, the Sacred History becomes not only more credible, but more edifying, more attractive, more humane (in whichever sense we take that word), and therefore more divine.

CCXI.

The endeavor to accept opinions from which we differ, as the counsels of a mistaken friend rather than as the attacks of a malicious enemy — the endeavor to view controverted questions on their own merits, and not according to the names or positions of the persons concerned — the endeavor to grasp the truths which lie beneath the words — is a severe moral and intellectual struggle, but it is one which must be mastered in all controversies, if anything like a unity of Christendom is ever to be thought of.

"Had the human mind the same power of holding fast points of agreement, as of discovering differences, there would be an end of the controversy."

So an eminent theologian speaks of one particular subject. But it might equally be said of most of those abstract questions which have divided Christendom.

CCXII.

It is a characteristic story told of M. de Tocquerville,

that, when standing on the steps of the throne on the august occasion of the opening of Parliament, he watched in silence the gathering of the peers in their scarlet robes, the entrance of the ministers in their official uniforms, the appearance of the sovereign in royal magnificence, and then, when he beheld the Commons rushing to the bar in their plain, unadorned, rough, everyday dress, he exclaimed, "*Voila le Maitre.*" He seemed to see that the day was come, in the nation, as in a household, when it is the servants only who appear in livery, whilst the real master stands above formalities.

The sentiment implied in this saying has doubtless a touch of exaggeration, derived from a too austere view of human affairs. But it represents the real cause of the alienation, felt by many minds, from external show, even when not associated with doctrines or ideas repugnant to them. And in this respect the general antiquarian taste of the time, whilst fostering an appreciation of architecture and a love of historical associations, is often found to be a positive check on ceremonialism, or credulity in religion.

No one is a more decided enemy to legend and superstition, because no one knows more about them, than a profound archæologist. No one is more apt to think simplicity the beauty of holiness than a man who enters most thoroughly into the glory of art.

CCXIII.

"It is not," as Phillip Henry well said, "the actual differences of Christian men that do the mischief, but the mismanagement of those differences."

And by a better management of those differences, by a better understanding between all the different branches of Christendom, without any external amalgamation or formal reconciliation it is to be hoped that, a unity will spring up — it may be to be realized only in some far distant age, but to begin in our own — more like to that unity of which the Church has yet witnessed.

CCXIV.

The Bible is unlike all other books in its variety, unlike in its unity, unlike in its high morality, unlike in its pure theology, unlike in its general accuracy, and in its tone of truthfulness, unlike in its clear representation of the mind of God, in its constant and fearless appeals to the highest conscience and reason of man.

But it is a collection of books written in the language of men, through the thoughts of men, with the same varieties of text, with the same difficulties and discrepancies of statement and style, with the same dependence on and illustrations from geography, history, chronology, philosophy, which we find in other books, and,

therefore, in exact proportion to our belief in its divine inspiration and authority, in exact proportion as we wish to understand its real meaning, and not to substitute for it our own or other men's fancies — in that proportion we must "interpret the Bible as we would interpret any other book."

The conflicts respecting Inspiration are the mere scintillations or filings thrown off by the fiction between fact and theory. What we have to do in such an enquiry is not to frame or to attack any theory about the Bible, but to ascertain what are the actual characteristics of the Bible itself. Find out what the sacred writers really said — what they really intended — and then, whatever it be, whether it be prose or poetry, poetry or history, exact accuracy, or manifold inaccuracies, contradictions, imperfections — scientific historical, linguistic — that is what must be included within the range of Biblical Inspiration.

Every fact which we thus ascertain from the astronomer, geologist, ethnologist, scholar, or divine, is the best approach to the true solution of the only question at issue, namely, what is the intrinsic nature of the Bible itself.

It cannot be gainsayed that the paramount glory and power of the Bible has become far more evident to us by this nearer, closer investigation. I speak not here of that Divine Faith and supernatural spiritual excel-

lence, which is wholly independent of all such lesser details, but of the increased profit, delight, veneration, derived from a knowledge even of these.

Can anyone, for example, doubt that the enjoyment which a merely ordinary student possesses of the Song of Deborah, or the Book of Job, far exceeds that of the Fathers and the Schoolmen, in whom those magnificent poems inspired hardly a spark of poetic recognition, who saw in them chiefly the repetition of allegories, which might equally well have been drawn from any other book whatever?

Can anyone doubt that the characters of David and St. Paul are better appreciated, more dearly loved, by a man like Ewald, who approaches them with a profound insight into their language, their thoughts, their customs, their history, than by a Scholastic divine from whom the atmosphere in which the king and the apostle moved was almost entirely shut out?

CCXV.

It is said that whilst in one of his inferior bishoprics, Philaret was invited to dine with the governor of the place. The governor and his aides-de-camp talked irreverently of the Bible. Philaret was silent. At last the governor, irritated, turned to him and said:

"Have you nothing to say to this?"

Philaret replied:

"I have studied the Bible well, and it tells me not to 'throw pearls before swine.'"

The governor enraged, struck him on the face, and asked,

"What does the Bible say to that?"

Philaret replied:

"The Bible says, 'If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.'"

He then rose, moved towards the sacred picture which in all Russian apartments, and therefore in the governor's dining-room, hung in the corner of the wall, and crossing himself said:

"For these and all other Thy mercies good Lord, make me truly thankful," and immediately left the house.

A report of the incident reached St. Petersburg, and a fortnight after a letter came from the Emperor, asking him for an explanation. He replied:

"Tell the people in St. Petersburg not to trouble themselves about it. Whatever happened, I have forgotten it and forgiven it."

The Emperor insisted on knowing it, and the governor was degraded. Philaret, however, begged him off, that he might not be the cause of the ruin of an innocent family; shortly afterwards the Archbishop became Metropolitan of Moscow, and though third in rank of the three Metropolitans in Russia, yet, from the respect entertained for his character, he was chosen to crown both Nicholas and Alexander II.

CCXVI.

The celebrated Benedictine monk, Padre Tosti, was speaking not long ago of the effects of modern criticism — partly with praise, partly with blame — "At least," he said, "it has had this advantage, that it has caused you to shut up all your Symbolical Books."

I do not say that it has done this; but it has placed them for the first time in entire subordination to the higher theology of the Scriptures, to which they never before actually paid the obedience which in words they had always professed. And it is this which produces a kind of unity of religious thought unknown before since the revival of independent enquiry. When French Catholics and French Protestants, German Catholics and German Protestants, English Churchmen and English Nonconformists, are for the first time employed in studying the same book on the same general principles it is impossible but that greater unity will emerge, greater unity of interest, if not of sentiment.

CCXVII.

Only a few can be like Christ in bursting the bonds of superstition, in revealing new truths to the soul of man, in withering up by just contempt and scorn the falsehood and self conceit of hollow piety or pretended knowledge; but everyone can be like Him in those

things which the doubting disciples saw and heard. Each of us has some one to whom we can do what He did; some one whose failing eyesight or lost hearing we can soothe; some one whose sick room we can cheer; some one whose bereavement we can lighten; some one whose temptations we can ward off, whose conscience we can rouse. Let no one say that he cannot be a Christian, that he cannot own the authority of Christ. By every kind act, or deed, you can, if you will — and you will, if you reflect for a moment on God's purpose in sending you into the world.

CCXVIII.

The first establisher, or organizer, of any regular ecclesiastical system in Ireland was Malachi, or Maal-Maadhog O'Margair, of Armagh, the friend of St. Bernard, of whom that saint says that "he was no more affected by the barbarism of his nation than fishes by the saltness of the sea." He first broke the succession of the lay prelates of Armagh and grasped the Episcopal insignia which were in possession of one of the chiefs of the O'Neill's. He first, or nearly the first, broke through the practice of his countrymen, by exchanging wooden wattled buildings for stone churches, and was met with the indignant cry, since repeated in many tones, "We are Scots, and not Frenchmen;" or,

as his countrymen in later times would say, "We are Irishmen, and not Englishmen." Through him the Cistercian monks were first brought from Clairvaux into Ireland; and the exquisite ruin in the retired vale of Mellifort, recalls, not only in its architecture but in its situation, the like remains of the Gallican Cistercians; the more from its contrast with the bleak, bewildered groups of diminutive chapel and tower, and rudely-carved crosses, in the adjacent sanctuary of Monasterboice; the one as certainly native and Irish, as the other is certainly continental and French.

The old archbishop of Armagh, who appeared at Dublin amongst the English courtiers followed everywhere by his white cow, on whose milk he lived; the lay-ecclesiastical potentates, who came out with their long yellow hair streaming over their shoulders and down their backs, were as unlike to the princely Norman prelates of Canterbury and Winchester as they would be to modern cardinal or modern primate. And on the other hand, the repugnance of the aboriginal people to the new settlers was the same, in kind, if not in degree, as it has been ever since. "You have had no martyrs in Ireland," was the taunt of a Norman ecclesiastic to a native Irish priest. "We have had none yet," was the ready response; "but you have brought a race amongst us who will soon give us the opportunity."

CCXIX.

Who that has ever seen Kilmore can forget the grave of Bedell? Close by that great church (Kilmore), great only by contrast with the small tenements which in the fourteenth century served for Irish worship — humble indeed compared with the cathedrals of England was the Episcopal palace in which Bedell gathered as in a little fortress, the scattered Protestants of the neighborhood, during the insurrection of 1641. There, in happier days, he, and he alone, had labored at the one weapon which might have produced some effect on the native Irish — the translation of the Bible into their own language. In a corner of the churchyard, as far as possible removed from the church, in accordance with his known repugnance — curiously beyond his age — to intramural interments, his remains were brought a few months later, when, worn out by the hardships in his imprisonment in the castle on the neighboring lake, he died on its shores, in the house of a friend. Then it was that two signal testimonies were given not only to the power of Christian goodness, to the universality of Christian charity, but also to the force of the English, and to the gratitude of the Irish nature. The troops of the rebel army escorted his body to the grave, and as they fired a volley over his coffin, shouted, *Requiescat in pace Ultimus Anglorum.* The Roman priest who stood by, exclaimed, *Sit anima mea cum Bedello.* The sacred grave

in that thronged cemetery is now overshadowed by a branch of a vast sycamore which he himself planted in the adjacent garden, and which seems to connect his saintly end with his generous and genial life. "Bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried, and lay my bones beside his bones," was the request of one of his successors in the See; and another built in his honor the new cathedral, which, amidst whatever changes, will always remain a monument of the affection with which his memory was cherished as the ideal of a Christian bishop.

CCXX.

In no Roman Catholic country of Europe have the priesthood obtained such an ascendancy over the people, as in Ireland. Nowhere are their blessings more eagerly sought, their curses more dreaded. This situation has also been their bane, because it has brought about that dependence on their flocks both materially and morally, to counteract the evils of which has been the object of almost every eminent statesman of whatever party; because it has engendered in them a necessity of descending to the manners, almost the vices, of the lower classes — a dread of placing themselves in opposition to any popular movement, however unreasonable, that foreign or domestic agitation may set on foot. One

portrait, for good or evil, may stand for all — the Pope of Ireland at the beginning of this century — Dr. Doyle, Roman Catholic bishop of Kildare — the original "Lion of the tribe of Judah." We almost seem to see his long unfleshy arms, his pointedly lean shoulders, his high broad forehead, his long dark eyelashes, his half-closed eye and sly Irish smile. We recognize his commanding character even in the smallest trials: — "When you act as a bishop be always in the right, and stand to it."

"But what if I am in the wrong?" "No matter, be always in the right."

"Give me something to do," he exclaims when he is ill; "I don't ask for a Father of the Church; but give me something, for the love of God, if it be only the Pagan Tacitus." When asked to remain at his fire-side, and spare himself by sending a letter to the synod, "Pshaw! I might as well send this poker." Nothing is more triumphant than his leadership of the Roman Catholic Relief movement. Nothing is more praiseworthy than his struggles in defence of national education, and against the Whitefoot insurgents. Nothing is more tragical than his mixture of despondency and terror at the prospect of coming into collision with the popular agitators, which at last wore him out. His tomb in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Carlow is the lasting monument of his fame and of his sorrows.

CCXXI.

Nowhere can the Protestant Englishman feel a glow of prouder enthusiasm than as he catches from the ancient ramparts by Walker's monument the distant view of the Foyle, up which the Mountjoy came on one memorable July evening, bearing succour to the heroic inhabitants of Derry. But the churchmen must always bear in mind that this glory was shared in equal proportion by the Presbyterians, who, during those long months of famine and distress, partook of the toils and the dangers of the Episcopalians.

The *Regium Donum* granted by William III., to the Presbyterians, is but a scanty acknowledgment of the services which in that great struggle they rendered to the English Crown and the Protestant cause. It is one of the most striking proofs of the vigor of this branch of the Church in Ireland, that from it sprang the founders of the Presbyterians and of the Methodists of the United States. From the same wild country of Donegal that gave birth to the first missionary of Scotland, sprang Francis Mackenie and Patrick Mackie, the two earliest Presbyterian ministers of Philadelphia. And from the Irish "Palatines," as they were called — the refugees from the Palatinate who settled near Limerick, and on whom Wesley produced the deepest impression — issued forth Philip Embery and Barbara Heck, the

founders of the first Methodist chapel in New York. The singular grace of the Irish nation opened a path for the refined enthusiasm of Wesley, such as he had vainly sought in Scotland. "He found," he said, "as much courtesy in their cabins as he could have found at St. James or in the Louvre."

CCXXII.

The two bishops of Cork, the one Irish Protestant, the other Irish Catholic, not long ago met each other in the road between Cork and Kinsdale, coming to restore their letters which had gone astray respectively to each. Their carriages stopped, and their prisoners were exchanged. "Pray go on opening my letters," said another Roman Catholic prelate to one of the most eminent of living Protestant bishops; "it is of no importance." The two last archbishops of Dublin co-operated on the most friendly terms in the Board of National Education. Within the memory of aged persons of our time, at the centenary of the deliverance of Londonderry, the two bishops of Derry were seen walking side by side to assist in the Protestant cathedral at the service of joint thanksgiving. About the same period a farmer called to pay his rent to the bishop of Limerick. He found him with another elderly gentleman seated by the fire, each with a pair of bag pipes. "Wait," said the bishop "until you have heard us play a duet;" and, "Now go

home and tell your friends that you heard a duet played together by the Protestant and Catholic bishops of Limerick."

CCXXIII.

In the graveyard of the Protestant cathedral of Tuam there stands the stem of the ancient sculptured cross of the original church. In the precinct of the Roman Catholic cathedral there stands its pedestal. The two fragments cannot be exclusively appropriated by either church. Neither can be expected to relinquish what each prizes, and what each has been the means of preserving. Neither would be so ungenerous as to wish to destroy what the other possesses, merely because the one has lost it. What all good Protestants, what all good Catholics, of Tuam naturally wish for this ancient cross, is what every wise statesman, every true Christian would wish for the religion of which that cross is the symbol, namely, a neutral ground, a mutual truce, by which the two parts shall at least be joined, as the emblem of peace, not as the landmark of division.

CCXXIV.

Go to France or Germany, and no man will be at a loss to tell you where the most learned, the most enlightened men of the country are to be found. They are

members of the Institute ; they are lecturers in the College of Henry IV. ; they are professors in the Universities. Here and there they may have risen to be ministers of state. But such a rise has been through their literary eminence ; and that eminence is illustrated, not superseded, by their new position. Every one knows where is the oracle at whose mouth he is to enquire. In England it is far otherwise. Now and then it may be that a great light in theology or history will burst forth at Oxford or Cambridge and draw all eyes to itself. But these are exceptions. Look over the roll of our literary heroes in ancient times or in present. Engaged in the distracting labors of the school-room, serving the tables of a bank, in the back room of a public office, in the seclusion of a rustic parish, are too often planted the men who in France or Germany would have been enthroned on professional chairs addressing themselves to the rising historians, philologers, or theologians of the age. The evil has been pointed out in the report of the Oxford Commission, and may, we hope, be remedied to some extent by the legislature ; for an evil undoubtedly it is, that Archimedes should be without the standing-place from whence he might move the world. But there is a brighter side to this state of things which is not to be overlooked. It is a good that light should be diffused as well as concentrated ; that speculation and practice should be combined and not

always isolated; that genius should be at times forced into uncongenial channels and compelled to animate forms of life which else would be condemned to hopeless mediocrity.

CCXXV.

To show that the good of man was the will and wish of God, to show that doing good to one another is the chief duty of man — this is at once the object of Christ's coming into the world, and the proof that He had begun a new epoch in the history of mankind. This hope, this desire, this purpose was, and is still, that the blind whether with the eyes of body or mind, should receive their sight; that the deaf, whether deaf by nature or deaf by prejudice, should open their ears; that the lame, whether halting by sickness or halting by idleness, should be active and walk; that the lepers, whether they suffer from filth of body or filth of soul, should be made clean and pure; that those whose hearts are dead to better things should be roused to new life; and those who are laid in their graves should have the seed of immortality planted within them. Wheresoever and by whomsoever this is effected, there the work of Christ and of Christianity is done. Wheresoever and by whomsoever this is hindered, there the work of Christ and Christianity is thwarted and prevented.

CCXXVI.

We cannot be scholars of Christ without putting into practice what we learn from Him. In a foreign language what a difference there is between learning it in books and by rule, and learning it by the necessities of life, being forced to speak it in order to get what we want. What a pleasure there is in finding that the word which we read in a dictionary will help us out of some pressing difficulty. And even as a very few words, so learnt, and so applied, go a very great way, so is it in religion. You may have heard of the poor woman who is said to have found her way from the distant wilds of Asia to her husband in England by constantly repeating the only two English words that she knew, "Gilbert" and "London." This is a likeness of what many and many a Christian, many a one, perhaps, whom some would hardly call a Christian might do, if he only put into constant practice again and again the very simplest and shortest notions he has of Christ and of Christ's goodness.

CCXXVII.

The educated world of Christendom has formed a unity for itself, above and beside and without the external unity or divisions of the churches in which those who wish can approach each other, without even touching on the barriers which politically and ecclesiastically

part them asunder. A French or German Catholic, like Tocqueville, or Remusat, or Döllinger has far more in common with men like Hallam or Macaulay or Tennyson or Milman, than he has with the partisans of the Court of Rome. The higher we ascend in the intellectual scale the more we find the atmosphere to be one of attraction and not of repulsion. The theology of Lord Bacon, and of Bishop Butler, and of Pascal can be used by Christians of every church almost equally. The name of Shakespeare, the greatest in human literature, does it belong to a Protestant or a Catholic? History refuses to answer. Criticism falters. The true verdict of mankind says "to neither."

CCXXVIII.

Helps, indeed, assistances innumerable, not only through the clergy, the Sacraments, and the Bible, but through example, through art, through nature, through science, through history, through poetry, through church, through home, through school, through advice, through love, through friendship, the human soul has always needed, and will always need, in her arduous, ever retarded, upward flight towards a better world. But the belief in a fixed, external, necessary "medium between the soul and God," on earth, is exactly that which — if we have rightly read the Psalms of David, the epistles of Paul, and the Gospel of Christ — if we have learnt

anything from the sufferings of the church before the Reformation and since — true religion is always striving to dispense with, and the more it can be dispensed with, the nearer and higher is the communion of the human spirit with its Maker and Redeemer.

CCXXIX.

"He went about doing good." Doubtless Christ did many other things also. He was the source of freedom, and of light, and of justice, and of holiness. But this — His benevolence — was the chief outward characteristic of His life whereby He commended to us everything else that he did; by this, more than by any other single aspect of His life, He shows to us His likeness to His Heavenly Father, who delights in the good of all His creatures; by this chiefly He invites us to be like Him.

CCXXX.

We must not be afraid of the famous name of "Protestant." We must vindicate for the great old name of "Catholic" its free, original meaning, and make it once more the watchword, not of narrow, exclusive, external observances, but of the universal breadth which it bears in the ancient creeds, and which was infused into it by the teaching of Isaiah and of St. Paul.

CCXXXI.

Christ might have come like John the Baptist, austere, living in the desert. So, have come many Eastern sages, many Christian saints. He did no such thing. He threw Himself into the busy life of men. He was a centre of happiness wherever he moved. If there was any suffering of body and mind within His reach, He hastened to heal it. His superhuman powers were hardly ever exercised on mere acts of wonder, There might have been many more startling, more extraordinary, or, as we should say, more miraculous prodigies, than those which are recorded in the Gospels. The remarkable point in these is that they contain nothing which is not directly connected with the good of man.

CCXXXII.

No doubt there are many who still cling to the notion that we must have all or nothing; that the Bible, like the Koran, is one single book, in which the slightest variety or shade is inadmissible, and that every word and fact contained in it is of equal importance. But, on the whole, the doctrine that revelation has been made not uniformly and all at once, but "in sundry times and divers manners" has now, we may trust, been so firmly rooted, that the "moral difficulties" cre-

ated by requiring in the Old Testament a perfection which was never claimed for it by Christianity will soon cease almost to exist. Once grant that "the Jews were not premature Christians, any more than they were premature astronomers or geologists," and our exaggerated disappointments will fall to the ground with our exaggerated expectations.

CCXXXIII.

Consider what a resting place this gives to our speculations, reflect how many of the theological questions which vex the present time, respecting this life and the next, must begin and end in this — that God is above all else, a moral Being; that He is Love; that He is a righteous Judge, who will deal with us according to truth; that Obedience is greater in His sight than outward ceremonies; that the Good, the Faithful, and the True is above every other offering that can be made in heaven or on earth.

CCXXXIV.

In the deep, unaffected, unartificial creed of the poor, many a one will find the truest response to that which he has learned from the profoundest Biblical critic, and the most soaring aspirations of philosophy.

CCXXXV.

The language of a morbid and despairing theology is "Whenever a doubt comes into your mind, fling it away like a loaded shell." The language of a healthy and hopeful theology is that of Lord Bacon "If a man begins with certainties he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he will end in certainties." Science, history, and the principles of our moral nature are formidable antagonists to Theology if she sets herself against them; but they are her very best friends if she takes them as her counsellors, her advisers, her allies.

CCXXXVI.

Whatever victory has been gained over evil and selfishness, and misery, that, whether called by His name or not, is the triumph of Christianity, the proof that Christianity is divine. Whatever victories yet remain to be won in the same great cause are the proofs that the work of Christianity is not yet over; that Christ still calls upon the energies of every individual and of every class to accomplish in times to come greater things than He has ever yet done, whether while actually with us on earth or through His Spirit working on the spirits of men.

CCXXXVII.

"The Gospel is preached to the poor." This is one of the phrases which we often hear repeated, without thinking of its deep meaning. It means that the glad tidings, the doctrine that Christ came to preach, unlike many systems that have been taught before and since, was so genuine and natural, that it went to the heart of the humblest, and simplest of men. Not that it was unsuited to the most refined — far from it — for what is most simple is equally suited to the best educated and the least educated. It is the half-educated, the one-sided, those who think they know everything when really they know but very little — it is these who find it hard to enter into the words of true wisdom. But the Gospel of Christ has won its way into the palaces of the great and the schools of the learned, precisely because in the first instance it was suited to the wants of those who had no theories and no prejudices, who had perhaps but one or two ideas in their minds, but for that very reason had their minds open to receive what fell dead on the perverted fancy of the Pharisee or the worldly coldness of the Sadducees.

"I thank thee, O Father, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Even so, for so alone in God's providence was it pos-

sible that the truly wise of after ages should be the better for the teaching which none but children and childlike souls could receive then.

CCXXXVIII.

To a great extent the German language, especially the language of German theologians will always be to us a dead language — a tongue in which the learned will converse with each other, but not a medium of popular communication. This is in some respects, a great convenience. They are always subjects in which it is impossible for the mind of a whole nation, or of two whole nations to be simultaneously on the same level; and in such matters a separate language is the best means of intercourse between those who are really able to form a judgment on the questions at issue. For this reason we confess that we can never look with much hope or favor on mere translations of German works on theology or philosophy. It is next to impossible that they should convey to the uneducated Englishman the impression which they received from the German author. Often, indeed, the mere fact of translation renders them utterly unintelligible. The real interpreters of German thought are those who receiving it themselves, and understanding by experience its strength and its weakness, are able to reproduce it in an En-

glish garb, or rather to develop and animate English literature by the contact.

CCXXXIX.

What a feast there is in a single good book! We sometimes hardly appreciate sufficiently the influence which literature exercises over large phases of the world. By literature I mean those great works of history, poetry, fiction or philosophy that rise above professional or common place uses, and take possession of the mind of a whole nation or a whole age. Spend, if possible, one hour each day in reading some good and great book. The number of such books is not so great as to overwhelm you. Every one who reflects on the former years of his education, can lay his fingers on half a dozen, perhaps even fewer, which have made a lasting impression upon his mind. Treasure up these. It is not only the benefits which you yourself derive from them — it is the impression which they leave upon you of the lasting power of that which is spiritual and immaterial.

CCXL.

There have been those whose good genius or good fortune have enabled them to triumph over the difficulties of early life and raised them to high places in

church and state, but who have then lost thought of others still struggling as they struggled, who have not cared to entangle themselves again in dangers from which they have happily escaped, to whom the new generation is a growth as of another planet, uncared for, unthought of, unknown. Let no one be hard on such apparent apathy. It need not be the result of selfishness or of indifference. It may only be the effect of the almost inevitable pressure of events, of circumstances, of the preoccupation of fresh scenes, the consolidation of formed habits, the separation by time and space from earlier scenes or from new associates. But there are some few noble natures that are proof against this temptation; and of those few were Dean Milman. However prudent in action, however fastidious in taste, perhaps even exacting in his demands, he yet was always ready to lend a helping hand to rising merit, to foster any new light, to lift up the broken reed. He was by disposition averse from controversy. He abstained on principle from joining in party movements, or even literary combinations, for which he could not make himself fully responsible.

"I have made it a rule in life," he said, on one such remarkable occasion, "always to preserve my own solidarity." But not the less, or rather by this very means, did he resolutely maintain his independence of judgment; never fascinated by the love of popularity, or deterred by the fear of unpopularity, from sympathy

with an unpopular cause or an unpopular name. Against injustice and intolerance everywhere was raised the protest, sometimes of his indignant voice, sometimes of his no less indignant and significant silence. That well-known sentence in his history was characteristic of his whole career: "Who would not meet the judgment of his Divine Redeemer loaded with the errors of Nestorius, rather than with the barbarities of Cyril?"

CCXLI.

Who has not felt it hard to recognize the author of the "Paradise Lost" and of the "Penseroso" in the polemical treatises on Divorce and the execution of Charles I.? Who does not know the immeasurable contrast between Wordsworth, the poet of nature and of the human heart, and Wordsworth, the narrow Tory and High Churchman of his later days? Let us hope that in each case it is the poet who is the real man — the theologian and politician only the temporary mask and phase.

CCXLII.

Who is there that has ever seen the old church of Herstmonceux with its yew tree, and churchyard, and view over sea and land, and will not feel that it has received a memorial forever in the touching allusions to

the death of Phillis Hoad, to the grave of Sina Deimling, to the ancient church on the hill top? Who that ever heard or read the striking introduction of the stories of Hooker's death and of the warning of St. Philip Neri, in the sermons on the "Chariots of God," and on the "Close of the Year," will not feel the power and life given to the pastor of the humblest flock by his command of the varied treasures of things new and old, instead of the common places which fill up so many vacant pages of the sermons of an ordinary preacher.

To pass from common clerical society, however able and instructive, to Herstmonceux Rectory, was passing into a house where every window was fearlessly opened to receive air and light and sound from the outer world, even, though for the moment unwelcome, dazzling, startling.

"Children," says Julius Hare in one of his apothegms, "always turn to the light; O that grown-up men would do likewise!"

CCXLIII.

Look at the teachings of Christ — look at its unprofessional, unartificial, unsophisticated character; its freedom from constraint, from technicalities, from hard words, from exclusiveness. This made it a gospel to the poor at first; and this makes it a gospel both to the poor and the rich now. He knew what was in man and

therefore he could throw Himself unreservedly on the common sense and common feeling of the multitude. He struck into this new vein and He found there the very materials which He needed for the establishment of His kingdom. He himself had labored with His own hands at the mechanical work of shaping wood and hewing timber. He found in the hearts of the peasants and fishermen of Galilee a response which He vainly sought elsewhere. With the weaknesses of those rough, wild, dangerous classes, He sympathized with a sympathy such as the world had never before seen, and has rarely seen since. He was never afraid, never ashamed, of being with them, of being on their side, of being considered, even unjustly, as one of them. He was theirs, and they were His. The fervor of that first love may have waxed cold, but it continued long. Those early twelve, those first apostles, were attracted round Him with a passionate faith deeper than any which had yet drawn soldiers round their leader or scholars round their teacher, because they felt that He, great beyond their comprehension, noble with a nobleness not of this earth, had come down to their level, had made himself one of themselves, had made their cause, their welfare, their infirmities, we may almost say, His own. There was one qualification, and one only, for an apostle of those times, that He should have companied with the Lord Jesus during the whole time that He went in and out amongst them." That was enough; that was the

education which raised them to the rank of princes and rulers of men. They received Him into their hearts and they rose to the whole grandeur of the calling to which He had invited them.

CCXLIV.

We cannot be scholars of Christ without trying to understand what is the place and the work in the world for which each of us is fitted. Everything which befalls us is part of our heaven and education. Every event and condition of life is a lesson which is to be turned to account to make us more worthy of Him who by suffering was made perfect — who Himself entered not into joy, till first He had suffered pain.

CCXLV.

The sympathy, the cordial fellow-feeling, the community as it were of flesh and blood, between Christ, our Saviour, and the laboring, toiling, poverty-stricken, struggling, perhaps disaffected, uneasy portion of mankind, is the proof, the living, eternal proof, to them, if to no one else, of the vitality, the immortality of His religion.

"Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?"

No; we, or at any rate, they of whom I speak, cannot look for another: for they will never find another who

felt more with them and for them, who more desired to draw to Himself, and to all that is highest and holiest, those for whom sage and saint, statesman and philosopher, had before that time had hardly a word of comfort, hardly an act of kind consideration. The fact that the Gospel was first preached to the poor, gives to the poor a long, hereditary, inalienable interest in the teaching of the Gospel, in the progress of Christianity.

CCXLVI.

Blessed are they who, in the calm moments of retirement, of worship, of prayer, of silent waiting, have found that to "the weary and heavy laden" Christ can indeed give rest; that compared with the heavy bondage of the world, or the exactions of human systems, "His yoke, indeed is easy, and His burden is light." This blessedness, this happiness has been felt by thousands; this is to them the best of all proofs that Jesus Christ the poor Nazerene, the Holy and the True, is He that should come, and that we need not look for another.

CCXLVII.

To every reflecting mind the freshness and simplicity of the Gospel — the building up of materials so raw, and wide as were the minds of the apostles, is one of the evidences of its more than earthly origin. But if

there be any class to whom it comes on this account with peculiar, endearing authority, it is the working men of this toilsome world — the class of mechanics, of artisans, the class of those who stand afar off, and hardly venture to lift up their eyes to heaven, to whom the sight of church or chapel, from strange, untoward causes has become unfamiliar and unknown.

To these, if to any, our Lord speaks with a voice which ought at once to command attention. The world of the clergy and of religious teachers — these, we might perhaps expect, would have turned away from Him, for their ancestors it was who, in the persons of the chief priests and scribes, opposed and reviled Him and compassed His death. The great, wealthy, religious world, these we might also expect, would have turned a deaf ear; for it was against them that His sternest rebukes were aimed. The statesmen, the poets, the men of fame and name, might perhaps be excused for finding a difficulty in entering into the spirit of One so unearthly, so free from those bonds of time and place with which so much of worldly power and glory is united. But the working, laboring men, those of whom we sometimes hear it said that they hardly enter the walls of places of Christian worship — these are the very disciples, now as formerly, who ought to hail and welcome Jesus Christ, as their own especial Lord and Master, their Champion, their Friend, the Chief whom, in public and in private, they would delight to honor and to reverence.

CCXLVIII.

"Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me."

That is the last and best proof of His authority over us — the blessedness, the happiness of those, who being brought to Him by whatever means, are "not offended," that is, do not stumble, and halt, and make difficulties, in their onward way to a closer communion with Him, a clearer knowledge of what He is and what He wishes them to be.

"Blessed" so we seem to hear Him say, "shall be that doubting, half-believing John, in his solitude and despondency, if he still holds on steadfastly, believing amidst his unbelief, hoping against hope, faithful among the faithless — set free by the truth which he so sincerely sought."

Blessed too, are they, poor or rich, who see the inward spirit of the gospel in spite of its outward failures, who are not deterred by the thousand faults of its professors and teachers from grasping with heart and mind its essential substance.

Blessed are they again, who, struggling against the temptations of their hard life, not knowing how they shall rise above this devouring pressure of competition and business, the absorbing cares of household and maintenance, and saving, and want of saving, yet are

able to feel a sustaining hope in the thought that God loves them, that Christ is cheering them.

CCXLIX.

Christ calls us to be His "disciples," that is, His scholars.

"Scholars," that is, those who are day by day advancing more and more, higher and higher, in His school. We cannot get on at school if we are always finding fault at every turn; we cannot get on at school unless we are really anxious to know exactly the meaning and purpose of what we are taught. And so we cannot be disciples — we cannot be scholars of Christ and of Christianity — unless we think it really worth considering, worth examining, worth discussing, worthy of every wise man's attention; worthy, may I not also say, of every wise man's prayer, that he may make it more and more the object of his life to be what Christ enjoins.

CCL.

If ever we have watched a life of pain and sorrow made happy and cheerful by the calm belief that all things work together for our good; if ever we have been cheered by the sight of a countenance transfigured in the radiant smile that tells of the peace within, which finds life perfectly sweet and death perfectly desirable;

if ever we have known a father or mother, or brother or friend, on whose face were written the commandments of God, who, through good and evil, could not and would not desert us, whose presence, by its grace and purity, seemed to cast out devils wherever it came; if we have been happy enough to meet with characters whom to know was to love, whom to admire was almost to grow better; then we shall have no other need to persuade us that blessed, thrice blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Christ; we shall know that it is He who has come to strengthen, and deliver, and enlighten us — we need not look for another.

CCLI.

The true Christian belief in the blessedness of the good rests not on the sense of any single word, or of any single text, but on the conviction pressed upon us alike by conscience and by the whole tenor of Scripture, that God's essential attributes are unchangeable — that of all His attributes none is more essential or more unchangeable than His love for those who love Him, and His desire to recover those who have gone astray from Him. It is the love of God and the fear of God, the love of goodness and the hatred of sin, not the hope of heaven or the fear of hell, that in the Bible are made the foundations of human action — the way to eternal life.

CCLII.

To a man striving earnestly to mend his life, nothing is so true a Gospel of Peace as the announcement of God's ever ready help. To the humble or simple man, doing his duty in that state of life to which God has called him, walking according to the law which God has written in his heart, the best gospel is, that God with "a righteous judgment" will faithfully "render to every man according to his deeds."

CCLIII.

The teachings of Christ are not abstract doctrines, nor ceremonial regulations, nor expressions of fleeting devotion; they all have one grand object, namely, to make us and all mankind more just, more merciful, more pure, more holy. They breathe the spirit of the Father of spirits; for they are founded on the laws of everlasting truth and right.

As the Ten Commandments on the mountain, where amidst blackness and tempest, the trumpet spoke exceeding loud, so were the Eight Beatitudes on the Galilean mountain, where "He opened His mouth" and spoke those strong, yet gentle words, which are at once the rule and the hope of the Christian life — the "law and the gospel in one — the law which was given by Moses," fulfilled in "the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ."

CCLIV.

"The words of St. Paul are not dead words; they are living creatures, and have hands and feet." Luther meant thereby to describe, and did faithfully describe, the extraordinary force and completeness of the words of that great apostle, each of which seems to have a distinctness and substance of its own. But there is something in our Lord's words higher still; we almost forget that they are words; they seem but as a transparent light in which the truth is contained. No sect has turned them into watchwords; they are almost like a soul without a body. "The words that He speaks to us *are spirit*, and *are life*."

CCLV.

The feet of Christ bring the glad tidings of good things.

In different degrees it may be, and to one more than to another — but to all there is a joy, a cheerfulness, a gladness, even in His shortest sayings. That the kingdom of heaven was come at last, that His own coming was the pledge of its victory — this pervades all that He said, as well as all that He did. Look at His discourses in this light, and they will assume a new, but a most consoling aspect.

CCLVI.

There is such a thing as a worldly spirit, and there is such thing as an unworldly spirit — and according as we partake of one or the other, the savor of the sacrifice of our lives is ordinary, common-place, poor and base; or elevating, invigorating, useful, noble and holy.

CCLVII.

How often is it the case that he is not the truly educated man who is so outwardly, nor is that true nobility which is outward in the flesh; but he is the true gentleman who is one inwardly, though he be a poor man and a peasant; and that is true education and true nobility which shows itself, not in the appearance and the manners, but in the heart and in the spirit, "whose praise is not of men but of God."

CCLVIII.

So to expand our Love, that we lose not our hold upon Faith — so to keep hold on Faith, that we do not shut out Love — may be difficult. But God forbid that we should have gone so far astray that the union of the two should be to us impossible which was the very soul and spirit of the apostolic age — which is the very pe-

culiarity which most distinguishes the Faith of Christ from every other faith in the world.

CCLIX.

It has been said of an eccentric philosopher of our time that his mind became paralyzed when anything presented itself to him in the light of a duty. It might almost be said, in contrast of St. John, that a truth seems to have had no force for him unless it came to him in the light of a duty. The abstract statement without its practical application is in St. John's mouth, only half a doctrine. The whole doctrine, the complete doctrine, must be made up of both together.

CCLX.

We know, we have felt in life what effect is produced by coming in contact with some new character, some new form or idea of goodness, such as was before unknown to us; what hopes, what elevation of soul, what enlargement of mind, what self-reproach, what self-knowledge, what zeal, what admiration, does it kindle within us! Such a new character, such a new form or idea of goodness in the highest sense, the world met, as she wandered on her way, in the person of Jesus Christ. He came across the path of the erring race of man, just at the time when the existing shapes and

forms of virtue and religion seemed to be wearing themselves out. He came as a new element, a new leaven, into the old corrupted mass. He was literally a new, a second Adam, a new man, a second beginning in the history of our race. From Him, and in Him, the world as it were took a new lease of life. It was this newness, this freshness, this difference from all that had gone before — which, even more than mere power, or wisdom, or goodness, availed in Him to win the world to Himself. Men were arrested by the combination of graces which they had before never seen united; men were attracted by a voice which spake as never man had spoken before; men were touched by a tenderness more awful than severity; men were awed by a wisdom which was majestic from its very simplicity and its loveliness. Thus it was that the birthday of Christ became the second birthday of the world. Henceforth we no longer reckon our years from the beginning of the Grecian festivals, or the old corrupt empires of the earth, or the old creation of the world — but from this day.

"Old things are passed away: behold all things are become new."

CCLXI.

"Render unto God the things that be God's," and you will truly "render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's."

The moderation, the calmness, the healing, reconciling effect of the words of Christ, even in this single instance, is a pledge to us that we may well believe and trust in them elsewhere. It is a pledge to us that we need not abandon the common principles of sense, and justice, and love of truth, by devoting ourselves to the service of God — nay, rather it is a pledge that only by lending to those homely, yet noble gifts, the impulse, the sanction, the zeal of religion, will they ever take their proper place in the world, or in the church.

CCLXII.

"Hypocrites," in the gross and common sense of the word — men wilfully and deliberately pretending to be religious when they are in heart villains — these are indeed very rare, almost impossible. But "hypocrites" in the true, original scriptural sense, are alas! too common everywhere.

"One who acts a part," such is the true meaning of the word. One who deceives others, or, what is much more frequent, deceives himself into thinking that he is better than he is. One who knows not himself, who knows not his own special sin, who knows not his special ignorance. One who is good, not because he loves goodness, but because it is required of him by his profession, by his station, by public opinion. One who affects language, feelings, manners, which are not nat-

ural to him. One who sees the mote of a blunder, an error of judgment in his brother's eye, and sees not the beam of selfishness, of slander, of bigotry, of worldliness in his own eye. One who thinks that it is very good to require religion, or correct belief from others, but pays no heed to it himself. "*Hypocrites*" in this sense are to be found in every congregation; we are all of us in this sense open to our Lord's rebuke.

CCLXIII.

It was said by an old philosopher, "If thou couldst see the very form and face of Goodness, it would excite within thee a love of itself almost inconceivable.

May it not be said with truth, that if we could set before ourselves, before the world, the very form and face of Him who is indeed Goodness incarnate, it would excite a love, a zeal, a union, and energy, which we could now hardly imagine.

There would still be disbelief, there would still be disunion, there would still be persecution — disbelief more dark, disunion more bitter, persecution more savage perhaps, than has been since the time when that divine Image was first shown to the bigotry of the Jewish and the proflicacy of the heathen world.

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

Yes, this might be; this will be till the end of all

things. But the faith in Christ's love, the faith in Christ's holiness, the faith in Christ's authority, the faith in Christ's mercy, has a power to unite good men, to attract all men, to disarm bad men, to encourage weak men, to convince doubting men, beyond any other faith that has ever yet appeared.

What moral exhortations fail to effect from their hollowness, what abstract speculations fail to effect from their difficulty, that we may humbly hope to gain from the union of all in the belief in the living person of Christ.

CCLXIV.

"In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity." Such was the rule laid down by a great father of the ancient church. It is indeed a general maxim, which each will apply differently for himself. Some will make so many things necessary that there will be no room left for liberty; others so many things doubtful that there will be no room left for unity. Yet there is one part of His saying which none can misinterpret or carry too far:

"In all things charity." In all things, see the best of thy neighbor, and try to imitate it. In all things, see what is good, just, true, and beautiful in others, however firm in thine own opinion, and in thine own faith.

CCLXV.

Consider what an endless task it would be to refute every folly and heresy in detail; what heart burning, what bitterness, every such attack leaves behind! how unprofitable to those who attack, how unprofitable to those who witness the attack! Doubtless there are times when controversy becomes a necessary evil. But let us remember that it is an *evil*. It is overcoming evil by evil; it is an evil as undoubtedly as war or pestilence, or any of those scourges which the wisdom of man and the mercy of God strive to restrain within the very smallest limits in which they can be confined. How then can we overcome error, yet not overcome it by an evil almost equal to itself? The old rule still applies: "Conquer evil by good. Conquer falsehood by truth." Set forth the light, and the darkness will flee before it. Take care of the truth, and the errors will take care of themselves.

CCLXVI.

In all things let us put the question, Is this the right thing for *me* to do, *here*, and *now*, and in *this* way? Is this according to the fitness of life? Is it good when weighed not in the haste of the moment, but in the scales of well-balanced judgment? Is it the best way of doing it when measured not by the narrow, partial measure of our stunted, dwarfish minds, but by

the lofty, well-proportioned measure of the full, manly "stature of the fulness of Christ our Lord?"

CCLXVII.

We know what it is to be absorbed in the things of the day, the interest of the moment — business, pleasure, party, study. To be raised above these things to a higher world, to feel there is nothing so hateful as sin, nothing so lovely as goodness, to have a keen sense of our own shortcomings, to know the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the exceeding brightness of justice, purity, holiness — to feel the law of God to be sweeter than honey and the honeycomb — to be glad when we think or hear of the grace, the truth, the love of Christ — to look forward with pleasure to being with Him and with just men made perfect — this is, in full measure, to become "a new creature."

CCLXVIII.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

So wrote the apostle, in the expectation it would seem, of a closer approach of the latter days than was borne out by the actual event. Yet that very expectation seems to have been made the means, under God, of carrying him forward into the future; of placing him, as it were, in the midst of our own days, of our

own trials, of our own questions. Read his words in this point of view, and you will see in them the divine authority with which he speaks proved by a most undoubted, because a most unexpected sign. They are, it is true, full of his own personal experiences, but they are full of ours, also. They are prophecies in the entire sense of the word — prophecies of what we want to be told, of what no one else can tell us; prophecies fulfilled by reading to us the secrets of our own hearts, by unravelling to us the riddle of our own times. The night of the heathen persecution is over; the night of the dark ages is faded away; the night of the storms of religious and civil discord is far spent; the day of civilization, of enlightenment, of knowledge — so we fondly, perhaps too fondly hope — is near at hand. Yet in that day the best armor in which we can clothe ourselves is still the armor which the apostle commends — his words are still applicable; he is a child not of the past night, but of the present and of the coming day: his advice his teaching, his exhortations, will stand the test of all the light, of all the enlightenment of the most enlightened, the most inquiring eyes.

CCLXIX.

"Receive one another, as Christ received us."

"Receive," that is, take to yourselves, take to your

bosoms, place in your whole view, those whose scruples, or whose want of scruples, whose over-weakness or whose over-strength, we naturally would put from us and thrust into the distance.

"Receive them." If they are unknown to us, if they are far off, let us rejoice in seeing them, let us find out how much better they themselves are than our own expectations, than our conceptions of them — nay, than their own professions, their own representations of themselves.

"Receive them." Look at their proceedings, their arguments, their opinions, their scruples, not from our point of view, but from theirs. This is the only way of doing, I will not say charity, but justice to those who are unlike ourselves. Even after all the allowance, we may still find much to condemn; but till we have thus "received them," till we have labored to apprehend what they mean, we are no judges at all in the matter. Do to them as we would that they should do to us. Place ourselves in their situation and ask what we should do, starting from their belief from their knowledge, from their ignorance, from their mistakes.

"Believe yourselves ignorant" (this was a good rule once laid down with regard to difficult authors), "believe yourselves ignorant of their understanding, unless you are first sure that you understand their ignorance."

CCLXX.

If a man professes religion ever so little, yet professes it sincerely, there is at least one part of his nature to which you can appeal when you come to set him right. He may be prejudiced, narrow-minded, perverse; but, if he has a spark of Christian principle within him, in this respect he is bound to be, and unless he is a mere self-deceiver, he will be above the world; he will suffer you to lay the finger on his weak point; he will allow himself to be healed, he will let you say, "Thou art the man," and he will say himself, "I have sinned." He will acknowledge that the general sinfulness of which he professes himself guilty in the sight of God, can be detected in special instances by the eye of man. Such a one, whatever may be his other shortcomings is, so far, an unworldly character — such a one, though unworldly, is to the world an unspeakable gift. Could we spare any that there are, is there not room for many, many more?

CCLXXI.

The ear may be unable to gather sounds of comfort from others; the lips may refuse to express the thoughts that are waiting within; the eye may fail to fix itself on the words which once gave instruction and support; but the treasure which was laid up in

childhood, in youth, in manhood, remains there in an undiminished lustre; as the outward man perishes the inward man is thus renewed, sustained, when cut off from all beside; and as all else fades away, we feel, in the solitude of the sick chamber, and in the darkness of the grave, that the soul which was so nurtured has but passed into the more immediate presence of that which on earth he most cherished — into the presence, in the most absolute sense, of whatsoever things are true and honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report.

CCLXXII.

How easy it is to show mercy in such a way that it shall be no mercy, and how truly has the apostle laid his hand on the exact quality which causes kindness to be really kind, and mercy really merciful. Not tenderness, not generosity — no; but something we can all command — "*cheerfulness;*" a bright smile, a beaming countenance, a playful word, these are the accompaniments that find an entrance into the closed heart, and raise the downcast eye, and bless him that gives and him that takes.

CCLXXIII.

Look at the great family of Christendom, and ask

which of all the races, kindreds and peoples could be spared from the place which they occupy. The lively energy of one, the noble chivalry of another, the free inquiry of a third, the common-sense or austere reasonings of a fourth, the boundless activity of the East, the artistic devotion of the South, the stubborn and simple belief of the North, the immovable fidelity and tenacity of the East, which of these can we safely dispense with? If Christendom "were all seeing," where were the hearing? If the sinews and bones were all, where would be the smelling nostrils and the beating heart? No; let us believe that even in this widest sense we are one body and one spirit, that each member of the great community "supplieth that which the other lacks," that if one member suffer, all the other members suffer with it.

For the New World as for the Old World there is a glorious work to do, a work which requires all the reverence, all the seriousness, all the repose, of the East; all the activity, all the freedom, all the progress, of the West; all the long past of Europe, all the long future of America — a work which neither can do for the other, but a work which both can do together.

"Hast Thou but one blessing, my Father? bless me, even me also, O my Father!"

This is the prayer which East and West, England and

America, may well send up from shore to shore. Give to each the grace to learn from each. Give to each the strength to fulfil that pure and lofty mission which belongs to each. Give to each the spirit of wisdom and understanding, of "holy hope and high humility," to which the whole body of mankind, fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working of every part, shall make increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love. We have taken the wings of the morning, we have dwelt in the uttermost parts of the western sea. O, may Thy hand even there lead us onward! O, may Thy right hand even there hold us up!

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND LITERARY CAREER OF BAYARD TAYLOR. By Russell H. Conwell. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. The author of this work says truly that "the direct and unavoidable appeal of a noble life, which closed with honor and deserved renown, is far more patent and permanent in the culture and reformation of the world than all other forms of mental and moral quickening." Bayard Taylor is conspicuous among the many in our country who have risen from humble conditions by personal, honorable effort, to high places, not only for his success, but for the quality of that success. Although not the greatest of American poets, he was one of the truest. His harp never rang false; he never praised things evil or lent his pen to a bad cause. He was a lover of humanity and of truth. Although in one sense a man of the world, he never lost the pure instincts of his childhood, and though he had the common faults of humanity they weighed lightly when compared with his virtues. Col. Conwell has told the story of his life, his struggles and his final success with loving care, and has supplemented it with an account of his death and the wide-spread sorrow it occasioned. He gives a report of the great memorial meeting held at Tremont Temple, and quotes freely and largely from the expressions of condolence and affection made by those present and received from those of the dead poet's friends who were unable to be present. The volume is issued in handsome form and contains a portrait of Mr. Taylor.

THE LITTLE FOLKS' READER. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. No one who has not seen it can realize the beauty of this little quarto, or the care with which its contents have been prepared for young readers. It is intended for the use of little beginners in the art of reading, and all possible means have been taken to make it as attractive as possible. The stories are such as will interest young children, and are profusely illustrated by the best American draughtsmen. As much pains and expense have been bestowed upon it as upon some of the costly holiday volumes. It has a beautiful prize cover designed by George F. Barnes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WHAT THE SEVEN DID. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.75. One of the most attractive volumes of the present year, or, indeed, of any of the years preceding, is this delightful record of the sayings and doings of the Wordsworth Club at its various regular and irregular meetings. The club is a girls' club and the mystic number seven constitutes its active strength. The members are greatly given to fun and frolic, and their meetings, although generally spiced with easy-to-break-out tempers of some of the lively crowd, are generally occasions of special enjoyment. There is a mystery in the story — a succession of mysteries, rather — and they all have to do with a certain Miss Rachel Wigthorpe and a Little Brown Box. Just what they are we are not permitted to tell, but they have the effect of bringing the members of the Club together at very special weekly meetings in Miss Wigthorpe's parlor for seven consecutive weeks, and not only that, but all the boys and girls of the neighborhood who have, or who can beg or borrow ten cents, are eager to share in the enjoyment of these mysterious evenings. Even the babies and the cats sometimes have to be let in, and occasionally a prominent part is taken in the proceedings by a mature and irrepressible young gentleman of three, who insists on wearing his hat and has a proclivity, in certain contingencies, for the active use of teeth and nails. It is a delightful book from beginning to end, and will furnish no end of entertainment for juvenile readers. It is profusely illustrated, with an artistic cover designed by J. Wells Champney.

TENNYSON'S PASTORAL SONGS. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $2.50. Among the holiday publications now in course of preparation by the Messrs. Lothrop, this exquisite volume merits particular attention. It is made up of choice selections from the works of the poet-laureate, beautifully illustrated, printed on the finest paper, and elegantly bound. Among the selections are some of the songs from "Maud" and "The Princess," "The Bugle Song," "The Brook," "The Miller's Daughter," etc. Nothing more choice of its kind will be offered holiday buyers the coming season.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUT AND ABOUT. By Kate Tannatt Woods. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. Every boy and girl in the country used to delight in the Bodley books, and here is a volume which is in all respects their worthy successor. It is based upon something like the same plan, in that it takes a whole family, instead of a single member of it, about the country sight-seeing. We might rather say two whole families, for that is just what the author does. The Hudsons and the Marstons are neighbors in the vicinity of Boston, and the children are great friends. They all go to Cape Cod and Nantucket to spend the summer, and from there the Hudsons are called away to San Francisco by Col. Hudson, who is an army officer, and is stationed there. The book describes their stay on the Cape, and their long overland journey to the Pacific coast. Its interest is not wholly confined to the members of the party, for the author takes special pains to give correct and vivid pictures of the various places visited. The illustrations are some of the best ever put into a children's book, and are many from drawings and photographs made on the spot.

CHRONICLES OF THE STIMPCETT FAMILY. By Abby Morton Diaz. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. Some one once said, "Give a Frenchman an onion and a beef-bone, and he will make a dozen different kinds of delicious soup." Give Mrs. Diaz two or three simple incidents, and she will manufacture half a dozen stories so sprightly and jolly, and so full of every day human nature withal, that to the young they are a source of perennial delight, while the old people can get as much enjoyment out of them as from a volume of Scott or Dickens. This new book, which has never seen the light in any newspaper or magazine, will be ready in ample time for the holidays, and the father who wants to make his little ones perfectly happy at that time will take good care to secure a copy. The Stimpcetts have a "Family Story Teller," and the wonderful, queer, strange and funny stories which this individual has treasured up in his memory, and retails to the children on various occasions, will be laughed over, and talked over, and thought over, until the author is ready with another volume.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GRANDMOTHER NORMANDY. By the Author of "Silent Tom." V. I. F. series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. The series of which this volume is the third issue, has already achieved a remarkable popularity, and *Grandmother Normandy* will find a host of readers the moment it takes its place upon the counters of the booksellers. It deals more directly with some of the vital points of Christianity, than either of its predecessors, and shows how the bitter things in every one's experience may be turned to good and lasting account. It teaches that life lived selfishly is a curse; but that giving sympathy, love, help, and hope to others makes one grow grandly strong, and fits one for great things in the hereafter. It shows that to one who works earnestly and conscientiously life is a vast, undiscovered country, full of marvels, attainments, golden opportunities and industries, rich with mines of unexplored thought, and bright with usefulness. The story itself is fascinatingly told. The character of Grandmother Normandy, stern, relentless, and unforgiving, almost to the last, is strongly drawn, and the author has shown her skill in the means she has devised for softening the old lady's heart and melting the pride which has wrought so much unhappiness in her family. The book is written in an entertaining style, and without any flagging of interest from the first chapter to the last.

YOUNG FOLKS' SPEAKER. A Collection of Prose and Poetry for Declamations, Recitations, and Elocutionary Exercises. Selected and arranged by Carrie Adelaide Cooke. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. Here is the book for which school children have long been waiting; a book not thrown together of any and all kinds of material, simply to meet the popular demand, but a carefully compiled collection of pieces suitable for reading and speaking, most of which have never before been included in any work of the kind. The oft expressed wishes of the children for something new — "Something that hasn't been read to pieces" — is here fully met. Some of the old favorites, without which no book of declamation would be complete, are given; selections from Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes; but as has been already said, the bulk of the volume is made up of fresh and unhackneyed pieces, chosen for their poetic merit, pure sentiment, and the opportunity they offer for elocutionary display. No collection of the kind that has yet been published presents so many excellences, or is better adapted to the wants of the class for which it has been especially prepared. It deserves to become a standard in the schools of the country. The illustrations are many and attractive.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIVING TRUTHS. From the writings of Charles Kingsley. Selected by E. E. Brown. Introduction by W. D. Howells. Spare Minute Series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. This deeply interesting volume constitutes the fifth issue of the Spare Minute Series, and adds one more to the list of works which may be considered as indispensable to the making up of a perfect library, The same plan is followed as in its predecessors. The editor has gone with a careful and judicious hand over the entire range of Kingsley's books, poetry and prose, culling from the universal richness such jewels of thought as in addition to their literary brilliancy may teach a lesson, or quicken religious and moral thought. The brief sketch of the author's life shows the character of the author in a vivid light. He was a man of wonderful quickness of perception, conscientious in the highest degree, imaginative, and sympathetic. Whether an idea was popular or unpopular was a question which never entered his mind. If it seemed to him right, he espoused it with enthusiasm, no matter in what company he found himself. At one time when he had warmly expressed his sympathies with the chartists, many of his friends turned for a time against him. During the discussion which resulted, he wrote to his wife: "I will not be a liar. I will speak in season and out of season. I will not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. I will not take counsel of flesh and blood, and flatter myself into the dream that while every man on earth, from Maurice back to Abel, who ever tried to testify against the world, has been laughed at, misunderstood, slandered, and that, bitterest of all, by the very people he loved best, and understood best, I alone am to escape My path is clear, and I will follow it." The introduction by Mr. Howells is a recognition of the high qualities of Kingsley as a man and a preacher, and a tribute to his worth. In regard to the present volume Mr. Howells remarks: "This little book seems to me singularly full in its representation of the didactic side of his mind. It is fervent in appeal at every page, strong in faith, and luminous and penetrating in exhortation. One cannot read it without feeling the brotherhood of a soul that has suffered and has learned through suffering that there is but one great thing for men to do in this world, and that is to do right."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WIDE AWAKE PLEASURE BOOK. Popular edition. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. It would be difficult to find any one volume which would more completely meet the wants of young readers than this volume, which is made up of the last six numbers of *Wide Awake* for 1881, including also the Chautauqua supplements. It represents a perfect wealth of stories, sketches, essays, instructive articles and games by the best authors, with drawings by noted American artists, engraved and re-produced at great expense.

BALLAD OF THE LOST HARE. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. Here is something that will take the little ones by storm. It is a right jolly story of "the naughtiest hare e'er made," which, in spite of warnings and whippings, persisted in running away, until one day he ran so far that he never could find his way back. On this particular occasion he met with the most surprising and exciting adventures. He encountered calves, goats, bulls, lambs and colts, but no animal that he saw cared for his company until a pack of hounds fell in with him, and seemed very anxious for a closer acquaintance. What became of him we leave little readers to find out. The book is a large oblong in form, the text is printed in large type on very heavy paper, and the illustrations are in chromo lithograph. The cover is printed in ten colors.

YOUNG FOLKS' LIFE OF WASHINGTON. By Emma E. Brown. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. This is the first volume of a new series just started by the publishers, to be called Young Folks' Biographies. It is an excellent plan, and one which will be warmly and substantially recognized by the public. In this initial volume Miss Brown has shown the same careful method which has characterized her former books. It is written in a clear and flowing style, and in the condensation required to bring the subject within the necessary limits, nothing of vital importance has been dropped out or left untouched. It is fully illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LORD'S PURSEBEARERS. By Hesba Stretton. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. The name of Hesba Stretton is too well known in English literature to render it necessary to make special commendation of any work from her pen. No writer of religious fiction stands higher in England, and there is not a Sunday-school library where some one of her volumes may not be found. She has the faculty of entertaining and instructing at the same time. The present publishers have made special arrangements with her for the production in this country of her latest work, and the probabilities are that all her future books will bear their imprint. In *The Lord's Pursebearers* the author draws a terrible picture of life among the vicious poor in London streets, and shows by what shifts the professional beggars and thieves of the great Babylon manage to live and thrive on the misplaced charity of the pitying well-to-do population. She arouses a strong feeling of sympathy for the children who are bred in the haunts of vice, and who are instructed in crime before they are old enough to know the meaning of the word. The story is one of intense interest, and the characters, especially those of old Isaac Chippendell, his granddaughter Joan, and little Lucky, are forcibly drawn. One can hardly believe that such places exist or that such deeds are perpetrated as are here described, but one who is familiar with London and its streets knows that they are no exaggerations. The volume is illustrated.

THE AFTERGLOW OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL. By Adelaide L. Harrington. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. This pleasant record of experiences abroad will delight those who have gone over the same ground, as well as those who have never strayed beyond the bounds of their own country. It is not a connected story of travel, but consists of reminiscences and descriptions of various spots and objects which made the deepest and most lasting impression upon the writer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A FAMILY FLIGHT OVER EGYPT AND SYRIA. By E. E. Hale and Susan Hale. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $2.50. Of all the books issued during the holiday season a year ago, not one had so immediate and widespread a popularity as the first volume of this series, *A Family Flight through France, Germany, Norway and Switzerland.* Although a very large edition was issued by the publishers early in December it was wholly exhausted before Christmas, while the call was at its height, and there has been a steady demand for it ever since in the regular channels of the trade. Attractive as it was, the present volume is of still greater interest and is even more profusely illustrated. It is especially timely too, as everybody is anxious, in view of the present complications in the East, to know something more about Egypt than can be gained from the daily papers.

The family — four in number this time — make their flight from New York, landing at Bordeaux, and pushing on without stop to Marseilles, which they reached just in time to catch the steamer for Alexandria. They stop at Malta on the way, but only for a few hours, which, however, are well improved. At Alexandria they remain for two days, and then hurry on to Cairo, where friends are awaiting them. Here the Nile journey begins, and an entertaining record of each day's experiences is given. The party sees all that possibly can be seen, both going up and coming down the river. After their return to Cairo and a few days' rest they start for Suez, where they traverse the one hundred miles of the famous canal to Port Said, on the Mediterranean. From there they take the steamer to Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, and the most ancient town in the world. From there they push on to Jerusalem, and after an exhaustive exploration of the sacred city extend their travels to other historical localities of the Holy Land. The interest of the narrative never palls. The style is breezy, free and unconventional, and nothing is told but is worth the telling. The volume is beautifully bound, and, as we have already stated, is abundantly illustrated. A new edition of the first volume will be issued simultaneously with *Egypt and Syria* in ample time for the holiday trade.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AFTER THE FRESHET. By Edward A. Rand. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. This is the second volume in the V I F series which was stamped with success by the first issue. It is unnecessary to say of any books of Mr. Rand's that they are bright, interesting and helpful; that may be taken for granted. His stories have always been characterized by those qualities and in the one before us they are particularly prominent. There is always a purpose in his books, an influence which remains after the mere incidents of the story are forgotten. He has painted a variety of characters, good and bad, in *After the Freshet*, all of which have a special mission to perform. The main character of the story is Arthur Manley, a young man of fine talents and noble character, who has been brought up in a rough farmer's family in ignorance of his parentage. From the fact that he has become a great favorite with a wealthy family in town, he has incurred the dislike of an unprincipled lawyer, who has designs upon that family, and who resorts to a series of persecutions in order to get him out of the way. The story of how he evades the plots of his enemy and how he ultimately discovers the secret of his birth and achieves the other and higher ambitions of his life, is vividly and affectingly told.

TODAYS AND YESTERDAYS. By Carrie Adelaide Cooke. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. This pleasant story is from the pen of the author of *From June to June*, and is intended for the reading of girls who have reached that age when their real mission in life seems to commence; the age when school-days are ended, and the sphere of duty is enlarged by wider acquaintance and new responsibilities. The story opens at a New Hampshire seminary on the eve of examination day, and the principal characters are three girls, school-companions and fellow-graduates. It is not a story of incident, nor does its interest depend upon strong contrasts or vivid descriptions. The narrative is a quiet following out of the currents of these three lives, with their various changes, their joys and sorrows. A strong religious element permeates the book, and it will be found a valuable addition to Sunday-school literature.

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